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THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

NINETY-FOUR years ago there was born in the ancient and historic city of Granada, in Spain, a baby girl who was destined to shine as a brilliant star in a cloudless sky and then to set in almost entire oblivion. She grew in beauty, gentleness, virtue, intelligence and in all the graces and accomplishments of her station, even that of sitting on the imperial throne of one of the proudest countries of Europe. In a word she seemed to be

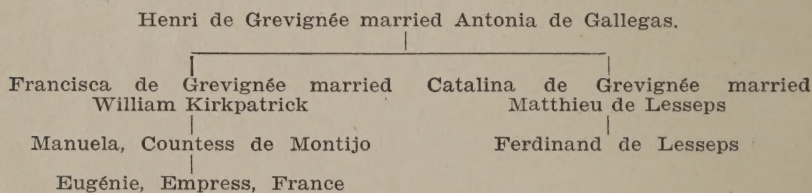
"a sunbeam, strayed from fairy climes
To fade upon a throne."

She was an upright queen, a noble and true woman, a faithful spouse, an affectionate mother, sorely afflicted in the loss of her only child, and withal, a model of Christian resignation under the direst affliction. No breath of scandal ever succeeded in tarnishing her fair name, though there have never been wanting envious tongues to make the attempt—a band of disappointed officeholders, supported by out-and-out princes of the old régime, and out-and-out republicans. Time and calm reflection have silenced these envious tongues.

Concerning her ancestry, various opinions are held. It is admitted by all authors that she was of noble lineage, but all do not agree upon the same line. There are writers who claim to be well informed who tell us that she was of Scottish-Spanish origin; others, again, attribute to her a descent from the Bourbons. The latter

school of writers may be classed among those who were hostile to her and who regarded her marriage with Napoleon III. as an interference with the royal aspirations of the Bourbon dynasty. Perhaps it may be safer for us to accept the Scottish-Spanish claim.

In his "History of the Burgh of Dunfries," Mr. William McDonal tells us that the Empress Eugénie was connected with the Kirkpatricks, an old Scot-Irish or Scot-Saxon family belonging to "the population of that country." Tradition tells us that they descended from the giant Finn McCual, King of the Fenians, about A. D. 210. We lose trace of the Kirkpatricks for many years, until we come across a later generation which figures in the records of Malaga, Spain. Henri Baron de Grevigné we are told was "a wealthy merchant whose family settled in the Netherlands. While yet a young man, this baron went to Spain, and being a man of wealth and noble ancestry, won the affection and, in due time married Doña Antonia de Gallegas. This marriage was blessed with two daughters. Francisca and Catalina, who became the mother of an illustrious progeny. Catalina married M. Matthieu de Lesseps, father of the world-renowned diplomatist and engineer, best known as identified with the construction of the Suez Canal. Francisca married William Kirkpatrick. The genealogical table is given as follows:



There is a house in the old city of Granada, nearly opposite the Church of Santa Maria Magdalena, on which there is a tablet telling us that Eugénia de Guzenan y Portocarrero, wife of Napoleon III., was born in 1826. This tablet was erected by the municipality in 1867, "to the Empress of the French, its noble compatriot."

Maria Eugénia Ignacia Agostina was born May 26, 1826. This is the date given in the official Almanach de Gotha, and this is the date accepted by impartial authorities. Eugénie's father, the Count de Montijo, was a member of the Spanish Senate, and in 1834, owing to the troubled condition of the country following the death of Ferdinand VII., found it necessary to remove his family from Spain, although he remained at his post until the time of his death, in March, 1839. In the meantime his Countess had removed to Paris, and had placed her daughter, Eugénie,

under the care of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, for her education. In a pamphlet published in 1877 and entitled "*L'Impératrice: Notes et Documents*," we find, copied from the Spanish registers, a record of the date of the marriage of the Countess of Montijo, the baptism of her two daughters and the death of her husband, the Count de Montijo. Eugénie's sister, Paca, married the Duke of Alva. While at school and after her entrance into society, the future Empress manifested a decided talent for drawing, and her crayon work in the way of portraits was greatly admired, and later in life she is said to have contributed a design for the decoration of the Grand Opera House, opened during the reign of Napoleon III.

On leaving school, Eugénie was introduced into the upper circles of Parisian society, where her beauty, attainments and refined manners did not fail to attract attention as well as suitors, not only in Paris, but at the Spanish capital, on her visits to her native country. Among her suitors we find the name of the Duke Ossuna. With her mother she was a frequent guest at French court entertainments, and during parties held at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, in the spring of 1852, the Countess de Montijo and her accomplished daughter were the guests of the French Emperor. While at school in England, Eugénie had become an expert horsewoman, and her skill and daring in horsemanship in the forests of Fontainebleau attracted universal admiration, and among her most enthusiastic admirers was no less a person than the Emperor himself. There is a story to the effect that at a ball given by the Princess Mathilde, and at which the future Empress was a guest, "the Emperor was very visibly impressed by a very beautiful young lady, who is very elegant, very amiable, clever and witty." He is said to have spent more than an hour in her company, and there were not wanting envious tongues that ventured the opinion that the Emperor could never think of offering her anything beyond amorganatic marriage. They little knew the resolute courage of a well-grounded, convent-bred girl, for when the subject of their relationship was broached by the Emperor, her answer was prompt and to the point: "*Sire, Impératrice vu rien du tout.*" This reply may have startled the Emperor, but from that moment he realized the character of the woman with whom he had to deal and he respected it. The climax came, so the chroniclers of the time tell us, when at a ball at the Tuilleries, on New Year's Eve, 1852, the wife of an officer of high rank made a rude and offensive remark to the young Countess de Teba, who had accidentally stepped on her gown while dancing. The Countess immediately informed the Emperor

that her self-respect would not permit her to remain at the Court in which she had been treated with such rudeness and disrespect, and she asked to be excused if she retired at once. "Ne vous inquietez pas, je vous vengerez," was the Emperor's prompt and decided reply. On the following day the Countess de Montijo was surprised by the receipt of an official request for the hand of her daughter in marriage.

It was to be expected that this step on the part of the Emperor would excite the ire of his relatives and of a certain coterie of statesmen who preferred a dynastic succession. The Princess Mathilde was beside herself when she heard the news and left no effort untried to turn the Emperor from his purpose, and Prince Jerome Napoleon, who had been selected by royal matchmakers because of her fortune and her beauty as her future husband, were doomed to woeful disappointment. The Prince felt this disappointment most keenly and in after years made himself Eugénie's most cruel enemy.

No fault could be found with the young fiancée's position in life. She was the Countess de Teba, and connected through her father, the Count de Montijo, with the house of the Dukes of Farias and Fyars and others of the highest rank, including the descendants of the Kings of Aragon.

While his affection for his fiancée was at its height, it is but just to the Emperor to point out that this affection was not devoid of prudence, and he was honest enough to warn her of the dangers she might expect if she became his wife. "It is fair," he told her, "that you should be fully aware of the true condition of things," and he frankly referred to his lack of popularity with the aristocracy, the concealed hostility of the greater powers, and the danger in which he stood from plotters and assassins. It is true that at the time of the marriage the Emperor enjoyed the good will of his subjects, but that was a very uncertain quantity to count upon from one month to another, and the moment disaffection began, if it reached the army there was no knowing what the result would be. Eugénie listened to all this with calmness and composure. Her convent training again came to her aid: she had learned the duties of a wife to her husband and she appreciated them at their full value. She assured the Emperor that these fears for the future had no terrors for her so long as she could meet them by the side of her husband.

One of the fatalities of a marriage in high life is that it is considered as everybody's business, and everybody feels at liberty to comment upon it. The marriage of Eugénie was not an exception. Thus we find Lord Palmerston, one-time Prime Minister

of Great Britain, gave it as his opinion that "Napoleon's marriage seems to be a most sensible one. He had no chance of a political alliance of any value or of sufficient importance to counterbalance the annoyance of an ugly or epileptic wife, whom he had never seen till she was presented to him as a bride, and he was quite right to take a wife whom he knew and liked. I admire the frankness with which he declared himself a parvenu, and the mention of that fact, however it may shock the prejudices of Vienna and St. Petersburg, will endear him to the bulk of the French nation."

At a meeting of the Senate and the Corps Legislatif, with the Conseil d'État, convened by the Emperor in the Tuilleries, on January 22, he announced his coming marriage officially. In a straightforward manner he expressed his lack of faith in royal alliances in which it often happened that family interests predominate those of the nation. He spoke of the lady of his choice as of lofty birth; she was French by education and by the memory of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the French empire, and moreover, as a daughter of Spain she had the advantage of having no family in France to whom honors and titles would have to be given. "As a devout Catholic," he added, "she will join her prayers to mine for the welfare of France." After referring to the grace and virtues of his fiancée, he concluded with these words: "I come, then, messieurs, to say this to France: I have preferred a wife whom I love and respect to an unknown consort through whom I might have gained advantages not unmingled with sacrifice. Soon I shall go to Notre Dame and there present the future Empress to the people and the army. The confidence with which they honor me will secure this affection for the spouse I have chosen, and you, messieurs, will be convinced that I have been inspired by Providence in the choice I have made."

This speech, listened to with respectful attention, was received favorably, and the slight importance he seemed to attach to the question of ancient lineage set the newspaper reporters to work overhauling the records of heraldic titles. They discovered only what we have already stated, that the bride-elect was three times a grandee of Spain by the names of Teba, Baños and Mora, and that through her mother she was descended from the most illustrious Scottish houses.

M. Adolphe Thiers, who after the Franco-Prussian War became President of France, and who had no illustrious lineage to boast of, his father having been a "working locksmith" of Marseilles, and who never wasted much admiration on the Emperor, sneeringly intimated that the Emperor "had secured himself

against the chances of the future, for if he lost his throne he would at least be a grandee of Spain."

M. Alphonse de Lamartine, poet and statesman, defeated by Napoleon at the election for the Presidency of the French Republic, had an opinion to give on the approaching marriage. When informed of the engagement, Lamartine said that the Emperor "had realized the most beautiful dream possible to man: to raise the woman he loved above all other women."

The future Empress, if she heard any of these remarks, seemed to ignore them and passed through this difficult period with dignified modesty. An event like the marriage of an Emperor could not fail to give rise to many stories, especially in a city like Paris. Many were imaginary, but there was one which is worthy of reproduction. It tells more than all legends, good and bad, can tell. The city of Paris had voted 600,000 francs for a set of diamonds as a wedding gift. Eugénie was deeply touched by this evidence of generosity and good will on the part of the municipality, and in a letter to the prefect, full of sympathy and pathos, begged that the money be donated to charity. "I feel deeply," she wrote, "the generous decision of the Municipal Council of Paris which thus manifests its sympathetic adhesion to the union which the Emperor contracts. I nevertheless experience a painful feeling when I realize that the first public act connected with my marriage becomes a heavy burden to the city of Paris. Permit me, therefore, not to accept your gift, however flattering it may be for me. You will give me much greater pleasure by devoting to charities the sum you have appropriated for the purchase of ornaments which the Municipal Council wishes to present to me. My desire is that my marriage shall not be the occasion of any additional charge for the country to which I henceforth belong, and the only thing to which I aspire is to share with the Emperor the love and esteem of the French people."

Needless to say that the hearts of the French people were deeply moved by these noble sentiments. It was at once decided to devote the 600,000 francs towards the endowment of a school for the education of young girls of the poorer classes, said institution to be named in honor of the Empress. When the people of Bordeaux heard of this action on the part of the Empress, they immediately voted 50,000 francs to be devoted to a similar purpose and their school was placed under the patronage of the Empress.

Perhaps no bride-elect was ever watched with more critical eyes than was Eugénie. In a city like Paris where good and bad, faith and infidelity walk side by side, it is to be expected to hear

the voice of calumny, but there are other voices in that gay capital that do not shrink from defending and from showing their appreciation of virtue and virtuous deeds. One who knew the Empress well describes her as "pious without narrowness, well informed, but not pedantic, and able to talk on all subjects with perfect unrestraint."

January 30, 1853, was a remarkable day in the history of the city of Paris. It was the day of the marriage of "Napoleon III., Emperor of France, and Doña Eugénia de Guzman y Porta Carro, Countess of Teba, daughter of Count de Montijo, grandee of Spain of the first class." The civil contract, which French law makes imperative for high and low, took place on the evening of January 29. After this ceremony the bride accompanied her mother to her home to await the marriage at the Cathedral of Notre Dame on the following day.

The marriage of the Emperor Napoleon in the venerable Cathedral of Notre Dame was one of those great national solemnities that remain impressed upon the memory of the people. From one end of the country to the other the entire population of France joined with the citizens of the capital in manifestations of joy and congratulation to the Emperor and his distinguished bride. In that tide of population anxious to get a glimpse at the features of their new sovereign there was something more than mere curiosity, the spontaneous shouts of applause that greeted her on every side came from the heart. That noble and graceful form in which gentleness and modesty only heightened her beauty, produced an irresistible charm upon the people. The working classes were not the only ones to discover how much the heart of the Empress went out to them in sympathy and devotion. Great preparations had been made to render the *fête* worthy of the great imperial capital and the popular enthusiasm was greater still. This is the characteristic side of national solemnities. We have seen it displayed in the enthusiastic receptions recently given to "our boys" as they marched through our flag-bedecked streets and avenues on their return from "over there."

From early morning a vast mass of human beings such as Paris had never seen before gathered from all parts of the city and from adjoining departments and poured into the public squares and lined the streets along which the procession was to pass. The workmen's societies of Paris and vicinity with their banners held aloft; the veteran soldiers of the Empire; deputations of young girls dressed in white, were ranged along the way their majesties were to pass; the National Guard and the army formed a double line from the palace of the Tuilleries to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The

Place du Louvre, the Rue de Rivoli, the Hotel de Ville and the Quay were decorated with flags, streamers and bunting of every kind and designs bearing the initials of the imperial pair.

The Place du Carrousel, now occupied by the troops that were to form the cortège, presented an imposing spectacle. In the Court of the Tuilleries might be seen two squadrons of guards whose fine appearance and brilliant uniforms attracted universal attention. In the Place du Carrousel, beside the imperial cortège, were drawn up in close order a brigade of cuirassiers, a brigade of carabiniers, a squadron of gendarmes of the Seine, and a squadron of Paris Home Guards. Finally, in the extension of the Place du Carrousel as far as the Louvre exit, were grouped other bodies that were to form the cortège, while the spaces in the vicinity of the Louvre were filled by a vast crowd of anxious spectators.

At 11.30 A. M. two carriages were sent to the Elysée for the Empress. In the first of these carriages were the Princess d'Essoling, grand mistress of Her Majesty's household; the Duchess of Bassano, lady of honor, and Count Charles Tascher de la Pagerie, first chamberlain. In the second carriage were Her Majesty, the Empress; the Countess de Montijo, her mother; Count Tascher de la Pagerie, Grand Master; while Baron des Pierres, master of the horse, rode at the side of the royal carriage.

As the bells of the Cathedral of Notre Dame rang out the hour of noon, the cannon of the Invalides announced the arrival of the Empress. At this moment the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the Emperor entered the Tuilleries by way of the Place du Carrousel, through the Flora Pavillon greeted with the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" In compliance with the prescribed ceremonial, the grand chamberlain, the grand squire, four chamberlains, and the ordnance officers on duty, received the Empress at the gate of the Pavillon de l'Horloge.

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde awaited the Imperial bride at the foot of the grand staircase and escorted her to the salon of the Emperor. The Emperor advanced to meet his bride, and taking her hand, led her through the apartment and appeared with her on the balcony. Loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur, Vive l'Impératrice!" greeted their majesties and continued long after they had withdrawn from the balcony.

The carriages now arrived and took the places assigned to them near the entrance of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. A squadron of "guides" led the march of the cortège. Then followed the carriage from the house of the Princess Mathilde; the carriages of the ladies of honor to the Empress; a carriage drawn by two horses in which sat the first chamberlain to the Empress; the carriage of

the civil officer of the Empress' household; four carriages in which were the Minister's Secretaries of State; three court carriages drawn by six horses each; in the first, the Marshal of France, grand marshal of the Emperor's palace; the Emperor's grand chamberlain; the grand master of ceremonies. The second carriage was occupied by Her Imperial Highness the Princess Mathilde; Her Excellency the Countess de Montijo and the grand master of the Invalides. In the third carriage were Prince Jerome Bonaparte and Prince Napoleon.

In the imperial carriage, drawn by eight horses, were the Emperor and the Empress, alone, the Emperor being seated at the right of the Empress. To the right of the carriage rode the Marshal of France, grand esquire to the Emperor, and the general commanding the National Guard of Paris. On the Emperor's left rode the grand master of the chase and the first esquire. The Emperor's aides-de-camp, the general staff of the army of Paris; the Emperor's esquires, the esquire of the Empress and the imperial ordnance officers, all mounted, escorted the imperial carriage. These were followed by generals and their aides, esquires, ordnance officers, a second squadron of "guides," while a heavy division of cavalry brought up the rear. The royal carriages had hardly left the Tuilleries when the most enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Impératrice!" broke forth from the army.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the carriages and the brilliant silver trappings of the harness; they were the same as had done service at the coronation of Napoleon I. and the Empress Josephine, and looked like carriages of gold, surmounted by the imperial crown. As the cortége left the Louvre and turned into the Rue des Fossés—St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, their majesties were again greeted with cries of "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Impératrice!" and these cries were repeated again and again all along the route of the procession, all the way to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Emperor availed himself of this occasion to solemnly inaugurate the new Rue de Rivoli, a magnificent thoroughfare that leads to the Hotel de Ville.

Houses, windows, balconies, every available space, was crowded with masses of human beings, anxious to get a view of the royal pair. The women waved their handkerchiefs or threw flowers, the military "presented arms," one universal sentiment seemed to fill every bosom; one same cry, or rather one same wish was proclaimed by every tongue: "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Impératrice!" and this continued until the arrival at Notre Dame.

The decorations of the Cathedral, of great richness and in keeping with the style and proportions of the building, produced a marvelous effect and were a credit to the talent and good taste of the skillful

architects who had carried them out under direction of the grand master of ceremonies. In front of the main portal a Gothic porch was erected, the panels of which were made to match the tints of the tapestry, representing the saints and kings of France. On the two main pilasters were the equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Napoleon. Along the balustrade that crowns the gallery of the kings was a frieze of eagles alternated by garlands. Nine green banners, adorned with bees forming the monogram of their majesties, floated from the great windows and from the famous central rose window. The grand exterior gallery was decorated with green hangings covered with bees; the flags of the twenty-four departments floated over the balustrade. Large cloths of gold entirely concealed the base of the belfry, while on the summit of the towers appeared four imperial eagles and two immense flags (tricolors). In the tribune or gallery a grandstand was erected for the accommodation of the five hundred musicians that composed the orchestra. The columns in the interior of the building were covered, up to the very capitals, with crimson velvet bordered with golden palms. On each side of the nave and from each tribune hung cloths of red velvet trimmed with ermine and bearing the imperial escutcheon and held together with garlands and flowers. The top of the arches were ornamented with green hangings bedecked with golden bees. At the two inner corners of the transept were displayed hunting scenes in forests, and altarpieces, largely designed after the school of Giotto and Cimabue covered two extremes of the Latin Cross under the great *rosaces*.

In the centre of the transept and on a platform, under a canopy of ermine were placed the two chairs of honor for the Emperor and Empress; the backs of these chairs bore the imperial coat-of-arms, which was also displayed on the prie-dieu and cushions. On the platform was a magnificent crimson velvet dais bedecked with bees and surmounted by a golden eagle with outspread wings. Banners bearing the names of the principal departments of France hung from the vault above and completed the wonderful decorations.

Finally the altar, raised seven steps above the floor of the church, in style grand and severe, stood out marvelously amid the dazzling mass of lights which illumined the sanctuary. Fifteen thousand candles lighted the vast Cathedral; indeed, nothing can convey an idea of the imposing spectacle presented by the spacious stalls occupied by the Diplomatic Corps, the Senators, the Corps Legislatif, the Conseil d'État, the wives of the Ministers, the marshals, admirals and élite of France, together with the distinguished visitors from abroad. The Diplomatic Corps was complete. Lord Cowley, absent on account of illness, was represented by the entire personnel of

the British Embassy. On the Epistle side of the sanctuary were seated the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, the Metropolitan Chapter, the canons titular of St. Denis and the honorary canons of Paris.

At 1 o'clock the rolling of drums and the acclamations of the people announced the arrival of the cortége. Immediately Archbishop Sibour, in full pontificals, preceded and followed by the clergy, moved in procession to the main door of the Cathedral. As it opened the Emperor advanced, leading the Empress by the hand, and entered the basilica. His Majesty wore the uniform of a lieutenant-general with the cordon of the Legion of Honor, the same collar worn by the Emperor Napoleon I. at his coronation. He also wore the collar of the Golden Fleece at one time worn by Charles V. The Empress was attired in a long white silk gown, trimmed with point lace, with a diadem and cincture of diamonds. To the diadem was attached a long voile d'Angleterre, surmounted by orange blossoms. The entire assembly seemed affected with profound emotion in beholding that countenance, which reflected so much grace, distinction and goodness. The imperial couple, bowing right and left, advanced slowly under a crimson velvet canopy lined with white satin, while the orchestra played an appropriate march.

After receiving holy water and incense, their majesties took their places on the estrade, the Empress on the left of the Emperor. Below the estrade and to the right of the Emperor, three chairs had been reserved for Prince Jerome Napoleon and Prince Napoleon, as also for the Princess Mathilde. The Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress, with the members of her family occupied seats in the left of the Empress. The Ministers were ranged along the right transept in front of the Senators' tribune. The grand masters to the Empress, her lady of honor, and her ladies of the palace were seated behind the Empress. The grand officers and officers of the Emperor's household remained standing during the entire ceremony.

As soon as all present had taken the places assigned for them, the Most Reverend Archbishop Sebour, celebrant, being notified by the grand master of ceremonies, saluted their majesties, who advanced to the foot of the altar and stood there holding each other's right hands. Addressing the imperial couple, the Archbishop asked:

"You present yourselves here to contract a marriage according to the rites of the Holy Catholic Church?"

The Emperor and Empress each answered, "I do."

The first chaplain to the Emperor, preceded by the master of ceremonies, presented on a silver tray the pieces of gold and the wedding ring, which the Archbishop blessed. His Grace then addressed the Emperor as follows:

"Sire, you hereby declare and acknowledge before God and before His Holy Church, that you now take for your wife and lawful spouse, Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, here present?"

"I do," returned the Emperor.

The celebrant continued:

"You promise and swear to be faithful to her in all things, as a faithful husband should be to his wife, according to God's ordinance?"

"I do," replied the Emperor.

The celebrant now addressed the Empress:

"Madame, you declare, acknowledge and swear before God and His Holy Church, that you hereby take for your husband and lawful spouse, the Emperor Napoleon III., here present?"

"I do," replied the Empress.

The celebrant then said:

"You promise and swear to be faithful to him in all things as a faithful wife should be to her husband, according to God's ordinance?"

"I do," replied the Empress.

The celebrant now presented the pieces of gold and the ring to the Emperor, who presented the pieces of gold to the Empress, saying: "Receive this sign of the matrimonial contract made between you and me." The Emperor next placed the ring on the finger of the Empress, saying: "I give thee this ring as a token of the marriage we are here contracting."

The Emperor and Empress now knelt before the celebrant, who, holding his hands over the spouses, pronounced the prayer, *Deus Abraham, Deus Isaac*, etc. After the prayer the spouses returned to their thrones, and assisted at the Mass. The choir with orchestral accompaniment sang the *Credo* and *O Salutaris* by Cherubini; the *Sanctus* of Adolphe Adam and the *Domine Salvum fac Imperatores* arranged by Auber. Monseigneur Menjau, Bishop of Nancy, and first almoner to the Emperor, and Monseigneur Gros, Bishop of Versailles, supported the canopy over their majesties. After the Mass and while the orchestra was performing Lesueur's *Te Deum*, the Most Reverend Archbishop, accompanied by the curé of St. Gervais-l'Auxerrois, approached their majesties and presented the duly signed certificate of the religious marriage. The witnesses were: For the Emperor, Prince Jerome Napoleon and Prince Napoleon. For the Empress, the Marquis de Valdegamas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty the Queen of the Spains; the Duke of Ossuna, the Marquis de Bedmar, grandee of Spain; Count de Galve and General Alvarez Toledo.

Finally the Archbishop and his Metropolitan Chapter escorted

their Majesties to the door of the Cathedral, while the orchestra performed the *Urbs beata* of Lesueur. The appearance of the imperial couple as they passed out from the sacred edifice elicited from the vast crowd assembled on the plaza enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empreur! Vive l'Imperatrice!"

The cortège returned to the Tuilleries by the same route it had left it, but passing through the Place de la Concorde. Here their majesties were greeted by deputations from the workingmen's associations and young women's societies with their banners. They showered the royal pair with flowers and greeted them with loud and enthusiastic cheers.

On returning to the palace by the Pavillon de l'Horloge, their majesties made a tour of the Place du Carrousel, where the troops were drawn up to receive them and where they were greeted with the most hearty cheers. Their majesties now returned to their apartments with the same ceremonial that had been observed on the arrival of the Empress before going to the Cathedral. The Emperor and his bride showed themselves repeatedly on the balcony overlooking the court garden, and were each time greeted by the troops and the civilians with loud and prolonged cheers.

The weather was all that could be desired for a fête day like this and owing to the wise measures taken in regulating the proceedings of the day no accident occurred to mar the pleasant memories of the day in the minds of the delighted Parisians. Five Cardinals and ten Bishops assisted at the Imperial wedding. We might add that the Emperor, faithful to his promise to present his bride to the army and to the people, rode several times along the lines of the military. It was the Emperor's wish that the entire expenses of the wedding be met from the *liste civile*. The Emperor also pardoned and set at liberty a very large number of political prisoners. The twenty gold franc pieces encrusted in each of the two candles, presented, according to an old French custom, during the marriage ceremony, were afterwards sent by order of the Archbishop, to the curés of Notre Dame and of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, to be distributed among the poor of their parishes.

The vast crowds that joyfully greeted the new Empress as she rode beside her imperial spouse in the gorgeous procession to and from Notre Dame was greatly and favorably impressed by her personal appearance and modest deportment, and the papers of the day were lavish in their descriptions of her "dazzling beauty." Let us quote one or two. Le Conte d'Hérisson, in his *Souvenir*, says: "No words can adequately describe the charm, the beauty, the grace of the new sovereign. Nothing that has been written about her can possibly be exaggerated. I was literally fascinated." Imbert de

Saint-Armand, in his "Louis Napoleon et Madame de Montijo," expresses his admiration in these words: "While in the crowd that filled the Court of the Louvre, I saw the procession pass. Seen through the windows of the glittering carriage, the Empress appeared an ideal being. Her pallor enhanced the beauty of her sculptured profile. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by this sweet and radiant image. An indescribable presentiment told me that like all incomparably beautiful women . . . she was doomed to calamities as exceptional as her fortune and beauty."

Her gentleness and careful training, as well as her natural impulses were evidenced by a consideration for all who came in contact with her, whether they belonged to the nobility or to the plain bourgeoisie. On one occasion, as she was leaving the palace, she was obliged to walk a few steps to the carriage in waiting. A number of passers-by gathered along the path she was to follow. Among this number were several Hispano-American students. As the Empress appeared, one of the students exclaimed: "Aqui viene la Emperatriz?" "Viva la Emperatriz!" cried the students, hat in hand. The Empress recognized her own language, and as she passed them, gave them a gracious smile and a "Gracias caballeros" in the sweetest tone imaginable; though an Empress, she was human. When in April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress visited Queen Victoria, at Windsor Palace, the English sovereign was impressed with the modest, yet dignified gentleness of her guest. In her "Journal" she tells us: "I embraced the very gentle, graceful and, evidently, very nervous Empress." During this visit a friendship was formed between the two sovereigns which lasted throughout the life of Queen Victoria. In the midst of all her troubles Eugénie found a loyal friend and heartfelt sympathizer in the British Queen.

On Sunday morning, March 16, 1856, all Paris was awakened by the artillery quartered at the Hotel des Invalides as they thundered forth the news that the Napoleonic succession was secured by the birth of an heir to the throne. The people counted the volleys one by one and after the twenty-first had been fired and continued until the customary 101 had been fired, they knew that the little stranger was a boy. The certainty that a male heir had been born evoked the wildest outburst of applause and of universal joy among the people, nor was this joy confined to the people, but it was felt by the Bonapartes as well as by the friends of public order. It meant, according to a statesman of that day, that a continuance of the empire was assured, and it meant the "setting aside of Prince Napoleon," and this last advantage was considered by many as valuable as the first.

The next great event was the baptism of the new-born Prince.

The *ondoiment*, or private baptism, took place in the private chapel in the Tuilleries, while the public ceremony, or court function, did not take place until June 14, owing to the slow recovery of the child's mother. The public ceremony took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, on which occasion His Eminence Cardinal Patrizzi, as the representative of His Holiness Pope Pius IX., officiated. The little Prince received the names of Napoleon, Eugène, Louis, Jean, Joseph, but to his devoted mother he was always *le petit Loulou*. On the occasion of the public baptism the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., sent to the Empress, as a token of his high regard and esteem, the Golden Rose (a rose of gold set with precious stones and solemnly blessed by the Pope on Laetare Sunday. It is usually presented by him to royal and illustrious personages). This gift Eugénie prized most highly until the end of her official life. In presenting it to her, Cardinal Patrizzi said: "This rose signifies the joys of the two Jerusalems—that of the Church triumphant and the Church militant. The rose represents in the eyes of all the faithful that most magnificent flower, the joy of the saints. Accept this rose, beloved and noble daughter, puissant and adorned with many gracious qualities, in order that thou mayest be still more ennobled by all the virtues in Jesus Christ, like as a rose planted by the banks of a full-flowing stream. May this favor be granted to thee through the ever-abundant grace of Him who to all eternity is Three in One."

Never, we may say, was the birth of a child attended with more magnificent preparation. Three rooms of the palace were filled with his twelve dozen embroidered robes and other wearing apparel. Paris sent a rosewood cradle in the form of a ship, with an eagle of precious stones at the prow, and at the stern a figure in gold representing the city. The city voted \$20,000 for poor infants, and the peasants made the imperial babe a present of \$150,000, no person being allowed to contribute over five cents. As a thank-offering the Emperor founded a society to aid respectable poor, which in five years loaned over a million dollars. Three hundred balloons filled with bonbons went up into the air to break for the delight of the children, and the Emperor and Empress stood as sponsors, by proxy, of course, to some three thousand babies born on the same day as their son. It would require a large volume to record the many touching incidents which crowded into these happy days in the life of the Empress, but "the head that wears a crown," fair though it be, is only human after all; it has its sorrows as well as its joys, and these sorrows were not far away.

When the Italian War of 1859 broke out, the Emperor hastened to the scene of action, and the Empress became Regent. She presided each week over three Councils, and to her active, energetic

nature the cares of State came as a respite from the pleasure and not infrequently, the hollowness of court life. She even intimated, in a playful tone, that she would miss the work on the return of the Emperor. We can only add that, despite hostile criticism that is never silent in high places, her decisions as Regent commanded respect.

The summer of 1860 found the Emperor and Empress among the highlands of Auvergne, and here her sympathetic nature was reawakened by her visits to the poor and suffering. Clermont claimed a great portion of her time. She loved to visit the hospital and the *asile* for children. In the latter place she inquired minutely about the health and education of the little ones, and chatted in the most familiar manner with the Sisters and nurses. In an address made to the Empress, while at Clermont, she was most agreeably impressed by these words: "The sweetest words of the Gospel—those that go straight to the heart of a mother—is that gracious invitation of our Blessed Saviour: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Following the example of that Blessed Saviour, your Majesty has understood and appreciated the charm of childhood. Like Him, you love to gather around you the poorest children among your people." In her visits to the hospital she visited every bed. One day a wounded soldier attracted her attention and her deepest interest: "Monsieur le docteur," she said, turning to the surgeon in charge, "promise me that you will not let that man die." As she passed on, she paused before another poor fellow, who seemed to be suffering greatly. He was a young father, and the kind-hearted Empress asked about him. She learned that if he could afford to take the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, he might recover. "Mon pauvre ami," said the Empress, in a tone half of sorrow and half of reproach, "why did you not write to me long ago? Am I not the mother of all who suffer for France? General Fleury, kindly take the name of this young man, and you, mon ami," turning to the patient, "you will go to the watering place; you will come back cured and you will be restored to your dear children."

We next find the tender-hearted Empress looking down upon a poor fellow in the last stages of consumption. "Oh, messieurs," she said to the doctors, in a pitiful tone, "can nothing be done to cure this terrible disease?" More than once her eyes were suffused with tears as she bent over the suffering patients and tried to cheer them with words of comfort. Again, in 1866, when the cholera broke out in France and counted its victims by the thousand, the noble courage of the Empress manifested itself, as she went from cot to cot in the hospital at Amiens. She had a kind and encouraging word for every sufferer, and her anxiety seemed to be for the safety of every

one but herself. To the Bishop who accompanied her on her rounds of mercy, she turned with affectionate solicitude and said: "Monseigneur, soignez vous bien" (Monseigneur, take good care of yourself). It was this oft-repeated devotion to the poor, the suffering and the unfortunate that brought her so near to the hearts of the French people. A medal was struck to commemorate this visit, which made such a deep impression on the people of that city. To an eminent general who expressed admiration for this act of courage on the part of the Empress, she promptly replied: "General, this is the way we women go to the front." This is the same spirit that animated the women of Philadelphia during the recent epidemic; the same spirit that took the American Red Cross women into the recent world's war. Eugénie's visit to this hospital was not forgotten by the people, not merely of Amiens, but of all of France, for even months afterwards the Empress, when she appeared in public, was greeted with: "Vive la Sœur de Charité!" "Vive l'héroïne d'Amiens!"

The Empress was not at all elated by these demonstrations; she appreciated the spirit that prompted them, but her early convent education told her that she could not have done otherwise. She did not hesitate to say so. "There was no courage or merit in what I did. I was merely performing one of the simple duties of my position, and I rejoice that I was able to do it. Please say no more about heroism. I did not save a single life; I even fear that more than one poor sufferer may have been disturbed by the preparations made to receive me. Let us keep big words for big things, such, for example, as the noble devotion of the good Sisters, who are not content to visit the sufferers for an hour, but who tend them till health returns or until death sends relief."

During the Franco-Prussian War, Eugénie was again called upon to take the reins of government as Regent, during the absence of the Emperor at the front. Her solicitude for the sick and wounded remained unabated. The Salons of the Tuilleries, once the scene of royal festivities, were transformed into hospital wards, and such times as found the Empress at all free from the cares of State found her at the bedside of the sick and wounded and dying.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of Napoleon III. (and they were long enough at times), it must be admitted that his ears were not deaf to the call of charity. It is well known that he and his consort were ever ready to give relief where it was most needed. During the floods that devastated parts of France in 1856, and rendered thousands of people homeless, the Emperor contributed \$20,000 towards their relief, while the tender-hearted Empress headed a subscription with a gift of \$40,000 in her own name, and

\$2,000 in the name of her son, recently born. On the occasion of her visit to Dieppe, in 1853, she gave an offering of \$8,000 to the Sisters of Charity to help them in their good work. In addition to this she gave \$3,000 to the home for infirm sailors. The welfare and education of the children were not forgotten, and she contributed quite a large amount for the erection of schools for their benefit. The "Sainte Eugénie's Children's Hospital" was erected in 1854, and in this same year the two sovereigns contributed \$120,000 towards a home for indigent workmen. Several seaside hospitals and homes were established under the auspices of the Empress, all generously endowed from her private purse.

Eugénie was a true woman and her sympathy for those of her own sex was most touching. During the war with Italy she started a fund for the women and children of fallen soldiers which realized over a million dollars. What a valuable acquisition she would have been to the Red Cross of to-day!

By an imperial decree, in 1862, all homes and asylums for children were placed under the patronage and direction of the kind-hearted Empress and all shared in her generous charities. In the hard winter of 1867, when the poor of Paris felt its rigors, public kitchens were opened in various parts of the city, all supported from the imperial private purse. Many touching stories are told about Eugénie's visits to the hospitals and many of us remember the one about the sick woman who mistook the dark-robed lady leaning over her bed and ministering to her for a Sister, and addressed her as "Ma Sœur." The attendant upon her Majesty apologized, but the noble woman checked her. "Do not correct her; it is the most beautiful name I could have." Scenes like these could not fail to call forth from the lips of the suffering the benediction so beautifully expressed by Victor Hugo in these words: "Oh, qui que vous soyez, benissez-la, c'est elle! La Sœur visible aux yeux de mon ame immortelle! Mon urqueil, mon espoir, mon abri, mon recours."

Even in her declining years, during the world war just closed, with the weight of over ninety years bearing upon her, her heart still warmed towards suffering humanity. In the peace and quietness of her English home at Farnborough, she could interest herself in nursing scores of English soldiers convalescing beneath her hospitable roof and in the enjoyment of the universal regard and veneration of her neighbors.

We now come to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, which the unscrupulous enemies of the Empress have not hesitated to charge her with having instigated. We regret that we must deal with it so briefly. It is freely admitted to-day that the Empress was not responsible for bringing on that war, as some unscrupulous writers have endeavored to show. It stands to reason that she was too far-

sighted to inaugurate a movement so disastrous to France and so dangerous to the imperial dynasty. Bismarck's own "Recollections" supply the refutation of the charge made by him in the Reichstag on December 5, 1874, that the Empress and the Jesuits had desired the war and *driven him into it*. M. de la Gorce, another pacifist, did not scruple to assert that "from all private papers, one very clear impression stands out: it was she, who on the side of France, was the principal maker of the war." Yet this same M. de la Gorce, in his own previous writings, said: "As I read the provocative dispatches of the Duc de Grumont to M. Bernadetti, the French Ambassador to Berlin; the boastful, lying statements of Lebœuf about the army; the passionate harangues at the Palais Bourbon, I cannot understand why the blame for the war should be laid on the shoulders of one woman. Her responsibility, if she must bear it, was partial and divided. Nor can we forget that it was Bismarck who at the last moment forced France into the struggle." "Can history," asks Mr. Stoddard, in his "Life of Eugénie," "hold the Empress responsible for the horrors of 1870? Surely a large part must fall to the Duc de Grumont, whose aggressive diplomacy lighted the flame in Prussia; on Marshal Lebœuf, who again and again assured his fellow Ministers that the army was ready; on the fierce instigators of war in the Corps Legislatif; on the feeble, vacillating Emperor, and on the populace of Paris, which was athirst for blood and glory."

When the storm had burst over Paris, there were those whose cool heads saw the danger that threatened the Regent, but when the subject was broached to her she quietly answered: "I need no troops for my own protection. We must send to the front the last battalion left us." In her appeal to the people on August 8, the Empress-Regent said: "Let there be but one party among us—the party of France; let us follow but one standard—that of honor. I will be in your midst; you will see me faithful to my duty and position; the first where danger threatens, the first to guard the honor of the Empire."

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the Franco-Prussian War. The sad story is too well known. All manner of stories were set afloat about the Empress. She may have seen the hour of her husband's abdication not far away, and if she clung to the throne we must not blame her for her anxiety to save the dynasty. We cannot forget that for seventeen years she had been a faithful and loving wife, and, if like his great uncle, her husband had been forced into exile, she knew her place was by his side in that exile.

Finally the fatal day came when she must leave France, and the voices of the calumniators had full freedom, but they found no fault they could advance. General Trochu, her bitterest enemy in her last hours as Regent, was obliged to admit that "Neither the public notoriety of the Emperor's lapses from conjugal fidelity, nor the example and seduction of that brilliant court over which she presided in the splendor of her incomparable beauty, had succeeded in luring her for a moment from the straightest and most honorable path in her personal conduct. The most insolent and daring opponents of the Empire have never been able to 'breathe upon her' with their calumnies."

On September 4 the Cabinet Council decided that the time had come for requesting her resignation. Her answer was dignified and characteristic. "I cannot leave my post in the midst of the danger that besets it, for that would be desertion. . . . If resistance is impossible, might not my intervention be valuable in obtaining less rigorous conditions of peace? I accept deposition, but I refuse to be a deserter. If the continuance of my power is considered an obstacle to the defense, would it be too much for a woman, who of her own free will descended from the throne, to ask the Chambres to grant her the right to remain in Paris? It matters not to me where I live, or what rank I hold, if any. I only ask to share the suffering, the peril, the anguish of our besieged capital." Whatever may have been the effect of this appeal upon the minds and hearts of those who heard it, no response was possible, and a painful silence followed.

The day soon came, however, when the Empress was obliged to leave Paris. It was reserved for Count Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and Signor Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, to aid the Empress at this crucial moment. It is not for us now to enter into the motives which actuated these diplomats. Suffice it to say that they did assist her. They were joined in this charitable work by Madame Lebreton, the only one of all the ladies of the imperial court to follow the Empress in her flight. These three friends hurried the Empress from the palace. A closed, ordinary cab was called, in the hope of escaping attention, but a street gamin standing by recognized the group and shouted, "Voilà l'Impératrice!" He was promptly silenced by Signor di Nigra, before his cry was noticed by the crowd. Count Metternich gave a hurried address to the "cocher," who drove rapidly away. The party knocked at several doors, which they had reason to believe would be opened to the unfortunate Empress, who in the days of her prosperity had befriended those within, but they knocked in vain. Meeting with such ingratitude on the part of those from whom she had reason to expect better things, the royal fugitive decided to appeal to Dr. Evans, the

well-known American dentist—the court dentist. His door was at once opened to his former patient. He gave her a home in his house, and made all the arrangements for her leaving Paris. When all was ready, Eugénie, with her faithful attendant, Madame Lebreton, Dr. Evans and Dr. Crane started at an early hour, one morning, for the Channel coast.

The Empress, in order to avoid detection, traveled as an invalid, accompanied by her brother (Dr. Evans), her medical attendant (Dr. Crane) and her nurse (Mme. Lebreton). The party reached Deauville without any trouble and were met there by Mrs. Evans,² whose kind attention and tender care did much to comfort the fugitive. As soon as she realized that all immediate danger was over, she sank into a chair, saying: “*Mon Dieu je suis sauvée.*” Sir John Bourgogne’s yacht *Gazelle* was lying in the harbor of Trouville. While pacing the deck, he tells us that two gentlemen came alongside and asked him if he was going to England. One of them gave him his card. It read: “Dr. Thomas W. Evans, Rue de la Paix, Paris.” Sir John continues: “He told me that the Empress Eugénie was at Deauville, in great distress and danger, and begged me to take her on board my yacht and place her under the protection of the British flag.”

The times were disjointed, and Sir John was not inclined to believe the story. His wife, whom he consulted, assured him that Dr. Evans was a well known and highly respected dentist in Paris, and the doctor, finding Sir John still obdurate, said to him: “Sir John, I am an American, and in our country no man will hesitate at any risk to help a woman, especially a lady whose life is in danger. I, therefore, when her Majesty applied to me for help, left my house in Paris, and all that it contains, not taking the least thought of the consequences my act might bring upon me, or calculating the losses I might suffer.”

Sir John relented, his good wife adding her pleadings to the doctor’s. Sir John tells the rest in these words: “At midnight I met, by appointment, two ladies closely veiled, one of whom introduced herself as the Empress. I took them on board the yacht, and her only remark was: ‘I know I am safe now, under the protection of England.’” A moment later, as she gazed tearfully on the shores of her once happy home, she sobbed: “*Pauvre France!*” and then came a nervous attack.

² Mrs. Evans, née Annie McDonnald, was a native of Baltimore, and in her young days, was the leading contralto in the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where the writer of this article knew her for many years. After going to France, she became the Countess D’Oyle, a title she inherited from her ancestors.

Needless to say, she received every care and attention her kind hosts could bestow upon her, and she soon recovered. The passage across the Channel was stormy, but was accomplished in safety, and at 6 o'clock the next morning the Empress was landed at Hastings. On Sunday, September 25, just three weeks after the fatal 4th of September, the Empress and her beloved son were united and found themselves in what was to be their future home at Chiselhurst. Her devoted friend made all the arrangements necessary for securing Camden Place, furnished, and the Empress made it her home for the next ten years. The owner of the property, Mr. Stroude, reluctantly, and at the earnest insistence of the Empress, accepted a rental, but devoted the amount received to improving the property.

We can hardly be expected, in a brief magazine article, to enter into the details of the life of Eugénie in her exile. Suffice it to say that it was marked by the careful educating of her son and by the two great sorrows which befell her within nine years after her departure from Paris, where she had resigned as an Empress and the mother of the heir to the throne, and now had become the childless widow mourning in a foreign land. No child was ever more idolized by his parents than young Prince Louis, and no son ever returned it with more obedience, purity of character and devotion. After his death, among his private papers were found these words: "In France the true order of things is reversed. Children no longer respect their parents, and when parental authority is abrogated, that of the law follows. I intend to set the example of honoring and respecting my mother." Such sentiments as these are sadly missing in the youth of to-day!

The young prince was generous to the poor, never failing to empty his purse when he saw a person in need. His general education began first under a private tutor and then for a brief time at King's College, London, from which he passed at Woolwich. In October, 1871, when near his sixteenth year, he became a cadet at the Royal Military Academy. When summoned to Camden House by the illness of his father, as he entered the house, he said to an attendant: "Tell me the worst; I can bear it." His mother fell on his neck sobbing: "Je n'ai plus que toi mon Louis."

At the tender age of fourteen, the young Louis accompanied his father to the Franco-Prussian War, and at the memorable battle of Saarbruck he received his "baptism of fire." While his conduct on this occasion was in keeping with his high position, the impression made upon him by the sight of suffering was great indeed. It is said that for months after he would start in his sleep, dreaming of the horrors of war and exclaiming: "Ah les pauvre soldats!"

The Prince was seventeen years of age when he was called upon to mourn the death of his father. He did not reach Camden House in time to see him alive. After embracing his mother and again and again the body of his father, he motioned all to kneel, and the boy still in his 'teens prayed earnestly, as he had been taught to do by his Christian mother. After the funeral, and as he was about to enter his home, some men who had followed the mourners cried out: "Vive Napoleon IV.!" He raised his hand to request silence, and said, in a firm voice: "My friends, I thank you, but the Emperor is dead. Let me join you in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" and it was taken up by all.

On his eighteenth birthday, when by his father's will, he attained his majority, Chiselhurst was filled with admirers, no less than 8,000 having come from one station in Paris. A branch of chestnut, brought from the Tuilleries garden, the Prince laid reverently on his father's tomb. In his address he said: "United to my mother by the most tender and grateful affection, I shall unceasingly strive to acquire knowledge, and thus forestall the march of time. If the hour ever comes when another government shall accord me the majority of my country's votes, I shall be ready to bow with respect to the decision of France. My courage and my life belong to her. May God watch over her and restore to her once more her prosperity and her greatness."

When the Zulu War broke out the young Prince found his opportunity to show his appreciation of the kindness shown him by offering his services to the land which had opened its doors to him and to his mother in the hour of their sorest need. It is true that the mother's heart rebelled against a separation from the son she loved so well. She may have had a presentiment of the fatal outcome of this step on the part of her only child, but she finally consented. When it became known in France that the Prince was going to Africa, thousands of telegrams poured in upon him, and, of course, some from the very people who had called his courage in question. The night before his departure was spent in answering letters and in making his will. He sought a few hours of rest, retiring at 2 o'clock in the morning, but at 7.30 he was hearing Mass in St. Mary's Church, where he also received Holy Communion. After Mass he visited his father's tomb, and remained so long in prayer that a messenger was sent to hasten him. His devoted mother accompanied him to Southampton and parted with him with the deepest anxiety and sorrow. Perhaps she felt that she would never see him again alive.

The story of the Prince's tragic death is too well known to be told in detail here. Suffice it to say that on the morning of June

1, 1879, the Prince rode out from the camp with a British officer and six Colonial troopers, on a sketching expedition. When near some native huts the party alighted to partake of a light lunch. As he gave the order to mount a volley rang out on the air and the Zulus were upon them. The horse of the Prince took fright, but he sprang after him, grasped the pommel, when *the girth gave way*. The brave young soldier turned to meet his foes face to face, using his revolver and then his sword. His comrades *had fled for their lives*, and the Prince was alone. These two circumstances—the giving way of the girth and the hurried flight of his comrades—have been commented upon by various writers. The fact remains that the Prince fell, pierced by eighteen assegais. All night long the Prince, so tenderly reared, lay in his blood in the rank African grass, near the Ityatosi River. When found, on the following morning, he was lying on his back, his arms crossed on his breast, one of his mild blue eyes was open, the other was put out by an assegai. His clothes were gone, but around his neck, untouched by his savage despoilers, was fastened a locket containing the picture of the mother he loved so well, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin. The slight form was wrapped in blankets, embalmed as well as could be done in such a place, and sent to his broken-hearted mother at Camden House.

It may be that the Prince himself had a presentiment, as well as his mother, that he would never return alive from Africa, for, on the eve of his departure for the Cape he wrote to Monsignor Goddard, his chaplain at St. Mary's Church, Chiselhurst: "I hope you will not imagine that I am so occupied with the preparations for my departure as to have forgotten my duties as a Christian. Tomorrow I shall come to you at 7.30 A. M. to make my confession and receive Holy Communion for *the last time in the church at Chiselhurst*, in which I wish to be buried when I die."

The whole world, we may say, mourned with the sorely afflicted mother, around the coffin that came from Zululand. All night long Eugénie sat or knelt beside it. She now realized the full force of the prayer composed by that dead son and found in his prayerbook after his death. The opening words were as follows: "Mon Dieu, je vous donne mon cœur, mais vous, donnez moi la foi. Sans foi il n'est point d'autres prières, et prier est un besoin de mon âme, etc." Yes, prayer was that mother's need at that hour. "I cannot even die," she moaned when told of her son's heroic death, "and God, in His infinite mercy will give me a hundred years to live. His holy will be done!"

The funeral of the young Prince was most imposing. Thousands gathered at Camden House. We are told that Queen Victoria "came

and knelt and prayed at the foot of the coffin," and laid on it a wreath of gold laurel leaves tied with a white satin ribbon, and a card, in French, in her own handwriting. Princess Beatrice brought an exquisite porcelain wreath, that it might last forever. Albert Edward and Alexandra, "in their own handwriting," gave a wreath of purple violets and white clematis, "in token of affectionate regard for the Prince who lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death fighting for our cause in Zululand." Hundreds of other wreaths, the gift of loving friends, lay by and around the catafalque. After the Solemn Mass of Requiem in St. Mary's Church, the purple velvet coffin covered with the Union Jack and the tri-color and the hat and sword of the deceased, was placed on a gun carriage drawn by six horses. Then followed the royal pallbearers, the Prince's favorite horse, "Stag," in crepe and riderless, and the vast concourse of people. Muffled drums were beaten, minute guns were fired, bells were tolled, and then the casket, borne on the shoulders of cadets who loved him in life, was laid in St. Mary's crypt, opposite the Scotch granite sarcophagus of his imperial father.

The sorrows of the Empress Eugénie found an echo in the hearts of the most exalted personages as well as in those of the humblest. The virtues of her unfortunate son were recognized and appreciated by the nobility of Europe and, indeed, of the whole world. When Queen Victoria heard the news of his death, she exclaimed: "This is awful; so fearful that one is stunned before so dreadful a calamity. . . . I shall go and see his desolate mother as soon as possible. . . . Hers is a dreadful lot. God alone can comfort and sustain her."

The Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII.) among other things, said: "Speaking personally of him, I can say that a more charming young man, and one having more promise, never existed. If Providence had designed that he should succeed his father as a sovereign of that great country, our neighbor, he would have made an admirable Emperor." The Duke of Cambridge said that "everybody in England will render homage to the noble qualities of the young Prince. . . . Why has a life so precious been so unfortunately lost?" Queen Alexandra wrote of him: "He died a hero's death wearing our uniform."

The Duc de Nemours considered the Prince's death "one of the most hideous tragedies of modern times," while the Conte de Chambord could only exclaim: "Pauvre jeune homme, he was indeed a hero and a Christian. His prayer touched me greatly; it is a proof to those who doubt it that our religion is still fervent and alive in the hearts of the best and the greatest." These words of the Conte

de Chambord were verified by the fact that the first words uttered by the bereaved youth when brought into the presence of his dead father were: "Thy will be done."

It was with the Empress as with all other human beings: time mellowed the first pangs of her sorrow, but her mother-love for her lost son was unabated. In less than a year after his death she stood near the Ilyatosi River, in Africa, gazing with loving eyes upon the spot where her son, abandoned by his companions, fell under the cruel spears of the savage Zulus. This, to her, sacred spot, was indicated by a Cross, erected by Eugénie's ever-faithful friend and sympathizer, Queen Victoria of England. Upon it the afflicted mother read the simple, but eloquent inscription: "He fell with his face to the foe." A Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the nearest chapel, and after a night spent in prayer the devoted mother gathered up a heap of grass from the spot reddened by the blood of her son, and carried it home with her. She had it woven into a Cross and placed it at the head of his casket in the crypt in the little church at Chiselhurst.

On her return to England, she began to make preparations for leaving the home in which she had spent the first ten years of her exile. Despite the many sad associations connected with the place, she encountered no little difficulty in securing a suitable and permanent location for the tombs she desired to erect for her beloved dead. She first thought of securing a space back of St. Mary's on which she could accomplish her desire, but the land had once belonged to a certain Mr. Ellman, who, in his will directed that "no part of his estate should be disposed of for the purpose of enlarging St. Mary's Catholic Church or for the the use of any other Catholic church, chapel or institution." The present proprietor was thus unable to accept the generous price offered for the property, and the Empress was obliged to seek elsewhere. Farnborough Hill was, fortunately, in the market, and she at once secured it. Here the Empress erected a series of buildings, and she immediately leased the church and abbey to a colony of Benedictine Fathers in perpetuity. In the crypt of this new foundation repose the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince, which were transferred with becoming honors from Chiselhurst on June 9, 1888. Here, too, after an exile of half a century, Eugénie now reposes in a special vault prepared under her own supervision.

After the death of her son the world had no longer any attraction for Eugénie, and she sought more than ever the seclusion and veiled life which her position, even in exile, as the wife of the ex-Emperor, or the mother of a possible future sovereign denied her. But since she became, in 1880, only the sorrowing widow and the childless mother

of the last of the imperial Napoleons, she had every reason to believe that now no untoward attempt would be made to invade her privacy. But it must not be supposed that the Empress gave herself up to melancholy during her many years at Farnborough Hill. She was too good a Christian for that. We have accounts of her visits to Queen Victoria in the Scottish Highlands; we hear of her in Paris, unobtrusively wandering through the scenes of her days of glory and picking a few withered autumnal leaves from plants that once gladdened her eye with their beauty; again we hear of her in different parts of Europe, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and even as far away as Ceylon, but always appearing as a lady in private life and avoiding all show and display. At Farnborough Hill she entertained her friends with characteristic courtesy, and spent her days in useful and intellectual pursuits. She was, indeed, what she asserted herself on one occasion to a French census enumerator, "*une veuve passagère*" (a widow passing along). She was not only a broken-hearted widow and a childless mother passing through France, but she was on her long and longed-for journey from time to eternity. It took her ninety-four years to reach that goal, but the answer to her prayer came at last.

In July, 1920, she visited her native land, and while in Madrid, at the palace of one of her kinsfolk, she was seized with intestinal pains, which terminated her long life. On July 10 the first symptoms of her illness manifested themselves. Up to this time her health had been unusually good. On the morning before her death she partook of a hearty breakfast. Shortly after this she was seized with abdominal pains, and Dr. Gumada, King Alfonso's physician, was hastily summoned. Finding her condition serious, he called to his aid a specialist, Dr. Moreno, of Zancudo, and two other doctors. Their efforts to relieve the patient were ineffectual. When later in the day her condition became alarming, such relatives of the Empress as were in Spain were notified. The Duchess de Santoria and her husband arrived, also the Duke de Penerando, the Dower-Duchess Tamames and the Count and Countess Mora. The last sacraments were administered in due time, the distinguished patient lost consciousness, and on Sunday morning, July 11, she gave her soul to God and slept in peace. She passed over to that shore "where tears flow not forever more."

The body was embalmed and lay in state in the Chapelle Ardente of the Duke of Alba's palace. King Alfonso, who was in London at the time of the death of the Empress, on hearing the news, telegraphed to the Prime Minister to have the court put in mourning for twenty-one days in her honor. A delegation of members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the nobility of Spain visited

the remains. On July 18, the remains of the "Lady of Sorrows," as she was sometimes justly styled, arrived, and we are told that "thousands of British soldiers, under the command of General Lord Rawlinson" escorted the body from the station to the abbey church of St. Michael, at Farnborough—the church that she had built to be the final resting-place of her loved ones, and in which she now lies beside them. The procession was attended with marked military ceremonial. Cavalry with drawn swords lined the route, and the paths through the abbey grounds were guarded with infantry at reverse arms, the same military and naval honors the body received on its arrival at Southampton.

Prince Victor Napoleon, Princess Clementine, of Belgium, and the Spanish Ambassador were among those assembled on the platform to meet the special train which brought the remains. Draped in the Union Jack, the casket was placed on a gun carriage, surrounded by a staff of officers. The Right Reverend Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey was there, too, and after asperging the casket with holy water, the procession moved with slow and solemn steps towards St. Michael's Abbey, the military band playing the "Dead March" from *Saul*. On reaching the church the casket was borne by eight sergeants of the Royal Horse Artillery and deposited on a catafalque in front of the main altar. The customary six wax candles were placed around the catafalque, and two Benedictine Fathers knelt near by as prayerful watchers. They were relieved from time to time until the hour for the final obsequies.

On Tuesday, July 20, all that remained of the one-time Empress of France was consigned to its last resting-place in St. Michael's Abbey Church. Grouped around the catafalque were King George and Queen Mary, of Great Britain; King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, of Spain; the Duke of Connaught and the Prince of Monaco; ex-King Manuel, of Portugal and ex-Queen Amelia, together with members of the British royal family; French, Italian and Spanish Ambassadors and the members of the Corps Diplomatique.

The chief mourners were Prince Victor Napoleon and the Princess Clementine. His Eminence Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, presided at the Solemn Mass of Requiem, which was celebrated by the Right Reverend Bishop of Portsmouth, in whose diocese Farnborough is situated. A large number of the reverend clergy were also present. The absolution was performed by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. The pall which covered the casket was the same used at the funeral of the Prince Imperial. At the conclusion of the services the kings and queens left the church. The procession, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes, now moved with solemn steps towards the crypt. In this procession walked the

Cardinal Archbishop, the Bishop of Portsmouth, the Right Reverend Abbot, and the reverend clergy. The casket was borne on the shoulders of eight non-commissioned officers of the British Artillery. On reaching the crypt the casket was placed on a purple-covered trestle in front of the altar. The final prayers were recited, the final blessing was given by the Bishop of Portsmouth, and then all that remained of the once beautiful Empress Eugénie was left to sleep in peace. So may she rest.

Before leaving the crypt, the Princess Clementine, who was the last to depart, approached the casket, knelt for a moment in silent prayer and then rising kissed the head of the casket as her last affectionate farewell, and followed the departing mourners.

We have seen, in the life of the Empress Eugénie a life in which lights and shadows were singularly intermingled. She enjoyed all the pleasures and honors that brilliant and unsullied life upon the proudest throne in Europe could afford and she also tasted the bitterest dregs in the cup of sorrow. In her days of prosperity she never forgot that there were suffering souls that could be relieved by her aid, and the orphan, the sick in the hospital wards, and the wounded soldiers, many of whom found refuge in her own home, became the objects of her most tender solicitude. As a wife she was true, devoted and irreproachable. As a mother, it has been said of her that "mothers may be taught to love as much, while children may be taught to love still more." Her great affection for her son, her only child, may be judged from her heart-breaking cries when she learned the sad news of his tragic death: "O mon Dieu! O, mon fils!"

"Who can sound the depth of woe?

Homeless, throneless, crownless—now

She bows her sorrow-wreathed brow"

with Christian resignation and murmurs through her tears: "*Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite.*" As a sovereign she gave evidence of wisdom and prudence. As we have already shown, she has been falsely charged with bringing on the Franco-Prussian War. This charge even Bismarck ridiculed. Then, again, no sane mind could fail to see that the perpetuity of her dynasty depended upon peace, and mother-like she hoped some day to see her son upon the throne, which would have been impossible, as subsequent events have demonstrated, in the event of war.

Once the Empress had retired into private life she shunned all notoriety; she sought absolute seclusion, and enforced it so far as circumstances and good breeding permitted. In her journeys away from home she always traveled incognito. She frequently sought

the soothing stillness of chapel or church, and "chaplet" in hand, prayed for those she loved in life, and with whom, let us hope, she is now reunited.

Finally, though in her day she presided over the most brilliant court of modern Europe, no breath of scandal ever rested upon her name. Let us hope that at her death angels conducted her soul to the gates of Paradise.

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AGNELLUS OF RAVENNA.

AGNELLUS of Ravenna, the author of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Ravenna,"* was not a great saint nor a great author, nor was he a great man, but his claim to our notice is that he was a very interesting character, he lived in an interesting city and he wrote a fairly interesting book. He was so exceedingly human that, although he lived over a thousand years ago, his faults and foibles cannot fail to amuse us, even if they do not endear him to us. He was happy, too, in his choice of a subject for his book; for to begin with, Ravenna itself was a most interesting city; the Church of Ravenna had a great name and a great history (into which we do not here propose to penetrate). The lives of its Archbishops throw many sidelights on the manners and customs and history of the times they lived in, remote enough from Agnellus himself in the ninth century, still further removed from one of his editors, Bacchinus, in the eighteenth, and furthest from us in the twentieth century.

He has been very much edited and very severely criticized, both by L. A. Muratori and the learned Benedictine, Bacchinus. According to Muratori, Agnellus or Andrew of Ravenna seems to have been born about 805, for in the course of his Pontifical he mentions with characteristic self-importance a certain day as his birthday, and adds that his age was then forty-four years and five months. He was well born, and does not forget to mention that his great grandfather was the celebrated scribe of the Emperor of Constantinople. He was educated by the Cathedral clergy of Ravenna and afterwards was ordained priest. It was the custom in those days to bestow benefices on mere boys, and when he was only twelve years old he received the benefice of the monastery of St. Mary ad Blachernas from Archbishop Martin, and later that of the monastery of St. Bartholomew, in the same city of Ravenna. This probably accounts for his being sometimes styled abbot of both these monasteries, but he was apparently only the titular abbot. Many of the details of his own life are gathered from his own statements in his "Lives of the Archbishops"; for example, in writing the life of Archbishop Felix and mentioning his trials when he was abbot of this monastery of St. Bartholomew he says, "and thus it happened to me in this same monastery; for I was deprived of it after a few years by George, Archbishop of Ravenna."

Muratori criticizes Agnellus severely, saying he was guilty of barbarisms and solecisms, part of which in editing him he means

**Liber Pontificallis. Agnelli Abbatis. Migne Patrologia Latina, Tom. CVI.*

to suppress; he also says that intolerable anachronisms occur in the text, and that he relates fables, which the age in which he wrote easily accepted, but which a later age either derides or accepts with difficulty. Another true bill of Muratori's is that Agnellus is fond of padding and sermonizing when matter fails him, and "that he detains the reader with foolish sermons and fills up vacant places lest some of his 'Lives' should appear barren."

On the other hand, he is never badly disposed to the Archbishops of his time; on the contrary he gives the title of saint to some of the Ravennese prelates who were tainted with schism, or were even of loose character. He sometimes so applauds their actions that he rages against the Roman Pontiffs and their antique laws. "But," adds Muratori, "these things in no way frightened the most illustrious writer, Benedict Bacchinus, from editing the book which was never before given to the public." But although Agnellus may be called rude and barbarous, nevertheless since Italy can show so few historians of the illiterate ages, Muratori considers "that this book may be embraced with both arms, and we may congratulate ourselves that the whole has not been lost."

This tragedy very nearly occurred, for we learn from Jerome Rubeus in his history of the MS. of Agnellus that it was for a long time in the Archæological Library, but after many years it could not be found and much has certainly been thrown away. Fortunately a parchment copy had been preserved by the Librarian of the Duke of Este, and about 1510 this was copied by hand. In 1708 the learned abbot, Benedict Bacchinus, edited and published the MS. and dedicated it to the Duke of Este. Quite recently Muratori published it in Latin just as it came from Bacchinus, and it is from this copy that we shall now quote in this article.

Bacchinus wrote a long preface in which he is even less complimentary to the style of Agnellus than Muratori; he describes it as horrible, squalid and barbarous, and says "he observes no grammatical rules; he confuses times, peoples and things; he introduces vain, unlikely and puerile circumstances; he tells us of his bad memory; he joins boots to heads and the square to the round most ineptly. He mixes up what he has seen, heard and read without discrimination and confuses the idle stories of ignorant people with the truth. Although he was brought up from childhood in the monastery of Ursi, he seems to be as ignorant of sacred as of profane subjects. When he can find nothing to tell about the Archbishops whose lives he is writing, he fills in his pages with meditations, from which it is as difficult to derive any good as it is to get water out of flint. Sometimes he struggles to expound places of Scripture in such a ridiculous way that the gravest reader can hardly refrain

from laughing. At the same time he so rages with anger against the prelates of his time for simony and vice, that one can scarcely believe there could have been such infamous Bishops. But a true occasion being given (either from nobility of race, from the offices conferred, from the excellence of the arts), greedy of a little glory, he does not once commend them, but laboring with an insane self-love, he pretends to dismiss them with himself in a few modest words."

Poor Agnellus! The learned Benedictine has hardly a good word to say for him, but he justifies himself for his severe criticisms in the following passage: "It was necessary to advise the reader in the first place of the value of the work, that he may understand the detestable vice of this Agnellus, and that he may know what trust a writer of this kind deserves when he inveighs against the most holy Roman Pontiffs, because his great grandfather with others had plotted abominable things in the time of Paul and was taken to Rome and put into prison, where he died."

Bacchinus anticipates the question most of his readers will certainly ask, namely: Why take the trouble to edit this Agnellus, if he be as unreliable as he is here described? To this question he replies that in spite of all his many faults, poor Agnellus has some redeeming qualities and these induced him, apparently very much against the grain, to undertake the none too easy task of editing him. In this connection we are glad to learn from Bacchinus that as far as Ravenna is concerned, no sincerer nor more fitting writer than Agnellus can be found, and when he forgets himself, there is no danger of deception, "for those vices which most frequently infect the writer will be ignored by prudent men." We may add, especially when they have had the benefit of the criticisms of Bacchinus, for they will then certainly be aware that they must take Agnellus with a very large "grano salis."

Poor dear Agnellus! He had yet another critic in one Jerome Rubeus, described by Bacchinus as a most illustrious writer whose Latin was to be compared to Livy's for the purity of its style. He wrote a delightful history of Ravenna, but he, too, had his faults (we are rather relieved to hear); "he was a controversialist and in chronology and the criticisms of writers and things, he more often than not so added to the truth that he disguised it." And what is worse in the eyes of Bacchinus, he mixes up the true and the false things told by Agnellus, so that the reader cannot discover which are the true and which are the false. Also he appears to have praised Agnellus more than Bacchinus approved.

The celebrated story concerning the supremacy exercised by the Emperor Valentinian III. holds the first place in this sort of error,

in which it was said that the Emperor of Ravenna had deposed twelve Bishops and had given the Pallium to be used in Mass. Baronius says that this Pallium granted by Valentinian was not that which the Pope only gives, but a certain military or princely garment, not an ecclesiastical one. An endless controversy ensued on this point, then Cardinal Baronius stepped in and castigated Rubeus severely, rejecting the apocryphal document quoted by Rubeus, who makes Agnellus responsible for it, saying that he himself took it from the book of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Ravenna," by Agnellus, and that as Agnellus was not only in Ravenna, but had charge of this document, he must know the truth about it. Bacchinus waxes very tedious on this subject. Agnellus in his life of Archbishop Felix mentions his father and mother and his family, showing that he was born at Ravenna of good family and brought up from his earliest years in the monastery of Ursi and that he is not to be confused, as sometimes happened, with Archbishop Agnellus, who flourished in the latter years of the Emperor Justinian. Vossius was guilty of this mistake.

The Church of St. Mary ad Blachernas, of which Agnellus was titular abbot, was outside the walls of the city of Ravenna, where the palace of King Odo had once stood, and had lasted into later times under the name of the Little Palace. Agnellus chose out materials from the rubbish of this old building to make himself a house at Ravenna, on the foundation of his old father's former residence. In the tenth century this Church of St. Maria of Palaiolo was the light of the abbot and monks of St. Paolo de Urbe: in the time of Bacchinus all these things were ruins in a wood round the monastery of the Benedictines of St. Vitalis.

There were two churches at Ravenna, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, one inside and one outside the city, and Agnellus was titular abbot of the one inside.

To return to Bacchinus, who says he has prefaced certain of Agnellus' "Lives of the Archbishops" by seven dissertations, which are to prepare the reader for what follows, and to point out some of the errors of the erring Agnellus. Bacchinus has divided the work into two parts: the first goes down to Archbishop Ecclesius from Apollinarius, the second takes us from Ecclesius to George, during whose lifetime Agnellus died and, let us hope, rests in peace, for he has had a sorry time with his critics.

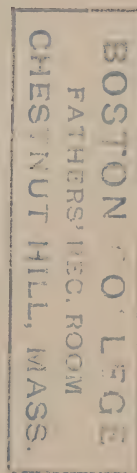
Bacchinus further has divided the "Lives" into chapters and put the argument before each chapter, he has explained the more difficult passages and amended others. He describes the Codex as being by an ignorant amanuensis, made from a mutilated copy in the beginning of the fifteenth century. This amanuensis seems to have

made the incongruities of Agnellus more obscure than they originally were by his own mistakes. In short the learned Bacchinus has done his utmost, and taken infinite pains to preserve what was worth preserving in the work of Agnellus, and where he was in doubt as to his meaning has added original notes in the margin.

Agnellus prefixed some of his "Lives" with Latin verses, on which, as we might anticipate, Bacchinus makes observations. For example, in one verse Agnellus says the Ravennese had left the Lives and acts of their prelates, who had ruled the Church for 800 years in oblivion, and neglected to write their history, but now "in the evening, that is in later times he, Agnellus, called the Witty, undertakes to write this little work on the Patriarchs." Down comes Bacchinus upon him, for the Archbishops, as he says, were not Patriarchs, but only Metropolitans.

In another verse Agnellus asks what priest at Ravenna was wiser than all the others, and answers, with a singular lack of modesty, that it was "Agnellus, so called from a boy; and Andrew, a youth well-born and descended from a proud race, second to none in beauty of face, loquacious in speech, brilliant in conversation, small in body, great in mind like St. Paul. As a nightingale in springtime, singing sweet melodies in the woods sitting under a green branch, charms the traveler, shepherds and knights, filling heaven with her song, so will Agnellus, sitting under the roofs of the proud in the suburbs of Ravenna, weave the long neglected story of the Archbishops in honor of the Mother of God, our Lady Mary."

After this we cannot feel surprised that Bacchinus was sometimes severe in his criticisms of his subject, whose trumpeter was certainly dead and buried. Lepidus, or witty, was the nickname of Agnellus, and he generally calls himself by it. As it also means conceited it suits him exceedingly well, as his best friends must concede. He is really delightful when he gets on the topic of himself. In his prologue to the lives he asserts, "that he, Agnellus, who is also called Andrew, which, by the way, would appear to be his baptismal name (Agnellus being a nickname), has followed the example of the most holy Moses in consulting his elders, for Moses said 'Ask thy fathers and they shall inform thee, thy seniors and they shall tell thee,' and Job, who consulted the earlier generations. In the lives of the fathers also this method was followed, for constantly it is said that a certain old man told me so." Accordingly, with these literary examples before him, Agnellus went about Ravenna and its neighborhood, consulting the old inhabitants, for which he has been blamed by some of his critics, who say he repeats the superstitious stories of ignorant peasants. At the same time there is a good deal to be said for Agnellus' method of following



oral tradition, for even in these days much may be learned of the past from old countrymen, who have often preserved traditions, old songs and folk-lore for many generations, especially in remote country villages.

Agnellus goes on to say that as a star placed in the light of the sun is obscured, so his pages are darkened in the light of so many philosophers. He feels like travelers in dark woods, who, seeing only dense thickets and brambles, do not know which way to turn, as he attempts to follow the history of these Ravennese Archbishops. But as his brother clergy have asked him to undertake the task, he does so, God being with him, who is blessed forever."

In spite of all the trouble Agnellus took in searching Ravenna for materials for his work, with the exception of St. Apollinarius, and he has not much that is new to tell us of him, he has very little to say of the first Archbishops, until we come to Severus (316-391), the twelfth. Besides consulting the old inhabitants, Agnellus used to go about Ravenna and the neighborhood examining the churches and tombstones of the Archbishops and deciphering the inscriptions thereon, and those round the portraits of them in the walls of the churches and other buildings where they were sculptured in stone. He explored the ruins in which Ravenna was rich, and collected every scrap of information he could gather from them; in fact, he left literally no stone unturned which could add to his stock of materials for his book. Ravenna was a very beautiful city, rich in sculpture and mosaics, in which media many of the Archbishops were portrayed; rich in art of every kind, and it was from its art treasures that he had to dig out most of his material.

Nearly all the Archbishops are called saints and no doubt some of them merited the title. St. Apollinarius certainly did, and Agnellus begins his book by telling us that he was the disciple of St. Peter, that he was born at Antioch and came to Rome with St. Peter, by whom he was ordained. He was learned in Greek and Latin. He accompanied St. Peter to the Janiculum Hill and afterwards to a place called Ulm, where in Agnellus' time there was a monastery dedicated to St. Peter. At this place the two saints slept and left the traces of their bodies on the stones, which in the time of Agnellus were, he says, still to be seen. Apollinarius then went on alone to Ravenna, and before he entered the city he restored the sight of the blind daughter of Herenus. He found the city given up to idolatry; he overturned the temples of the gods and smashed their images. Then he ordained priests and deacons, healed the sick, and cast out devils, cleansed lepers and baptized many in the sea and in the river Beccante. In the basilica of St. Euphemia he baptized his first convert and left the print of

his feet in the place where he stood. He raised from the dead the daughter of a patrician named Rufinus, who became a Christian. Theodoricus, Bishop of Bologna, took away the stone on which was the print of the feet of Apollinarius, and placed it in his church at Bologna, and when he died, if his intentions had been carried out, he should have been buried under it. "But," says Agnellus, "what good did it do him who turned others out, and after all was not placed there himself, because he had caused this stone to be so firmly fixed that there was difficulty in removing it?" Apollinarius is said to have demolished by his prayers a temple of Apollo, which stood by the Golden Gate at Ravenna, near the amphitheatre. The saint was ordained in A. D. 50 and died in A. D. 78. The materials which Agnellus, in spite of all his diligence in searching, found for the lives of the first twelve Archbishops were very scanty; he is always careful to mention where they were buried, when he knows, but it is not until we come to St. Severus (491-498) that he is able to give any detailed information, but we are more concerned here with Agnellus himself and the times he lived in and the manners and customs, he mentions, than with these early Ravennese Pontiffs.

For example, St. Severus was a married man with one daughter; his election took place about A. D. 346, just twenty-one years after the first Council of Nicea, at which an attempt was unsuccessfully made to impose celibacy on the clergy. Agnellus describes a miracle which took place at the election of St. Severus, and a second which happened at the death of his daughter, but he confesses that he is here writing from oral tradition, which he had picked up by talking with some old Ravennese men; he had here no documentary evidence to go upon. He tells us that one day when Severus and his wife were busy spinning wool, which seems to have been their original occupation, he said to his wife that he was going for a little while, for it was the day of the election of a new Archbishop, and he would see a wonderful vision, in which a dove would descend upon the head of the elected Bishop. His wife laughed at him and told him with conjugal frankness not to be lazy, but to go on with his spinning, for whether he went to the election that day or not, the people most certainly would not choose him for their Archbishop. It is the unexpected, however, that sometimes happens. Severus begged his wife, who would seem to have been the senior partner, to let him go, and he hastened to the place where all the clergy and people were assembled for the election, but as he was wearing his working clothes, he was ashamed to appear before so many, so he hid himself behind the place where they were all praying, and when the prayer was finished a dove which was whiter than snow descended upon the head of Severus, and although driven off two

or three times returned and settled there. The people, astounded at the miracle, declared he was elected by the Holy Spirit, and he was chosen. When he returned home with the astounding news, his wife, who had before laughed at him, now congratulated him.

On another occasion after his election, when he entered the pulpit to preach, while celebrating Mass, he was accompanied by two deacons, and during the sermon he fell into an ecstasy, and when the people were getting tired of waiting for him to continue, the deacons, thinking he was asleep, nudged him, and when he recovered consciousness he reproved them for disturbing him, saying he was not there with them, but he had been in the Church of Modena and was celebrating the funeral of St. Geminianus the Bishop, whose soul he had commended to God. The Ravennese people, desiring to know if this was true, sent horsemen post-haste to Modena, and learned that at the very hour in which Severus had been in his ecstasy, he had stood by the body of St. Geminianus, and as soon as the tomb was closed, he had disappeared; and from that day forth he was venerated in Ravenna for his sanctity. Another miracle recorded of him is a gruesome one: his wife appears to have died some years before his daughter, and on the day of the latter's funeral, when they opened the grave of Vicentia, his wife, there was not room for the body of Innocent, their daughter. Thereupon Severus expostulated with his wife, and told her to make room for the child she had borne him, and immediately her body turned on its side, and made room, as Agnellus was told by some of his gossips.

When St. Severus himself was about to depart this life, he celebrated Mass and then, clad in his pontificals, he commanded the tomb of his wife and daughter to be opened, and lying down in it, he commended his soul to God and ordered the tomb to be closed.

Agnellus' comment on this courageous act is "in such peace and tranquillity did he die." We can but hope that the bystanders ventured to wait until the good Bishop was actually dead before they closed the grave. Apparently from these incidents coffins were not used in Ravenna at this time.

Agnellus, although an interesting writer, is not an ideal biographer. He has no idea of writing a concise account of St. Severus or any one else, but rambles on without any regard for the sequence of events; he begins with the middle of a life and ends with the beginning, and in this particular case moralizes as a finale on the wisdom of the serpent and the dove, without showing very much of either himself.

The sixteenth Archbishop was St. Ursus, who built the beautiful

church at Ravenna known as the Ursine Church. Before this was built Agnellus says the Ravennese Christians wandered about worshipping in cottages, but as he describes Severus, who died nine years before the consecration of St. Ursus or Orsus, as preaching in a pulpit in a church, we must presume that he meant that the Ursinian Church, which is really the Cathedral, was the first one built at Ravenna worthy of the name of a church.

St. Ursus, who was a most holy man, did his utmost to raise a beautiful building to the glory of God. Agnellus says that he inlaid the walls with most precious stones, meaning probably malachite and marble and lapis lazuli, and he designed various figures in colored tiles in the roof, and all the people worked joyfully to beautify the church. Agnellus gives a list of the names of the principal laborers, which Bacchinus says is most probably incorrect, so it need not trouble us. Incidentally we learn that the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other, for on the men's side, he says, the wall was decorated here and there with allegorical figures of men and animals cut in metal, possibly medallions inserted in the wall.

This Cathedral is still one of the sights of Ravenna, and has been enriched from time to time by paintings by celebrated artists. One of the most celebrated of Guido's paintings, "The Fall of the Manna," is here, and there is a fine painting by Camuccini of the consecration of the church by St. Urso, evidently a very grand function. The chapel of the Madonna del Sudore contains an urn in which are the ashes of St. Barbatian. In the vestibule is another beautiful painting by Guido, the subject of which is the angel offering bread and wine to Elijah. Here is kept the Paschal Calendar, which is very remarkable as throwing light on the astronomical knowledge of the early centuries of Christianity. There was a celebrated door of vinewood, some fragments of which are still preserved behind the grand door. In the sacristy is also kept the pastoral chair of St. Maximinian.

The life of the Archbishop St. Peter contains an incident in Agnellus' career as an author which shows his methods of obtaining information were occasionally somewhat drastic. One day when he was in his monastery of St. Mary ad Blachernas, hesitating, as he tells us, about the tomb of this holy Pontiff St. Peter, whose life he was writing, and wondering where he was buried, when one of the boys of the monastery, whose duty it was to be at hand daily, announced that George, Bishop of Classis, had called. After the Bishop was seated, Agnellus asked him if he knew anything about the tomb of St. Peter, either from hearsay or from some of the old inhabitants or from anything he might have seen on old inscrip-

tions. The Bishop at once joyfully exclaimed: "Come with me and I will show you where this precious treasure rests."

Accordingly they ordered their horses to ride to Classis, and when they reached the place, they ordered their grooms to go away into the town while they entered the crypt below the monastery of St. James, which stands lower than the church of Classis. There they found a tomb cut out of precious marble, and with difficulty they raised the lid a little way, and found below a coffin of cypress-wood, and when they had lifted up the cloth with which the body was covered, they saw the holy body lying as if it had been buried that very hour. "It was," says Agnellus, "that of a tall man, and the skin was pale and all the limbs and the rest of the body were all intact; nothing was wanting except a small pillow for the head."

The odor from the spices with which the body had been embalmed was so strong that they could not get it out of their nostrils for a week!

They were seized with such terror and such sadness that they were hardly able to close the tomb, which they had opened with such joy! Seeing that St. Peter had been dead about four hundred years, their emotion must be rather attributed to fright than grief. The inscription upon the coffin of "Dominus Petrus Archiepiscopus," made assurance doubly sure, but Agnellus was an enthusiastic historian. Sad to say, Rubeus doubts whether, after all, this body was that of the Archbishop Peter I., but believes it was that of Peter III., who lived one hundred years later.

How Agnellus would have argued the point with Rubeus could he have met him! Bacchinus, however, inclines to think that Agnellus was right in this instance, because an image of Peter I., placed by the Empress Placida Galla in the Church of St. John the Evangelist at Ravenna, represents him with a long beard, which, as the Church of Ravenna was then under Greek influence, was permissible to a Bishop, whereas in the day of Peter III. the bearded portrait would have been an anachronism; moreover it could not have been made by the command of the Empress Placida Galla, who had long been dead when Peter III. lived. We do not quite see the force of this argument, unless the body they found intact had a beard.

That Agnellus erred in the sequence of the Archbishops Bacchinus agrees with Rubeus in thinking. This St. Peter I. of Ravenna and all his predecessors were Syrians.

St. Peter I. was succeeded by St. Neon, who finished and decorated the Petrine Church at Ravenna, the foundations of which Peter I. had laid and Neon had decorated with tessellated tiles. He

also built below the Cathedral at Ursi a place called the "triclinium," a sort of dining-room with reclining places and some wonderful windows, and he enriched and embellished the pavement of this place with various stones. He commanded the deluge to be painted on one side of the wall of the church, and a river on the other side, and the miracle of feeding the five thousand people with five loaves and two small fishes to be depicted. Agnellus calls this dining-room a "Dagubita," which Bacchinus explains to be a corrupt Latin word meaning an "accubito," or reclining-place. It seems that the Eastern custom in the time of Our Lord of reclining during meals prevailed also in the early middle ages in Ravenna, or at any rate at the time this church was built. It also seems that in the early Church on great feasts it was the custom in Ravenna for the Archbishop to entertain at dinner some of the dignitaries who had been present at the function in the church in a room adjoining or forming part of the church and there they rested.

It is not very clear whether this dining-room ("triclinium") and the "Dagubita" were one apartment or two; probably one only, and the "dagubita" were reclining-places round the table of the dining-room. Bacchinus says that Ducange in his Glossary mentions a similar place at St. John Lateran in Rome, which is used by the Cardinals on Easter-day.

Agnellus has not much else to tell us about St. Neon, except that he was a most holy man with a beautiful face, so he fills up his account of him with a long legend or story picked up from some old Ravennese men of a place called the Strong Arm, whither the body of St. Neon was translated in the time of Agnellus, so he would be sure to tell the story, which is too long to quote here in full, but one or two incidents in it are interesting as showing how strong the faith was in those days, and how highly they valued the sacrament of baptism and of spiritual relationships. Two men were great friends and one of them had an infant son and the other begged to be the child's godfather, and was accepted by his friend, and, says Agnellus, "thus they both became fathers, one according to the flesh and the other according to the spirit, and from the time the godfather received the child from the font, he was the greater father, as you know, because the child was born in sin of the first father, whereas the spiritual father received him washed from the devil and his pomps, and born of the Spirit."

Later a cloud overshadowed this friendship and money, the root of all evil, was the cause of the misunderstanding. It appears that one of the fathers, which we are not told, borrowed a large sum of money of the other, and at this place of the Strong Arm made the

picture of Our Lord the surety for the borrower, who went abroad and made his fortune, and did not return to Ravenna until the other had made many prayers at the shrine. However, it all ended happily, for after the absconding father had had several visions and warnings, he finally returned, and we are glad to learn repaid the money, and his friend refused to take any interest, considering that to do so would, according to the mediæval idea, be usury.

The next Archbishop rejoiced in the name of Exuperantius, probably only a name given him in reference to his preëminent virtues. He was a very old man and meek and humble. He built but he did not finish the palace of Tricoli. In his time the Church of St. Agnes was built by Gemello, sub-deacon of the church at Ravenna. He seems to have been a very rich man, for he built the city of Argenta, which lasted till the time of Agnellus. In another place Agnellus calls this city of Argenta Rus, and Bacchinus inclines to think that was its name, for no other writer mentions a place called Argenta. The Empress Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian III., began to reign about this time, and came to Ravenna in A. D. 457. This is about all Agnellus could find to tell us about Exuperantius, so he says he had not a memorable history, and fills up his life by writing a chapter, lecturing his hearers on his methods of obtaining information. It seems that Agnellus had the habit of reading his MS. to his brother clergy and other friends, and when they pressed him for further information, he gets so angry with them when he has no more to give them, and asks if it is not sufficient that he has searched all the walls and pavements, the arcades and churches of Ravenna, the old palaces, and the church-treasures, the chalices for inscriptions, the crismatories and the covers of the Gospels, all the archives of the Cathedral and the churches; and, having done all this, they ask him for more details! Having no more to give them, he quotes the old prophets to them, Ezekiel, David and Samuel, till they are weary of listening. He was evidently an exceedingly vain man and sometimes bored his audience to distraction.

Exuperantius was succeeded by John I., surnamed Angeloptes, described as a small man, thin and emaciated from fasting, with black hair and very few gray ones; he was most charitable to the poor and orphans. Agnellus has written a long account of this Archbishop, but Bacchinus says he has mixed up events which happened in the life of John II. with those which occurred in the time of this John Angeloptes. For instance, Agnellus describes the invasion of Italy by Attila and his Huns as happening in the time of John I., but it did not happen till the time of his successor, the Archbishop Peter Chrysologus. The chief event in the reign

of John Angeloptes seems to have been the building of the basilica of St. Laurence the Martyr at Cæsaria, by the architect Lauricius, who got into hot water with the Emperor Honorius (384-423 A. D.), because when he ordered him to build a palace he built a church. However, when Honorius saw the magnificent building he was pacified, and Lauricius fell into an ecstasy at the Emperor's feet and was pardoned.

The battle between Odoacer and Theodoric, described by Agnellus, took place at Ravenna, where he had besieged Odoacer for three years (A. D. 493), but our author gives a very much confused account of it, and it belongs to the reign of John II., not to that of John Angeloptes, where he places it. He concludes this "Life" by describing a vision which was seen by a catechumen at the last Mass celebrated by this Pontiff shortly before his death. As the Archbishop John was about to make the sign of the Cross over the host, an angel descended from heaven and stood on the other side of the altar in full sight of the Pontiff, and when the deacon could not reach the chalice to hold to him, the angel pushed him aside and held it to the lips of the Archbishop.

It seems from this to have been the custom for the deacon to hold the chalice for the Archbishop, when he communicated himself. The priests and people present were all terrified when they saw the chalice raised to the lips of the Archbishop, and afterwards he himself was raised in the air above the altar. And the angel stood by the holy man for a long while. Some people said the deacon was not worthy to hold the chalice and so an angel came to do so, others more charitably said that it was a visitation from Heaven.

Soon after this vision had taken place, "the Pontiff blessed his sons and died happily and cheerfully as if he were going to a feast." He was called Angeloptes because he had the grace of seeing his guardian angel.

We must pause a moment here to explain that the marshes round Ravenna made it very strong as a fortress; as long ago as the time of the Emperor Augustus it was made the headquarters of his Adriatic fleet, and from that time it became one of the chief cities of Italy. The Emperor Honorius in 404 came to live here, and it was then considered the capital of Italy until the middle of the eighth century.

From 589 when it was taken by Belisarius it became the seat of the Ravennese exarchs, who were the viceroys of the Emperors of the west, but before the time of Agnellus the exarchs also had disappeared, and the city had been seized by the Lombards.

The Empress Placida Galla mentioned above was the daughter of Theodosius I., and the sister of Arcadius and Honorius. In the year 409 she was taken prisoner by Alaric, King of the Goths, and married a Gothic prince. Her second husband was the Emperor Constantine III., by whom she had one son, Valentinian. She was an ambitious woman, very greedy of power, and it was really she who governed under the reign of her brother Honorius, and also under that of her son Valentinian. She died in 450 A. D. She built the Church of St. Nazario e Celso at Ravenna, where she is buried with the three Emperors, her husband, her brother and her son.

To return to Agnellus and his Archbishops, he tells us that the Archbishop John Angeloptes was succeeded by Peter Chrysologus, so called on account of his oratorical gifts, for he was a great preacher, and according to Agnellus none of the Archbishops before or after him ever were so wise as he. He began to reign in 429, so he was a contemporary of Placida Galla; he is described by Agnellus as being a handsome man with a fine figure. He was the author of many books. He lived in the time of Pope Leo I. and Eutyches, and by the request of the Pope opposed the Eutychean heresy, and wrote many letters to Eutyches on the subject, but according to Bacchinus, Agnellus misrepresents the part taken by the Archbishop in this matter, magnifying it as usual to glorify the Ravennese Church and its Archbishops at the expense of Rome.

Little is known by Agnellus or any one else of the successor of Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop Aurelian, so Agnellus takes occasion to write a long description of the psalm "Tu dirupisti," so that, as he says, his readers should not be disappointed. We trust our readers will not be disappointed if we pass over this homily, which concludes the first part of the *Liber Pontificalis*. We learn from the appendix to the work in Migne's "*Patrologia Latina*" that Archbishop Aurelian died young; but that although he was young in years he was old in wisdom.

PART II.

Before we continue the "*Liber Pontificalis*," it may be as well to explain that the city of Classis sometimes alluded to was a sort of suburb of Ravenna, a town which sprung up near the sea when the Emperor established his fleet there, hence its name. It was here that the beautiful Church of St. Apollinarius, so often mentioned, was built. Between the two towns of Classis and Ravenna was a road called the *Via Cæsaria*, and as houses soon sprung

up on each side of this road, another town or suburb arose which was called Cæsaria. In the year 404 the Emperor Honorius took up his abode at Ravenna. The best mosaics now in Ravenna are in the mausoleum of the Empress Galla Placida in the Church of SS. Nazarius and Celso. In Agnellus' days Ravenna was on the coast; the sea formed lagoons and canals and real rivers, so it resembles Venice. Aurelian was succeeded by St. Ecclesius, who was consecrated in 524. Agnellus has evidently very little to tell us about this Archbishop, so he spins out that little and fills up his life by quoting a long letter from Pope Felix to the Archbishop. He begins his account by calling Ecclesius a holy vessel, and then says he was of middle stature, neither tall nor short. He had a fine head of hair and he had white eyebrows and a handsome face. In his time the Church of St. Vitalis the Martyr was founded by Ecclesius and Julian, the banker and money-lender. And Ecclesius also built with his own money a church dedicated to the "holy and ever Virgin Mary." "This church," says Agnellus, "was very large, as you may see, and in a chapel with a vaulted roof was an image of the Mother of God the like of which no human eye ever beheld. If any one dared to look for a long time on this image he would see at the foot of it these metrical verses"—which he proceeds to quote.

Bacchinus adds a note to say that there was no church in all Italy like this one of St. Vitalis, and in a chapel therein is a chapel called the Holy of Holies, with a Greek inscription, which, as few people could understand it, he translated in full. It was the tomb of one Strategus, a defender of Rome. Agnellus says the building of this church was begun by Julian after Ecclesius returned from Constantinople with Pope John, whither he had been sent with a legation by King Theodoric. He continued the building of the palace of Tricoli, but did not finish it. Here Agnellus fills up his space by improving the occasion and telling his listeners, the clergy of Ravenna, what pastors those were in those days, and how different they themselves are: those old ones were true lights in the Church, which shone daily, etc. He then goes back to the Church of St. Vitalis, and says as Bacchinus does also, that there was no church in Italy like it for architecture and mechanical work, and it cost 2,600 golden coins. Ecclesius was buried in this church before the altar, and his two immediate successors were buried on either side of him.

During his pontificate a quarrel arose between him and his clergy, and they all went to Rome to Pope Felix for him to adjust their quarrel, which, from the Pope's letter quoted by Agnellus, appears to have been about money, but the Pope made peace

successfully. Agnellus, to fill up his chapter, gives us not only the letter of Pope Felix in full, but also a long list of the names and ecclesiastical rank of all the clergy who accompanied Ecclesius to Rome. The judgment of Felix appears to have been in favor of the clerics, for though he upheld the authority of the Bishop most strictly Agnellus says that Ecclesius ruled in peace afterwards, and never was a word of anything but praise heard of him afterwards from his clergy, whom he ruled as a father rules his sons. He died in 534, and was succeeded by St. Ursinius or Ursicinus.

He is described as a humble, holy man with a ruddy countenance and large eyes, tall and thin. He also is mentioned as a builder of this wonderful palace called Tricoli, but he did not finish it. Agnellus evidently knew little or nothing about this Pontiff, so he gives us a little secular history of his time, which Bacchinus contradicts. After this historical digression he says he must return to Ursicinus, and unfold his life, but all he has to unfold is that he ordered Julian the money-lender to finish the Church of St. Apollinarius at Classis, and saw that he did it. This church was built of Italian marbles, some very precious, and he says that no church was like it, because by night it could be lighted almost as well as by day. He then tells us that Ursicinus said Mass daily, as we should expect a holy Archbishop would do, and he concludes his account with a long sermon on Mass and Holy Communion.

Ursicinus was succeeded in 540 by St. Victor. His name, we learn from our author, was given him by his parents, as we should imagine would be the case, but it was merited by himself for his victories gained by prayer and fasting over the devil. He had a beautiful face and a cheerful countenance. He is the fourth Archbishop who is said to have built Tricoli but did not finish it. He made a silver ciborium over the altar in the Ursinian church, that is, the Cathedral; he took away the old wooden tabernacle and had a new one made with twenty pounds of silver. He also made a golden "endothim" above the altar in this church with silk cloth-of-gold, exceedingly heavy, having a scarlet centre, and among the five figures embroidered upon it his own is to be noticed, and under the feet of Our Saviour woven in purple are these words, "Victor Bishop, servant of God, offers this ornament on the day of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the year of his ordination."

Ducange tells us that this "endothim" was probably a kind of veil for the altar, as the Greeks called a cloth covering the altar an "endoten," and he adds that the one described by Agnellus was

no doubt a covering for the front of the altar, in which opinion Bacchinus agrees with him.

St. Maximian succeeded St. Victor. He was a Pole and was ordained deacon by his own Bishop. Agnellus describes him as tall and thin, with a thin face, bald head, and blue eyes and adorned with every grace. But he asks, why should a foreigner be chosen as a Ravennese Archbishop? He will not hide the reason, he will make it publicly known, and there is no doubt of the truth of the story, which is briefly as follows: One day Maximian was digging before sowing some cereal, he found a large vessel full of gold and many other kinds of riches. After due consideration he ordered an ox to be brought and killed, and, its insides removed, he then filled the carcase with the golden coins, but as it would not hold them all, he sent for a cobbler and ordered him to make certain garments out of goatskins, and these he also filled with the gold, and what remained over he took with him, when he set out for Constantinople, and offered this surplus to the Emperor Justinian, who asked him if he had any more. Maximian swore that he had no more except what was in the carcase and these leathern garments, and the Emperor thought he meant food in his own body and his own clothes, but he meant what he had hidden. Justinian was so touched by his apparent generosity to himself, that he offered him the Archbishopric of Ravenna, Victor having just died. According to Agnellus the Ravennese clergy came to Constantinople, and asked the Emperor for an Archbishop and the Pallium, but Bacchinus warns the reader to beware of this statement, because the Pallium could not be given by the Emperor, but only by the Pope. Agnellus does say that Maximian was consecrated by Pope Vigilius, but he adds by the consent of the Emperor in Patras. The Ravennese people "with atrocious pride were unwilling to accept him, but he conciliated them, sending a faithful messenger to invite the principal citizens and clergy to dine with him, and then he offered them gifts of the gold which he had hidden from the Emperor, and he did this several times and succeeded in winning their loyalty." His craftiness does not strike us as worthy of the title of saint, which Agnellus gives him.

He built the Church of St. Stephen and the monastery by the side of it, the materials for which, according to Agnellus, were all miraculously provided in one night. This monastery of St. Stephen, Bacchinus says, was inhabited by nuns in his time. In Maximian's days, we are glad to learn, this palace of Tricoli was at long last finished. He also built a church dedicated to Our Lady, called the Beautiful, in Pola, and a house for the priest; he gave all his

riches to the Ravennese, who in our author's days still possessed them.

He restored the Church of St. Andrew in Ravenna, and attempted to bring back the body of the Apostle with him to Ravenna from Constantinople. It seems certain that the body of the Apostle Andrew, who is believed to have suffered martyrdom at Patras in Achai, was translated to Constantinople by the authority of the Pope, and was ultimately translated again to Amalfi, in Italy, in the thirteenth century, where it now is. Maximian found the Emperor was unwilling to part with this precious relic, but at the Archbishop's request he allowed him and some of his clergy to visit the tomb one night and say prayers there. The Archbishop craftily took advantage of this privilege to seize the opportunity of opening the tomb and cutting off the Apostle's beard, and bringing it back with other relics to Ravenna. On this action Agnellus says: "And truly, brothers, the body of the Apostle ought to have been buried here, if the Roman Pontiffs had not put us so under their yoke." Bacchinus is very angry at this schismatical remark and characterizes it as "savoring of the horror of the darkness of schism," and asks by what new law of the Ravennese Church could Maximian have arrived at Ravenna with the body of St. Andrew, which by the authority of the Pope had been sent to Constantinople?

In this reign the Manichæan heresy broke out in Ravenna, but the orthodox Christians cast the heretics out of the city and stoned them near the river. Agnellus quite approved of this drastic treatment of heresy, and says 'they died in their sins and the evil was removed.' Maximian enriched the churches of Ravenna with many ornaments and treasures. He died in A. D. 552 and was buried in the Church of St. Andrew near the altar, where the Apostle's beard had been buried. Agnellus with his usual disregard of dates here gives an account of the translation of this Archbishop's body, which took place in his own lifetime and in which he played an important part. He describes the scene with characteristic vanity. It took place in the fifteenth year of the reign of Archbishop Petronacius, who on a certain day had the body taken up from the grave to be put in a higher place. "He went thither himself," says our author, "and commanded all of us priests to go with him to St. Andrew's Church, and we having prayed silently, he told the masons to lift up the stone, but they acting incautiously, it was broken, and the Archbishop, being angry, threatened the masons. Then he said to the tenth priest in order of his seat, by name Agnellus, who was called Andrew (for he was at that time capable exceedingly in all kinds of workman-

ship): 'Come here and teach these workmen what they ought to do, lest they break the coffin and the stone placed over it.' The workmen then removed the stone and did everything according to this priest's orders, and when the lid of the coffin was taken off the Archbishop's bones appeared under water and the coffin was full of water, and as we looked we began to weep loudly together with our Archbishop, and weeping we said to each other: "Where are thy sheep, O Pastor Maximian, where is thy flock, where is thy people, where thy counsels, thy sweet eloquence, thy holy preaching, thy doctrine? If we call thee our pastor do we undervalue our present one? Behold, you are both pastors, thou who liest here and he who weeps, and it behooves us to obey him."

After more and bitter weeping and lamentation they took the vessel, which, says Agnellus, is commonly called a pail and emptied the water out of the coffin which was above the bones of B. Maximianus. "I myself counted the bones aloud before them all with my own mouth, and the number was 116. They wrapped the bones in a winding-sheet and the Archbishop sealed it with his ring, and then they carefully placed them in the coffin and moved it to a higher position. They then examined the coffin and found all the bones, which were thin and long, arranged in their joints as if the flesh had only just been taken from the bones. And they who saw this were terrified, and for several days it seemed to them as if B. Maximianus had stood before them." We have dwelt rather long on this Archbishop, because this scene of his translation happened in Agnellus' own time, and he was, as we have seen, one of the chief actors in it.

Maximianus was succeeded by the namesake of Agnellus, with whom he has sometimes been confused. He was consecrated in 553. He was previously a soldier and a married man, but when he became a widower, he left the army and was ordained deacon in the days of Archbishop Ecclesius, who began to reign in 524, when this Agnellus was forty-four years old. According to Bacchinus he was ordained deacon in 527, when he was forty-four, consequently he must have been an old man of seventy when he was consecrated Archbishop, but there is a good deal of discrepancy about his age. Agnellus tells us he was eighty-three when he died, Rubeus says he was ninety-four, and Bacchinus keeps an open mind on the point. At any rate, whatever his age, he appears to have been a fine old man, hale and hearty, with a ruddy complexion and a double chin under his beard; he was bald with a handsome face and haughty eyes. He was a very rich man of high birth; he left his wealth to his daughter. Agnellus says his granddaughter, but Bacchinus, as usual, corrects him.

The Emperor in Archbishop Agnellus' time gave a great many churches of the Goths to the Ravennese Church, not only those in the city but in the villages and towns; he gave altars and temples and slaves also, and as some of the churches had been Arian, the Archbishop reconciled them to the Church. Among these churches was that of St. Mary in Cosmedin. This gives our Agnellus an opportunity of explaining the word Cosmedin, and, as he thinks, of showing his own learning. He says it may be a Latin word, but it is derived from the Greek word "cosmos" (the world); and therefore it means ornamented. Not knowing very much about his namesake, but anxious to spin out his life, he enters into a long mystical interpretation of the pictures in the Church of St. Martin, with which we need not trouble ourselves. More interesting is an extraordinary hurricane, which he says occurred in Ravenna and swept through the Church of St. Martin, making a terrific howling, and there was an earthquake the next day, after which it was found the marbles in it were broken to pieces, as if they had been smashed with a hammer.

Peter Senior was the next Archbishop, but Agnellus, knowing but little about him, fills up his account with secular history, and the story of Rosmunda, wife of the King of Lombardy, who caused her husband to be slain, and incidentally gave Agnellus occasion to preach a sermon on Jael, Vashti and Herodias. This Peter IV. was an old man and was consecrated in Rome "without fasting." Bacchinus explains that this means he was consecrated just before Holy Cross day, when fasting-time begins; in this year of his consecration it fell upon a Sunday. Mabillon tells us that it was the custom for Bishops to be consecrated at night, so Bacchinus concludes Peter Senior was consecrated after Vespers on the Saturday preceding Holy Cross day.

John Romanus, the next Archbishop, was, as his name suggests, a Roman. Agnellus, with his usual attention to details of personal appearance, says he had curly hair, but white, that he was of middle stature, neither stout nor thin. He completed the building of the Church of St. Severus, which his predecessor began, and took away the saint's body from the monastery of St. Rufinus and placed it in the church dedicated to him. A comet appeared morning and evening in the month of January, and John died in the same month, and that was all Agnellus knew about him, but Rubeus had much more to say.

He was succeeded by Marinianus. Here we may say that after Archbishop St. Agnellus, none of the Archbishops are honored with the title of Saint till we get to St. Felix. Marinianus had been a monk and a priest, and accepted the Archbishopric very unwill-

lingly from Pope Gregory the Great, who consecrated him in Rome, and sent him to Ravenna and wrote him a consoling letter, which Agnellus quotes. Bacchinus gives extracts from a series of letters by this Pope to Marinianus and his successors, John II. and John III. There is some doubt whether John II. and John III. were not the same person. Rubeus thought they were not; Bacchinus is inclined to agree with Agnellus for once, in thinking they were the same. They were succeeded by Bonus, and as there was nothing worthy of remark in his life, Agnellus lectures his audience on the vices of his own times. In the next life of Maurus, the schismatic, Bacchinus turns the tables on Agnellus, and "warns the pious reader to detest the abominable wickedness of the Ravennese Archbishops, than which nothing in all history is wickeder, and see the kind of language which Agnellus uses with regard to it, showing himself to be a schismatic."

The truth is that the Ravennese people and the Archbishops were great supporters of the Emperors, who had made Ravenna their capital, and they all sided with them against the Papacy. Maurus was one who was nominated by the Emperor, and received the so-called Pallium from him, and was consecrated in Ravenna instead of in Rome, and it was then decided that the Ravennese Archbishops should never go to Rome for consecration, but should be consecrated at Ravenna by three Bishops and receive the Pallium from the Emperor at Constantinople. Agnellus says he should waste paper and ink if he were to record all the altercations, storms, struggles and vexations Maurus had with the Pope on this subject.

His successor, Reparatus, was consecrated by three suffragans at Ravenna, as, says Agnellus, is the custom of the Roman Pontiffs in Rome. He was originally abbot of the monastery of St. Apollinarius in Classis. He went to Constantinople and obtained many favors from the Emperor Constantine; among others, a decree that the Ravennese Archbishops should be consecrated in Ravenna and receive the Pallium from the Emperor. Agnellus says that he never submitted to the Roman See. On his return to Ravenna he placed statues of the Emperor and himself in the Church of St. Apollinarius in Classis, where he was afterwards buried.

Theodoric, the next Archbishop, was consecrated in Ravenna, but afterwards submitted to the Pope, and for this reason was calumniated by Agnellus, who is positively spiteful in his remarks. He describes him as a young man, terrible in appearance, with a horrid countenance and full of falsehood. He endeavored to reform

the manners of the Ravennese clergy, but Bacchinus says Agnellus launches forth in a fury against him, but Rubeus vindicated him from the calumnies in which our author indulged against him.

Damianus, who succeeded him, was consecrated in Rome. He is said to have recalled a child to life at the beginning of his episcopate. The story is very naïvely told by Agnellus, who says a certain woman brought the dying child to be confirmed, and the Bishop's attendants told her she must wait till the Bishop had finished shaving, "What, madmen!" said the woman, "the boy is dying and you are unwilling to call the Archbishop, and shall I be silent? Run and tell the Lord Bishop to come at once, and confirm the boy who is dying, or he will have to be buried with maimed rites." The Bishop's servants delayed, not liking to interrupt him; meanwhile the child died. The woman then began to scream and cry with a loud voice, and spread abroad the news on the trumpet which was used at funerals. The Archbishop, hearing this, asked what was the matter, and his attendants, fearing his anger, were afraid to tell him, but the mother told him she had been waiting for him to confirm the child for hours, but that the attendants would not fetch him, and now the child was dead and how could he confirm a dead boy?

The Bishop began to weep, and, taking the child in his arms, went inside the apse, and, prostrating himself, prayed, and the soul of the child returned, and the Archbishop confirmed him, and he died again immediately. Rebeus says that a similar story is told of John Angelotes.

The next Archbishop, St. Felix, was abbot of the monastery of St. Bartholomew, when Agnellus was abbot in the time of Archbishop George, and he begins his life of St. Felix by telling us how Archbishop George deprived him of the monastery for no reason, and how before George had reached this high dignity they were like brothers, but after he became Archbishop he offended God, and removed all the priests from their benefices and occupied their monasteries, and spent all the ecclesiastical riches which his predecessors had acquired on vestments (*reatus*) for his own body.

Felix was consecrated at Rome, but Bacchinus complains that Agnellus omits to tell us this, and he also says nothing concerning the quarrels the Archbishop had with the Holy See at the beginning of his reign. He tells us that the soldiers of the Emperor Justinian II. revolted against him on account of his cruelty and cut off his nostrils and ears and deposed him, and how, later on, with the assistance of the Bulgarians, he returned and conquered the Ravennese, and behaved with the most atrocious cruelty, mur-

dering, massacring and mutilating many of the citizens. He was warned in a vision or a dream to spare this holy man, Felix the Archbishop from the sword, so he blinded him instead of murdering him.

Agnellus thus describes his method: He commanded a dish of some precious metal to be heated in the hottest fire, and then the strongest vinegar or other acid to be poured upon it, and he then forced the Archbishop to gaze upon it until he lost the sight of both his eyes. Felix had written many homilies and other works which appear to have been schismatical, for after his blindness he repented of all his sins, and commanded his writings to be burnt, saying perhaps now that he was blind his amanuensis might deceive him by not deleting the parts that he wished to retract.

Agnellus has a good deal to say here about one George, the son of Joannicus, an ancestor of his, who in this reign died of tortures inflicted by the fiend in human form, Justinian, and when dying he prophesied that the Emperor would be murdered himself shortly, and on the day he foretold the soldiers rose and put Justinian to death.

After Justinian's death the new Emperor, Philip, recalled Felix from exile, and restored all the ecclesiastical treasures his predecessor had stolen from the churches, and he did this so thoroughly that Agnellus says that only one candlestick was missing. St. Felix collected the writings of St. Peter Chrysologus. He reigned eight years and was succeeded by John V., a most patient, humble, meek man. In this reign the Petrine church at Ravenna fell in an earthquake, which took place one Sunday just after Mass.

The city was taken by the Lombards under Luitbrand, during this pontificate, and the Archbishop was calumniated and afterwards exiled to Venice for a year, when Epiphanius, keeper of the treasures, recalled him, or rather induced the exarch of Ravenna to do so. The exarch was the viceroy of the Emperor, and the exarchate was established about 540 and lasted till A. D. 752.

Sergius succeeded John V. He was a young married man and a layman, but after he received the government of the Ravennese Church he consecrated his wife a deaconess, and she remained in that state. He was consecrated himself at Rome, but the Ravennese clergy despised him and separated themselves from him, so that there was not one to serve his Mass. Agnellus supposes they were angry at having a married man for their Archbishop. Sergius, finding the old clergy would not receive him, or work with

him, created new priests and deacons, and the old clergy, hearing that he had done so, came to Mass with him on the following Sunday and pushed aside the newly created clergy, who thought they ought to go first. The Archbishop spoke gently to the old priests and calmed their anger and restored them to their position. Peace was then established on condition that the newly ordained deacons should wear the dalmatic superhumeral in the Greek fashion, and assist round the altar.

Pope Zacharias came to Ravenna and celebrated Mass when he had been to France to anoint King Pepin. The next Pope, Stephen, was, according to Agnellus, very angry with Sergius because he did not go to meet him when he was visiting a certain monastery, and declared that his ordination was illegal, and deprived him of his bishopric, but the next Pope, Paul, when he visited Ravenna, restored him. Agnellus gives a garbled account of this action of Pope Stephen, colored by his schismatic tendencies. Of the succeeding Archbishop, Leo, nothing interesting is recorded, and the first part of the life of John VI. is missing. He was abbot of St. Donatus, a monastery, "not far from the monastery of St. Maria ad Blachernas, where I am abbot, Deo volente." From Rubeus we learn that Leo was a holy man, but Agnellus' account of him does not exactly agree with Rubeus, but as Deodatus was a connection of our author, his version of the story we are about to tell is probably a prejudiced one. It seems that this Deodatus was the son of a very rich man, Peter the Tribune, an uncle of Agnellus' mother, and the owner of the monastery of St. Martin. After the death of Peter the Tribune, the abbot John tried by every means to get possession of this monastery, and because he could not, cursed and slew Deodatus with the sword of his tongue, and refused the offering which the boy brought him, and also refused to give him Holy Communion, saying, "After this curse, I shall see your death, and then I shall die." Shortly after Deodatus was taken ill and died, says Agnellus, by divine command in a town twelve miles from Ravenna, and Agnellus gives in barbarous language a long account of his funeral and of the grief of his mother, and the sudden and suspicious death of the Archbishop. When a messenger brought him the news of the death of Deodatus, as he sat at table, he raised his eyes to the Crucifix and thanked God for hearing his prayer. He then ordered his butler to mix him some wine, and the butler, taking a cup from a place, called by Agnellus the "calicodinio," and explained by Bacchinus to be the place where the wine cups were kept, filled it with pure wine (?) and handed it to the Archbishop, who drank half of it, and was immediately seized with violent pain in his side, and returned the cup to his servant quickly, and commanded them to clear away, "and

the joy of the feast turned into mourning." The Archbishop went to bed and died a week later. And the mother of Deodatus rejoiced as greatly over the Archbishop's death as he had done over her son's, so neither of them exactly qualified for canonization. Agnellus' comment on this not very edifying story is "Behold the divine vengeance."

Gratiosus was the next Archbishop. He was a humble, meek man, small in stature and very simple, but very eloquent. He was formerly abbot of the famous monastery of St. Apollinarius in Classis. Of his simplicity there is not any doubt, for the only incident recorded of him savors of his simplicity more than of his eloquence. We are told that when King Charles came to Ravenna, the Archbishop invited him to dinner, and before he came the clergy warned the Archbishop to retain his simplicity, and be very careful what he said. Gratiosus told them not to fear, and all he said to the King was "Pappa, Domini mi Rex, Pappa?" The King naturally asked the other guests what their Archbishop meant, and they assured him that he meant no disrespect; all he intended to do was to honor the King, who replied, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile."

Agnellus fills up another long chapter with a disquisition on prophecy, and some prophecies concerning the Ravennese, but, as Bacchinus says, it is not clear whether the prophecies were his own or whether they were the Archbishops', but as they were in no sense real prophecies it does not matter whose they were.

Agnellus omits the next Archbishop altogether (one Valerian). He was followed by Martin, an old man, nearly eighty when he became Archbishop. He was formerly archdeacon of the monastery of St. Andrew. He was ordained at Rome; he conferred on Agnellus the monastery of St. Maria ad Blachernas while he was still a boy, as our author does not fail to tell us, calling himself Andrew. He also gave him gold for his church. He offended Pope Sergius, who ordered him to come to Rome with John, Bishop of Arles, and Martin sent word that he was ill and could not ride, and partly he feigned illness; eventually the Pope permitted him to return to Ravenna. Pope Leo was succeeded by Stephen, who went to Ravenna and celebrated Mass there, and showed the sandals of Our Lord to the people. Much of this Life has been lost.

Of the next Archbishop, Petronacius, there are no details, but of his successor, George, Agnellus, who died during his reign, gives some short account. We have already been told that originally Agnellus and George were like brothers, and how completely George changed when he was raised to the episcopate. He was consecrated by Pope Gregory IV.; he seized and wasted the riches of the Church, broke open the crypts of the churches and squandered the ecclesias-

tical treasures of his predecessors, and spent vast sums of money on the baptism of Ermengilde, daughter of King Louis the Pious, of France, which was a tremendous function. The spite of Agnellus comes out in relating an incident which occurred at this august ceremony. George was very thirsty, for it was very long and he drank water from the pilgrims' bottles, and afterwards celebrated Mass, although he had thus broken his fast.

On King Louis' death, war broke out between his sons, and George obtained leave from the Pope to go to France to make peace between the new king and his brothers. He took much gold and silver and church treasures with him, and traveled in great pomp with 300 horses, but his pride was destined to have a fall, for he was taken prisoner and treated with the greatest ignominy, and when he refused to walk before his horse, the soldiers goaded him with their lances and darts. The King's mother interceded for him, and he was allowed to return to Ravenna, where he behaved with great cruelty to his clergy, despoiling them of their benefices. Our Agnellus, who was one of the sufferers, died before George, and his book ends abruptly. This George was a vain, arrogant man; he rebelled against Pope Gregory IV. and probably deserved the criticisms of his former friend.

Agnellus was also a vain man, as we have seen, but he had something to be vain of, for he was certainly a man of great and varied talent; he was clever in many ways: he appears to have had a good deal of architectural and artistic skill and he must have had some literary ability or the other canons of Ravenna would not have chosen him, one of the youngest among them, to write the lives of their Archbishops. His Latin may have been atrocious, but his zeal in collecting material for his book was indefatigable; he pursued his quarry among the stones of Ravenna with enthusiastic ardor. He had no doubt the defects of his qualities and must have annoyed his brother clergy excessively by his long-winded sermonizings and digressions as he read his book to them, but he seems to have had some personal charm which made his contemporaries more patient with him than his more modern editors have been.

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CATHOLICISM IN CEYLON.

WORK OF THE OBLATES.

MISSIONERS, who form the vanguard of the Church Militant, have ever been the pioneers of Christian civilization. They are the first to be sent to the front in every campaign undertaken to wage war against barbarism, vice and error; to liberate peoples enslaved by despotism or debased by idolatry; to enlighten those who are seated in darkness. The first to arrive on the scene is the missionary; after him follows the soldier and the politician, to expedite or retard, to make or mar the work of evangelization and civilization.

Such was the history of the preaching of the Gospel in Ceylon, as in every other country. "Oh, land of Ceylon," exclaimed St. Francis Xavier, weeping as he passed this island on his way to Goa, "what Christian blood thou wilt cost!"

The beautiful island to the south of India has, from ancient times, been famous for its gems; it has been called "the pearl of the Indian Ocean," Lanka, or the holy; Selendib, or the opulent. It was from it Solomon, the builder of the Temple of Jerusalem, brought ivory, apes and peacocks; old Latin writers called it *nominatissima insula*; and it was known to the Greeks and Romans as Taprobana. It has its legendary as well as authentic history. The Mohammedans have a curious tradition which identifies it with the terrestrial Paradise, a fabulous conceit: the names of Adam's Peak and Adam's Bridge, given to the chain of rocks which divide it from the mainland, are linked with this legend. Its authentic history starts from about 543 B. C., when it was invaded by an Indian prince, the son of King Sihabahu, the slayer of the lion (*siha* or *sinha*), hence the name Singhalese or Cingalese,¹ given to his descendants. The Veddas, wild men or hunters, who inhabit a small area in the interior, represent the aboriginal Yakkos, conquered by the Indians, who were, in turn, overcome by the Tamils in the third century B. C. In the beginning

¹ The Singhalese number three millions, the Tamils over a million, the Burghers or Eurasians (of mixed Dutch and Portuguese descent) twenty thousand and the Europeans, properly so called, about six thousand out of a population of 4,000,000. The last named comprehend the missionaries, English officials, soldiers, merchants and planters.

of the sixteenth century the Portuguese took possession of it until they were supplanted by the Dutch in 1658, who were themselves obliged to yield it to Great Britain in 1796.

Its beauty, its climate and its rich tropical vegetation made it a very desirable possession. The Singhalese dominion is noted as an epoch of great prosperity. It is said to have then counted ten million inhabitants. The ruins of the cities they built and other traces of their enterprise prove them to have been a remarkably energetic race. Anuradhapura, the ancient capital and the residence of its former sovereigns from 437 B. C. to 769 A. D., is called the Palmyra of Ceylon. What remains of it, long buried in the midst of jungles, is a reminder of the perishable nature of human creations and suggests a comparison with Nineveh and Babylon. It was they who introduced Buddhism. Adam's Peak is fondly imagined to bear the impress of Buddha's foot, and as the excavation or cavity is three feet and a half long by one and a half broad, he must have had a tremendous stride when he walked this earth. They have also his alleged tooth at Kandy, which shows that his capacity of mastication was quite on a par with his pedestrianism.

There is some doubt as to the precise epoch when Christianity was introduced into Ceylon. There is an ancient tradition that one of the three Magi, or wise men from the East whom the star showed the way to Bethlehem, was Gaspar Peria Peruma, King of Jaffna. Sophronius of Jerusalem, a seventh century writer, affirms that Ceylon was evangelized by the Ethiopian eunuch of Queen Candace, who had come to Jerusalem to adore, and who was baptized by St. Philip.² Whatever element of truth there may be in these traditions, it is very probable that in the first ages of our era the island was not absolutely deprived of Christians. It had frequent intercourse with Arabian and Persian merchants, and even with those of the Latin countries, eager to purchase its pearls and precious stones.

The Portuguese, who landed there in 1505, formed an alliance with the Singhalese kings of Kandy. In 1578 they strengthened their position at Colombo and Galle, and soon succeeded in dispossessing the natives of the whole littoral. But, like the Spaniards, statecraft and self-interest usurped the place which heroism and zeal for the propagation of the Gospel had hitherto occupied; agriculture was neglected, the population diminished and each one was only bent on pushing his own fortunes. They obstinately stood to acquire more territory than they could hold and disdained intercourse with the people they had subjected to their rule. St. Francis Xavier, with the candor and courage which saints never failed to display, in a

² Acts viii., 27-39.

letter to John III., King of Portugal, describing the King of Ceylon as "a most fierce and bitter enemy of Christ," wrote: "The people say that your Highness does not use your imperial power in India for the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ, but only for the purpose of scraping together riches and securing for yourself and those belonging to you human and temporal advantages alone." After solemnly warning him of the stern judgment that awaits him, and urging the adoption of drastic methods to compel the Portuguese governors to help and not to hinder the work of evangelization, he expresses his belief that if these measures were taken in a single year the whole of Ceylon, many of the kings on the Malabar coast and the whole of the peninsula of Comorin would embrace the Christian religion.

Not unfrequently Portuguese merchants, who traded with the various heathen ports in the East filled the rôle of missionary, expatiating on the beauty and blessings of the Christian religion to those with whom they dealt. One of these, who had been received with great favor at the court of Condy, persuaded the eldest son of the Rajah of Jafanapatam to receive religious instruction preparatory to baptism; but when the Rajah heard of it he caused him at once to be put to death. His body was left naked and exposed on the ground, but the Christian merchant buried it at night. In the morning the earth was found to have opened of itself over the corpse in the shape of a well-formed cross; and this prodigy was repeated in spite of the efforts of the heathens to fill up the cross again and again. Moreover, a cross of red light was seen by multitudes in the air over the grave. A great many converts were made, many of whom were put to death, others fleeing from the country to escape the fury of the Rajah. Among the latter were two young princes who sought the protection of the Portuguese; while the brother of the Rajah, a convert who fled to Goa, undertook, if restored to the throne, which the persecutor had usurped, to make the kingdom Christian and tributary to Portugal.

The Franciscans had sent a band of missionaries into the island in 1518 and occupied every place on the coast, converting many thousands and erecting churches and monasteries. But it was St. Francis Xavier who gave its first great impetus to the work of the Christianization of Ceylon. His apostolate at Goa had moved the whole continent and the fame of his preaching and miracles reached the adjacent islands. The Ceylon Buddhists assembled at Denawaka to deliver judgment on his doctrines, which they were about to anathematize, when a Buddhist monk rose and, repudiating the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, expressed his preference for

that taught by the Jesuit missionary. Accused of heresy and put under arrest, he was relegated to a higher tribunal in Burma. On the way a young Portuguese, Jean de Sylva, procured him baptism by a disciple of Xavier. When brought before his judges and interrogated, he answered: "If I were still a Buddhist, I would accept the discussion; but I am a Christian, and can only do one thing—teach you, if you wish, the faith of Jesus Christ." He was decapitated on December 5, 1543.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the island of Mannar invited St. Francis Xavier to come and show them the way to heaven. In a letter from Cochin, dated February 8, 1545, the saint wrote to his superiors in Rome: "The island of the Mannar is about 150 miles distant from this; its inhabitants have sent me some of this people to beg me to go to baptize them, because they have resolved to become Christians. I could not comply with their wishes, being retained by affairs of extreme importance in which the highest interests of religion are involved. But I have got a venerable priest who will go in place of me, as soon as he can, to regenerate them by baptism." In sending his disciple, Francis said to him: "May your success be such that it will excite my zeal and serve me as a model. Go, my son, and may God bless you." The delegate was received as if he were an angel from heaven; preached, baptized and made marvelous conversions. Soon the whole island of Mannar was converted. The King of Jaffna, Sagara Raja, a cruel sectary of Sava, who held the island in vassalage, sent thither hired assassins with orders to put to the sword any who would not renounce the God of the Portuguese. Not one faltered; 700 Christians, men, women and children, were massacred. The village of Passim, sanctified by this heroism, bears to this day the name of the Land of Martyrs. St. Francis Xavier, after relating this incident in which Catholicism received its baptism of blood, concludes: "Let us give thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ that, even in our epoch He does not deprive us of martyrs, and that, seeing so few souls have recourse to His mercy to work out their salvation, He deigns, in the mystery of His providence, to make use of human barbarism to fill up the ranks of the elect." The Apostle of the Indies did not go to Ceylon until later, between February 27 and April 7, 1545. Although his sojourn was of short duration, he was able to write: "I have never been happier than during my sojourn in Ceylon." In 1548 he went there again when the interests of religion in the island appear to have been in a critical state. The King of Kandy was well disposed, but kept back from embracing Christianity by the fear of a revolt among his subjects. He received the great Jesuit missionary with extraordinary honors. The Rajah

of Jafanapatam was so moved by his remonstrances that he promised to become a Christian if Portugal would enter into an alliance with him. Prince Dharmapala, grandson of a Singhalese king, was baptized and crowned King at Lisbon in 1541 under the name of Don Juan, and reigned as a Christian monarch in Ceylon from 1542 to 1597.

Half a century had hardly elapsed when the Christians, counted by hundreds of thousands in the maritime provinces; churches, the ruins of which still exist, rose on all sides; parishes were formed, the names of which have been perpetuated in the civil divisions of the country, and numerous missionaries, Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits co-operated in the evangelization of the island. Catholicism had struck deep root in the hearts of the people, and the whole country was on the eve of being completely Catholicized, when the nascent Church in Ceylon was subjected to one of the cruelest, craftiest and longest persecutions recorded in the history of Indian missions. Missioners were exiled or put to death after undergoing atrocious tortures; the profession of Catholicism was declared high treason; all the Christians were proscribed and could only practice their religion by stealth; the wildest forests or deserts were their only places of refuge. All this followed the advent of the Dutch, fanatical Calvinists, who made their rigid and repulsive creed the State religion and banned Catholicism. The first act of these so-called Christians was to resuscitate expiring Buddhism. "On the arrival of the Dutch," says Davy, "the religion of Buddha was dying out, its doctrines were becoming forgotten, its ceremonies falling into disuse, its temples were without priests. With the support of the new masters, and at their instigation, the King of Kandy, Isibamaladame, sent a deputation to Siam asking for twelve Buddhist monks whom the Dutch ships brought to India."

The Portuguese missionaries, however, continued to minister to the Catholics from their settlement at Goa. Father Vaz and Father Gonzalvez, disguised as slaves, went from house to house, and celebrated Mass in secret in the midst of the woods, often risking their lives. When, in 1796, the island was acquired by Great Britain, which proclaimed freedom of conscience, there were 50,000 Catholics in Ceylon. The phenomenon discovered in Japan, where Christians, deprived of all religious ministrations, had preserved the faith intact for numerous generations, was reproduced in Ceylon when, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, were found, in hitherto unexplored forests, the two little Christian flocks of Galgama and Vaha-Kotta practicing the Catholic religion as best they could: the chief of these villages being the head of the community, baptizing infants, teaching children, celebrating the Sunday service

by the recital of prayers in common, preaching simple truths, and presiding over marriages and burials. Father Vaz had told them: "Only receive priests who will come to you, sent from Rome." One day an Anglican minister presented himself. "Do you come from Rome?" they asked. "No, but I bring you the same religion," he replied. "Go away," they said, "we only accept Roman priests."

Although England at first made Protestantism the State religion,³ it allowed religious liberty to all. Ceylon was originally subject to the jurisdiction of the Portuguese Diocese of Cochin, with a local vicar-general. In 1834 it was erected into a separate Vicariate-Apostolic by Pope Gregory XVI. The first Vicars, Oratorians and Goanese, had only a brief episcopate; Rome selecting them from among the priests of Goa in order to facilitate acceptance of the changes made in virtue of the brief, *ex munere pastorali*, which detached the island from the ecclesiastical supervision of Cochin and made it directly dependent on the Holy See. To the swarms of Protestant preachers, more earnest in the perversion of Catholics than in the conversion of heathens, the Church had only a small opposing force of illy instructed and not too zealous priests, at a time when the poison of heresy, with which the school children were being inoculated, was infecting the flock and weakening its faith; while all the insidious wiles of the professional proselytizer were employed to seduce them from their allegiance to Rome. Humiliated by their position of inferiority in presence of other classes, 3,000 of the Catholics of Ceylon petitioned the Holy See for European missionaries, with the result that Monsignor Bettachini was appointed coadjutor to the then Vicar-Apostolic of Colombo. He had only eight Goanese priests to help him. After visiting Italy and England in search of additional missionaries, he chanced to meet at Marseilles Monsignor de Mazenod, Bishop of that see and founder of the new Congregation of Oblates of Our Lady Immaculate. Although it had been only thirty years in existence, it had already extended its sphere of missionary action as far as the frozen North, the great Northwest, of which it has been the chief and most successful evangelizer. Regarding the meeting as providential, he at once offered his mission to Monsignor de Mazenod, who as promptly accepted it, looking upon it as the manifest will of God. "The coadjutor of the Vicar-Apostolic of Colombo," he wrote to one of his religious, "has spent two days with me, offering me more than a million pagans to convert and fifty thousand Christians to instruct. How can we refuse to comply with the entreaties made to us? I have, then, accepted this new mission, foreseeing that this great island will one day become the appanage of our Congregation,

³ The Anglican Church in Ceylon was disestablished in 1881.

which will sanctify the whole of it. Next month our first missionaries will set out with the Bishop."

In 1845 Ceylon was divided into two vicariates, Colombo and Jaffna; the former being entrusted to the Benedictines and the latter to the Oblates. The first batch of Oblate missionaries quitted Marseilles on October 21, 1847, and reached Ceylon in the beginning of 1848. In 1883 the central provinces were detached from Colombo and formed into the Vicariate-Apostolic of Kandy under the Benedictines, while Colombo was transferred to the Oblates. In 1886 Pope Leo XIII. crowned the work of ecclesiastical organization by the erection of a hierarchy in India and Ceylon.

The first Archbishop of Colombo, Monsignor Bonjean, gave a great impetus to the progress of Catholicism in Ceylon by his indefatigable labors for the sanctification of the flock committed to his care, his organizing ability, his leadership of the clergy of his diocese, whom he inspired with his own apostolic spirit and encouraged and animated by his example, his preaching and his numerous publications. His biographer, Father Jonquet,⁴ calls him the St. Hilary of Ceylon, who united to the zeal of the missionary the learning of a doctor of the Church. The distinguished Oblate, he adds, was a profoundly supernatural man who had the soul of a saint; a Joshua who combatted on the plain, a Moses who prayed on the mountain summit. Louis Venillot said, "The fiery heat of the equator is not so ardent as the charity of his heart." "What a soul of flame, what a heart of gold!" exclaimed Monsignor Gay in his enthusiasm.

His was a distinctly divine vocation. It was not what might be called a natural vocation, one arising from mere aptitude for and willingness to embrace the ecclesiastical career, like many good youths who come out of Catholic households, where the culture of piety is traditional. Born at Riom (Puy-de-Dôme) in France on September 23, 1823, Ernest Christopher Bonjean, the son of an attorney, was reared in a home where Christianity was not held in much esteem; where he grew up without hearing people speak of God or the soul, where his parents were more or less imbued with the skepticism and liberalism which still prevailed under the Restoration, a restoration which, both in a religious as well as political sense, restored little and was only superficial and artificial. Although not practical Catholics, they conformed to the usages of what was nominally a Catholic country, and had him prepared for his First Communion. His call to the priesthood came with his first reception

⁴ Monsignor Bonjean, Oblat de Marie Immaculée, Premier Archevêque de Colombo." Par le R. P. Jonquet.

of the Blessed Sacrament. Unlike too many French boys, he was faithful to the grace he received. When a little later he told his father of his wish to become a priest, the skeptical lawyer showed him the door. Nothing daunted, he shortly afterwards returned to the charge, when M. Bonjean, knowing he had no taste for study, put him off with the remark: "When you'll be a bachelor of arts I shall not say no"; thinking this would put an end to what he called the dreams and whims of a child. Young Bonjean took the ball at the hope; he at once applied himself assiduously to study. Self-taught, except for occasional assistance given him by the curé and his sister, after some years' hard reading he gained his *baccalauréat* with honors at Clermont-Ferrand, and at the same time his father's consent—a double victory: an object lesson in the importance of corresponding with first graces, of obedience, and of will power exercised and directed to the accomplishment of a praiseworthy design. While a seminary student at Clermont, the reading of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" moved him to resolve to devote his life to foreign missions, partly through zeal for the conversion of infidels and as a sacrifice for his mother's soul, which he yearned to wean and win from the blighting influence of Voltaireanism, his father having died in 1844 without having received the last sacraments. In January, 1846, he entered the seminary of the Missions Etrangères at Paris, a school of saints, which has trained so many apostolic priests, Bishops and martyrs. He was then deacon, and on December 19 he was ordained priest by Monsignor Affre, Archbishop of Paris, the heroic martyr of the barricades. Four months afterwards he was assigned to the Mission of the Vicariate of Coïmbatour in the East Indies, and just when he was embarking at Havre had the happiness to learn from his mother that his prayers for her conversion had been answered, that she had confessed to the curé of the Cathedral⁵ and was approaching the sacraments. Monsignor de Bresillac, who later became founder of the Society of African Missions, was then pro-vicar of Coïmbatour. Father Bonjean first ministered among the Irish soldiers, learning thereby to speak and write English, and then in the mountains of the Nilgiris, where he sojourned for several years, founding missions, combatting the Goanese schism, devoting himself to study and composing a grammar of the Tamil language or dialect of the Singhalese.

Father Bonjean, who was desirous of joining some religious order, wrote in August, 1855, to Father Séméria, who had just been designated coadjutor to Monsignor Bettachini, Vicar-Apostolic of

⁵ M. Grimardias, who became Bishop of Cahors.

Jaffna, asking him to facilitate his entrance into the Congregation of the Oblates of Our Lady Immaculate. "Everything," he said, "leads me to believe that I am called thereto by God, all unworthy as I am of such a great favor. . . . From my youth I have felt a very great attraction for the religious life, an attraction which so increased during my time at the seminary that my director allowed me in 1843, the epoch when I received the tonsure, to make the three vows of religion privately. Later, when it was a question of selecting a congregation, the thought that, in going to China, I might give my life for our Divine Master caused me to choose the Society of Foreign Missions. Having been sent into these sad Indian missions, I have not found peace there nor, moreover, martyrdom, the desire for which was in me, perhaps, a little presumptuous. The idea of entering a congregation bound by vows has taken hold of me for seven years. But not feeling myself drawn to any particular congregation, I concluded that the time had not yet come, and that I should wait for God to manifest His will in a more distinct manner. For some time my heart has been invariably drawn towards your congregation, as that wherein I should seek and find forever repose and peace of heart; it is, perhaps, because your family is entirely devoted to Mary Immaculate. The only thing I can offer you is my good will, and a complete disposition to the blindest obedience. I am thirty-two years of age. I have exercised the ministry for eight years in India; I speak Tamil and English passably; I administer, preach and hear confessions in both these languages."

Having received his *exeat* in due form from the Missions Extran-gères, he proceeded to Jaffna to make his novitiate under the personal direction of Monsignor Séméria. At that time, particularly in foreign missions, the novitiate did not exclude exterior activity; the subject acquired simultaneously an experimental knowledge of the religious and apostolic or missionary life, blending the active with the contemplative. His first external field of action was in the Valimissan mission, which extends for a length of thirty miles along the west coast of Ceylon. It was from many points of view the worst in the vicariate. The novice-missioner had to endure every privation, having at times nothing to shelter him but a tree. The church at Pounéry was a nest of bats, and so malodorous that, he says, he had the greatest difficulty in the world to get through the Mass without retching. "There are, however," he adds, "simple souls here, pleasing to the good God, despite their ignorance. If there were no privations here, and if one met with well-disposed people one should be very happy in these remote places, where it seems that God is more present to the soul, and where one enjoys

a life altogether hidden. Oh! if I were a saint, things would go on differently! When one feels weak in presence of obstacles which grace alone can remove, one realizes his insufficiency and unworthiness."

The Vicariate of Jaffna had then 240 Christian settlements (chrétientés) and each missionary had ten, twenty and thirty churches to serve. Father Bonjean devoted all his activity to the work; and when Monsignor Séméria recommended moderation in its employment he laughingly replied, "When one goes to war, it is almost impossible not to receive at least some wounds as long as one remains on the battlefield." Every mission lasted one or two months, with consoling results: pacification of large districts rent by hostile parties; reconciliation of sworn enemies; return to unity of schismatical groups and individuals; submission to their pastors of villages in revolt; destruction of heretical, immoral and superstitious books and magical amulets and formulas; cessation of scandals against morals; general confessions; return to religious practices; formation of confraternities; numerous conversions of heretics and infidels. "This missionary work, to which we devote all the strength, aptitude and time the good God has given us, our language, our studies, all our thoughts, all our life in fact, this work," wrote Father Bonjean to the founder, Monsignor de Mazenod, "however oppressive for the body, particularly in this country, above all, however hard may be the great local difficulties, it is an admirable, marvelous work in India. That the good God should have chosen for this ministry of salvation and reconciliation a sinner like me! That confounds me! For, truly, our speaking works conversions, it seeks out even in the depths of consciences the hidden poison; it moves, it agitates souls to restore them to life. This wonderful efficacy of the sacred ministry makes itself infinitely more felt in a mission than in pastoral functions to which hitherto the missionaries confined themselves. Sometimes one finds himself confronted by enormous difficulties—Malakoffs which must be taken by assault. When all is over one is astounded by success. *Soli Deo honor et gloria! Cum infirmior tunc potens sum!* Besides these general advantages, these missions here have, I should not say to revive, but to create the Christian spirit among our people; it is a work of construction more than of reparation; that is to say, here we have to make Christians before speaking to them as Christians."

These gratifying results were not obtained except at the expense of great bodily fatigue and trials. At that epoch the churches in the north of the island were real stables, and traveling from place to place was painfully difficult. The Ceylon of half a century ago was not the Ceylon of to-day, transformed by the telegraph, railways,

factories, pretty villas, well-kept roads and other creations of modern civilization. The only mode of conveyance was a cart drawn by bullocks, with a hood of palm leaves and littered inside with straw. The route was usually through a dense forest, the resort of wild beasts and a vast laboratory of poisonous miasmas producing cholera, fever and dysentery, which turned rich and fertile districts into a dreadful solitude. The places that served as wayside inns were noisome dens, swarming with bats and where sometimes a serpent would be found concealed. The customary dwelling place of the missionary was not very much better. The Bishop usually occupied the only room, which was narrow, dark and unventilated, which means the absence of all that in tropical countries makes life endurable and the presence of all that makes it a torment; while innumerable mosquitoes plagued them at night. "There," wrote Father Bonjean, after minutely describing a missionary journey, "I think is poverty and discomfort enough to satisfy souls who love to suffer; and if any one is tempted to make light of it, and say to me, 'What's the bite of a mosquito to an apostle?' I should only say to him: '*veni, vide gusta*—come, dear friend, come see, realize how charming is this tropical life!'" The missionaries had to defend themselves against a quartette of assailants, serpents, rats, bats and white ants; not to mention elephants and tigers. In the midst of all these disagreeable surroundings, however, he preserved his never-failing French gaiety and found laughter an excellent medicine, a universal panacea. "Of what should we complain?" he asks, passing from gay to grave, "we are better treated than was our Lord. They refused Him hospitality; they receive us. *Vive la Croix!*"

He made great use of the native language, Tamil. Upon this point he says: "A missionary preacher only succeeds in proportion to his knowledge of the language of the people; but these languages are so difficult that, to make an effective instrument of them, needs much study and time. The missionary who only knows what suffices for the ordinary usages of life or the routine of the ministry, finds himself on many occasions stricken with incapacity in the scene of a mission; the tongue refuses to give expression to his thoughts and sentiments; he says neither what he wished, nor as he wished, nor as he should; he is more or less reduced to trite or commonplace words, which have little or no effect. In the exposition of sacred truths his language lacks precision, accuracy, definiteness or suitability. Destitute of local color or idiomatic strength, it is the foreign tongue of a foreigner, something exotic which minds and hearts cannot assimilate, which finds no affinity to the habitual thoughts and sentiments of the people, and glides over the surface like water

over marble, leaving the hearers under a vague impression that the preacher has no doubt said and well said what he had to say, but that all that was not, as they would say, 'for us.' How often we think we have spoken very well and very simply, while our words have been a more or less unintelligible sound or a kind of enigma, every expression of which is understood, but the meaning of which is hidden! What is simple in our eyes is often only European—European idea, European form, the whole the more obscure to an oriental mind the clearer it is to ours."

In one of his reports to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith he corrects another misunderstanding. "I beg," he says, "those who shall read these lines, and who have often nourished their apostolic ardor with the spectacle of poor savages who, from the shores of foreign lands, stretch forth their suppliant hands to the heralds of the Gospel, begging of them the bread of life, that comes down from heaven to pardon me if I tear aside this beautiful veil with too rude a hand and with too little consideration. The fact is that *ignoti nulla cupido*. Savages, idolators, sinners are not sighing for the truth that makes them free, for the simple reason that they have no suspicion of their slavery. These sighs are a rhetorical figure which, unless we take it *in latissimo sensu* and as the expression of the sentiments these unfortunate people would have if they had also our knowledge, gives expression to nothing real. The fact is that savages, idolators, pagans and Protestants are sleeping very peacefully *in umbrâ mortis*, and that it is often very difficult to awaken them; but that is what rightly inspires a missionary with great compassion; it is also what makes his work more laborious, what requires in him nobler, more generous, more elevated views, and which promises him a greater reward."

On May 20, 1858, at Trincomalia, he took the religious vows. "It was then," records Monsignor Séméria in his journal, "upon the very field of battle that our dear Father Bonjean consecrated himself definitely to the service of God and his neighbor in our congregation. This circumstances, which reminds me of the truly apostolic zeal of which he gave such striking proofs in previous missions, the really marvelous success with which it pleased the Lord to crown his efforts, appeared to me a very happy presage and persuaded me more and more that God had really chosen our new Oblate to Christianize this poor Vicariate Apostolic." He was going to give further and still more striking proofs of his indefatigable zeal. He became Monsignor Séméria's right hand in the administration of the vicariate. In the conferences which followed the arrival, in 1859, of Monsignor Bonnaud, Vicar Apostolic of Pondicherry,

deputed by Rome to study the Indo-Portuguese schism,⁶ he impressed the Apostolic Visitor with the extent and precision of his information. But it was in the stout fight he fought for Catholic education; in opposing legislation which ignored the divine institution of the sacrament of marriage; in establishing and directing orphanages; in founding native religious Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods; and the frequent use he made of a powerful pen, which became a weapon of war in his hands in his struggle against the opponents of Catholicism, that he showed the metal he was made of.

Parents of the superior castes favored the Protestant schools to which they sent their children, with the result that they quitted them neither Protestants nor pagans, but skeptics, to the ruin of their faith. In 1848 there were in the whole island only 1,200 children frequenting the Catholic schools. Father Bonjean found that 3,000 out of 13,000 children attended schools where Catholicism was constantly derided as pure idolatry; while the Government schools, which pretended to be neutral, but were really more perilous in his eyes, were frequented by 5,427 children. The injustice to Catholics was flagrant, and he determined to do his best to have it redressed. While the Government only granted £150 per annum for the Catholic schools of Ceylon, it spent £8,740 on the Protestant schools, although Protestants of all denominations only formed a tithe or tenth in

⁶ To mark his appreciation of the zeal of the Catholic sovereign of Portugal, Leo X., by a Bull of June 7, 1514, granted King Emanuel the right of patronage over all bishoprics and benefices in his actual possessions over these as well as in all lands to be conquered by him in the future; and on the 3rd of November of that year this right of patronage in all countries conquered and to be conquered, was extended, not only to the whole Indies, but to all parts of the world as yet unknown. The selection of Bishops in several dioceses in India had been in accordance with the nominations of the Portuguese kings; but Portugal, in losing its possessions, necessarily lost this privilege. Rome, to remedy this state of things, created Vicariates-Apostolic depending directly on the Holy See (1834). Despite this the Archbishop of Goa, still in the possession of Portugal, sent his priests into regions which had been removed from his jurisdiction. By the Brief, *Multa praeclare* (April 24, 1838) Gregory XVI. restricted the Dioceses of Goa, Macao, Cochin, etc. to the Portuguese territory, and determined the places where each of the Vicars-Apostolic had jurisdiction, declaring them dependent alone on the Holy See, from which they derived their authority; adding that the privileges, formerly accorded to the Kings of Portugal, had never been conceded except in the interests of the Church and for the salvation of souls; consequently that they should cease when the needs of the Church and Christian peoples required it. The Portuguese treated this as an invasion of their old established rights, and the Goanese priests continued to administer as if they still had legitimate jurisdiction. This was the origin of the schism which long paralyzed the action of the Church in that part of India. While it lasted, besides the conflict of rival ecclesiastical authorities, the allegiance of the laity being divided, the village chiefs and catechists disposed of church property as if it was their own. The English courts, while not admitting the Portuguese Patronage and leaving the Vicars freedom of action, recognized existing rights of property in the Goanese ecclesiastics, who held possession of the churches. While Ceylon depended on Cochin, education and the sacraments were neglected, and many lived and died without having once received Communion.

proportion to the Catholics. Father Bonjean wanted to efface from the Catholic community the debasing mark of intellectual inferiority, to uplift them, and let everybody see that they could be at once well versed in human knowledge and very fervent in their faith. "If we have not our schools," he said, "it is clear that twenty years hence all the intelligence of the country will be Protestant; the ignorant will be the Catholics; hence want of influence among the Catholics, their inability to do anything for the advancement and even maintenance of their religion, and immense discredit to our holy faith. For us, inaction would be unfaithfulness to the Church, treason to its interests and the interests of our souls." His activity promptly displayed itself in a pamphlet on Catholic education in which he denounced the sectarianism of the Schools Commission, and urged the Catholic laity to immediately set to work. This publication, praised by Propaganda, produced a still greater impression in Colombo than in Jaffna; but it drew down upon the author, who would not tolerate any compromise with error an avalanche of abuse. In ten letters, to which a liberal Protestant paper, the *Examiner*, of Colombo, gave insertion, he replied to his critics; demanding equality and freedom for all, the separate Catholic schools to receive pecuniary subsidies from Government proportioned to the taxes paid by Catholics. These letters were republished in a pamphlet, entitled "Mixed Schools"; which was followed by a third, "The Catholic Church and Civilization," and several others. Such strenuous efforts on behalf of Catholic education were not made in vain. The Schools Commission was finally suppressed; the Government recognized that it had no right to impose its teaching on any one, on the contrary that all subjects were entitled to have their children taught where and as they deemed suitable, and, as taxpayers, to share in the education grant.

His ever-ready pen was next used in a pamphlet on "Marriage Legislation in Ceylon" (1863-64), in which he opposed the passage into law of a bill which, he declared, if put in force, would render any Catholic missionary liable to imprisonment or fine, through the impossibility of complying with its provisions. "If they deny us the liberty of duty," he wrote, "we shall be obliged to take it. Because Catholics alone are the victims, you treat the matter coolly. Take care! When liberty is really violated, it is a sad day for every one. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*. Liberty is a delicate plant which one cannot touch without injuring it. In every society there is a common life and there are common interests. One cannot infringe on the rights of minorities without inflicting great suffering on all. If you suppress the legitimate rights of your Catholic opponents, it will be the tomb of your liberty." Not content with writing, he got up

numerous meetings to enlighten the Christian population on the scope of the law, to awaken their not too active zeal; opened up a reasoned and live discussion in the papers; and presented six successive petitions to the local and metropolitan authorities, for which he obtained thousands of signatures, etc. "Really," said he, "in this country one has to put his hand to everything (*on fait tous les métiers*); is, in turn physician, architect, mason, schoolmaster, author, gardener, printer, catechist, etc.; and all that because one has the signal honor of being missionary apostolic, and because the missionary apostolic must be all things to all men, to sanctify everybody and lead everybody to Jesus Christ."

He had many works on hand about this time, but his work of predilection was that of the orphanages. After the great mission in Jaffna in 1859, a current of grace had poured through the pagan masses and brought to the missionaries some *spolia opima* of the kingdom of Satan. Among those conquests of grace were several young children, for whose perseverance it was urgent to make some provision. A remedy was found in the work of the Holy Childhood which, implanted in the soil of Ceylon, was to take an important place among the means of evangelization. In 1860, a good Irish woman, Mrs. Flanagan, who had a son an Oblate and a daughter a nun, and who had rendered important service in the cause of education, took charge of some pagan girls; while Father Bonjean looked after the boys in St. Joseph's Orphanage. The foundation was of the humblest. In a hut, thatched with leaves of the cocoa tree, the general provision dépôt, forty-nine children were assembled in a few months; and when this proved too small for their growing numbers, Father Bonjean, with the willing help of the orphans themselves, rapidly built another with such rough and ready materials as palm and cocoa trees supplied. But as *al fresco* structures of this kind became prey of their terrible enemy, the white ant, which would devour a whole house, several of these rustic houses or sheds arose successively with the growth of the colony and the damage to be repaired. It was an industrial school in miniature in which the manufacture of wax-tapers, beads and cigars and book-binding were taught along with gardening, etc. Indian children, he said, yield to no race in acuteness and mental aptitude. The success of the work aroused the jealousy of the Protestants, who tried to influence public opinion against him, pretending that the children were ill-treated; articles full of calumny and written with puritanical violence appeared in the papers; pagan parents were sent to insult him and make terrible scenes; and a case was brought before the magistrate. But he baffled all the artifices of his enemies and his published replies shut the mouths of his most inveterate oppo-

nents. In both the orphanages a moral transformation was effected. To habits of revolting coarseness, to the absence of modesty and decency, to forgetfulness of truth and the right of property succeeded self-respect and respect for others; falsehood and theft tended to disappear completely.

As auxiliaries to the missionaries and teachers he formed institutes of native Brothers of St. Joseph and Sisters of St. Peter, the latter developing so largely that in several localities convents of native Sisters were established. Under the weight of all these works his health gave way. The proposal that he should spend some months in France to recruit it he opposed, deeming that he would be unfaithful to his vocation if he did or said anything directly or indirectly that would lead to his leaving, were it only for an instant, the post in which he firmly believed God had placed him to do His work. "Ah! my Very Reverend Father," he wrote to the Superior General, "when one sees the extreme needs of these missions; when, like us, one touches them with the finger; when one sees himself surrounded by these masses of infidels among whom the divine seed would not fail to germinate, if there were sowers to scatter it; when we see numerous settlements sunk in ignorance and vice, *quâ hominam non habent*; when one casts his eye over those numerous youth thirsting for education and who are drinking at the foul springs of heresy and infidelity; when one sees Catholic institutions languishing for lack of subjects; when one sees our Lord's cause so little advanced and then, if European thought comes, see in what a form it presents itself; one feels like St. Francis Xavier, a desire to depopulate the universities to supply missionary workers to these poor countries, and would wish to run through the seminaries and colleges to stir up apostolic zeal among them; or to throw himself at the feet of those who, with a word, could reconstruct and strengthen our ranks." The Chapter General, held at Autun in 1868, to which he was deputed as delegate of the vicariate relieved Father Bonjean of any scruples about temporarily quitting where he wished to live and die.

In his passage through Rome, where the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul, which brought 500 Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals and nearly 20,000 priests to the Eternal City was being commemorated, he received the congratulations of Pius IX. and Cardinal Barnabo on his pamphlet touching education and the marriage law. Monsignor Séméria having died on January 23, 1868, the Holy See appointed as his successor in the vicariate Father Bonjean, with the title of Bishop of Medea *in partibus*.

His episcopal arms bore the motto, *impendam et superimpendar*,⁷ which foreshadowed and crystallized in two words the career he mapped out for himself. "A poor missionary, without talent and without virtues," he wrote to the Pope, "I have nothing to offer in return for the confidence with which your Holiness honors me but my good will, my love for the Church and my attachment to your Holiness. Moreover, I can say with truth that in view of such a high office, I am *miser et miserabilis*." After his consecration at Tours on August 24, 1868, by Monsignor Guibert, he wrote to Father Fabre: "Oh! how deeply I feel the responsibility which rests upon me—the salvation of a million souls; the solid establishment of religion in a whole country; the honor of the Church and of the congregation to uphold; the maintenance of the rule and the religious spirit in the Ceylonese branch of our dear congregation and in that of the Holy Family; all the souls of those religious and nuns to sanctify; so many different interests to safeguard; so many dangers, difficulties and opposition to overcome and resources to create!"

During the first days that followed his return to Ceylon he wrote more than 130 letters to his priests to encourage and fortify them, and in the space of two years nearly 2,000; while he laid the foundation of a new administration, dividing the vicariate into several districts and placing a local superior over each. The missionaries were often isolated, sometimes being at immense distances from the vicar. Until the reorganization, begun in 1869, was complete, he corresponded personally with each of them; but when the number of missionaries increased it was difficult to visit them regularly. A mission in the city of Jaffna, to revive the first fervor of one given ten years previously, which had diminished through daily contact with pagans and Protestant sectaries, and which he personally conducted, resulted in 2,665 Communions and eighty-eight baptisms of pagans; more than a hundred young girls who had attended the Protestant schools becoming pupils of the nuns. The Protestant ministers confessed that this mission had hit them hard. An extensive pastoral visitation, which taxed the good Bishop's strength to the utmost, was like a prolongation of this mission over the whole diocese. He gave himself no rest; unless such as being lodged in wretched cabins made of palm trees and narrow huts with earthen walls about five feet high could afford. These often had to serve as an episcopal palace; places in which Europeans would hardly keep rabbits.

While Monsignor Bonjean was thus, with the sweat of his brow,

⁷ St. Paul, Second Epistle to the Corinthians, xii., 15.

laboring in that portion of the Lord's vineyard assigned to him, memorable events were about to take place in Rome. On June 28, 1868, the Holy Father had issued the Bull summoning the Vatican Council to assemble on the 8th of December, 1869. Though at first dispensed from attendance thereat, as his diocese had been deprived of a Bishop for eighteen months, several missionaries were ill, and confirmations had not been conferred for a long time, Monsignor Bonjean, upon the advice of his council, ultimately decided to go, as important measures closely affecting the Church of Jaffna and its development would come under consideration. He was one of the hundred vicars apostolic who assembled along with the Bishops,, Archbishops and Cardinals who numbered more than 700. His quick intelligence, vast erudition and luminous knowledge of the missions impressed the elite minds who represented the Catholic thought of the world in Rome on that great occasion. He ranged himself along the infallibilists. An open letter which he addressed to Monsignor Dupanloup, in response to a pastoral of the Bishop of Orleans to his clergy opposing the opportunities of the definition on account of the trouble it might make among the heterodox, produced a great sensation in the Council. His refutation of the arguments of that illustrious prelate earned for him the congratulations of the Sovereign Pontiff, of Cardinal Barnabo, of the future Cardinal Pie, of Monsignor Berteaud, Father Fabre, Superior General of the Oblates; the Abbé Sauvé, Louis Veuillot and others. The editor of *l'Univers* wrote: "Monsignor Bonjean's letter has been read in Rome with great and unanimous applause. They have praised its tone, its accuracy, its great and luminous clarity. It has solaced many minds:" Even Monsignor Guibert, Archbishop of Tours, who temperamentally was disposed to take a middle course, felt the ascendancy of the humble missionary-Bishop and asked his opinion. Fifty other missionary-Bishops publicly expressed their adherence to the views of the Vicar Apostolic of Jaffna; while his own missionaries sent him a joint letter expressive of their admiration and congratulating him on having defended so courageously the cause of the Holy See. After the definitive scrutiny on July 18, when Pius IX. confirmed, defined and promulgated the decision of the Vatican Council, Monsignor Bonjean wrote: "How happy I was to twice pronounce in the name of the congregation, my mother, and of the mission, my daughter, that grand *Placet* which, repeated under the dome of St. Peter's by hundreds of episcopal voices, made the Church in heaven and on earth thrill with joy and hell tremble with rage. What an incomparable privilege to have been called to mingle my feeble voice with that grand concert of the Catholic Church!"

The Franco-German War of 1870 compelled him to abandon a contemplated sojourn in France and England in the interests of his vicariate and to return as soon as possible to Ceylon, which he reached in November, taking with him Brother Flanagan and another Irish postulant named Murphy.

When Rome was invaded by the Piedmontese and the Pope's only retreat was the Vatican, in which Pius IX. and his successors have since been practically imprisoned, he collected among the Indians 2,000 francs (£80) for the wounded and addressed to the British Ministry a protest against the Piedmontese usurpation which bore 17,000 signatures; while, in the name of all his missionaries, he sent an address to the Pontiff expressive of the most devoted loyalty and filial affection, to which his Holiness responded in a brief full of charity and apostolic sentiments. The English Cabinet replied evasively, but in language respectful towards the person of the Sovereign Pontiff and his rights.

A militant prelate, modern in the best sense of that word, with a practical mind and thoroughly grasping the situation, he marched with the times. With up-to-date ideas, he did not disdain to use every available means of combatting error and propagating truth. One of the means he seized upon was the press. No one can dispute or ignore the immense helpfulness of the Catholic press in both hemispheres. It brings the Church into the homes and hearts of the people; it multiplies pulpit utterances a thousandfold; it makes the voice of the preacher, as it were, echo and re-echo in innumerable reproductions of his sermon until it reaches the ears of millions; it is a missionary itself, a valuable auxiliary to those who are officially authorized to propound doctrines *ex professo*; it keeps the religious question to the front and does not relegate it to an obscure privacy; it makes people think and stores their minds with information upon subjects of the highest and widest import; it sounds the *réveille* in the great camp of the Church Militant; it calls to arms when fighting has to be done and when forces have to be rallied to make or to repel an assault; it records every victory won by truth over error, to give due glory to the victors and inspire the timid with courage; and as the Church can never lay down its arms and must be always, metaphorically, ready to receive cavalry, the Catholic press in the times in which we live is, in a word, indispensable. So, evidently thought Monsignor Bonjean. On his first return visit to France, a sum of 5,000 francs put into his hands for that purpose by a generous benefactress in Clermont, enabled him to set up a Catholic printing press at Jaffna. It was worked by the orphans and from it were issued his numerous publications. To strengthen his hands in his crusade against the heretical local

papers, he bought *The Jaffna Catholic Guardian*, turning it from a bi-monthly into a weekly. He threw himself into journalism wholeheartedly. Under his direction it became a marvelous instrument of propagandism, a rampart in the defense of the Catholic religion and Catholic interests. Its pages bore the impress of his lively faith, his deep learning, his broad and elevated views, and his contagious enthusiasm. "Our paper," he was able to say, "has taken up an honorable position in Ceylon and India. The papers of both those countries often borrow from it; it is dreaded by the Protestant ministers, whose audacity it represses and whose falsehoods it exposes. The old *Morning Star*, for sixty years the fanatical organ of these gentlemen, has found a stout antagonist in the *Guardian*; the big journals of Colombo also have learned to respect our little sheet; a Tamil paper in Jaffna, which rivalled us, has shamefully succumbed, after its condemnation for defamation by the court."

In 1875 the island of Mannar and the peninsula of Jaffna were ravaged by one of those sporadic epidemics of cholera, the plague and scourge of Asia. The Indian coolies had brought the contagion with them. These poor creatures, employed by the planters in the cultivation of the coffee plant, disembarked at Mannar and spread themselves over almost the whole island to the number of 150,000. Penned like cattle on board ship, each vessel laden with five or six hundred, they brought with them their miseries and the malady. The country had suffered from several visitations of it, particularly from 1864 to 1867. The missions faced all the dangers and difficulties they had to cope with; brought the plague stricken into the churches and schools, nursed them back to health, and when any died, as many did, dug their graves with their own hands; two of the priests succumbing themselves to the disease. It did not lessen the ardor of the self-sacrificing missionaries, but rather increased it. "I think," wrote Monsignor Bonjean, "I would be insulting our young European brethren if I thought that the heat of our tropical climate, the presence of cholera, or the prospect of enfeebled health under a burning sun, or the semi-civilized condition of the masses who require our care, or the deprivation of what is customary to call 'consolations,' were circumstances unfavorable to the increase of our ranks. If persecution rages in any one of our missions, certainly candidates, and excellent candidates are not wanting. To die of the cholera, is it not to die the victim of charity? Two of our fathers have gathered this palm in Ceylon. Are they to be mourned or envied? What does it matter what weapon strikes down the warrior on the battlefield, provided he dies like a brave man, faithful to his flag and his God!" It was in this spirit he

fearlessly faced the recurrence of the pestilence which threatened to be no less pitiless. Always practical and equal to the occasion, he promptly and prudently issued an English circular giving precautions and directions to be followed during the prevalence of the epidemic. The Government, when it discovered infected houses, burned, instead of disinfecting them, with the result that half the population, finding themselves homeless, wandered into other villages, propagating the disease. Some quarters of Mannar looked like a city sacked and burned by an enemy. Monsignor Bonjean was in the thick of it. When his friends counselled prudence, he replied: "Should not a general be where the cannon roars?" At his instance an immense petition was addressed to the Government against the immigration of coolies. After the epidemic had swept away from 25,000 to 30,000, one of the missionaries wrote: "Soon the track of the immigration will be nothing but a vast abandoned desert; one might plant on it a black flag with this inscription: 'Behold the ruins accumulated by the avarice and cruelty of the planters!'" Terrible as was the scourge, it was not an unmixed evil. "Wherever the scourge has passed," said Monsignor Bonjean, "it was worth a mission to us; poor sinners were converted in large numbers; many pagans have been baptized, and this conversion movement joined to the edification given by our good fathers, was to the marveling multitude a practical demonstration of the truth of the Catholic religion. These are treatises in apologetics which the Protestants don't know how to write. The ministers stood aside with persistent prudence." But the Protestant papers paid homage to the truth and to the self-oblation of the missionaries. "Wherever there is a cholera case to be attended to or poor, famished person to be fed," said the *Ceylon Patriot*, "we find these men. And our ministers, where are they then?" "The only consoler of the sick and dying, the only supporter of the orphans and the wretched survivors," added the *Examiner*, "has been the Catholic priest. How noble, how grand is the influence the Catholic priest exercises over afflicted hearts under such painful circumstances! His kindness and affection are the only consolation of the wretched. The thanks and gratitude of the whole population are certainly due to that self-devotedness which is self-forgetting, at a time when we are destitute of every other succor."

After the cholera came the famine, decimating in the northern province a population already sorely tried by the epidemic. Veritable walking skeletons, with only a few rags to cover their almost fleshless limbs, and bearing on their faces the impress of the hand of death, traversed the roads. Some walked or crawled long distances of from fifteen to twenty miles to procure food. The Bishop's heart

was rent with anguish. He knocked at every door; he wrote to the work of the Propagation of the Faith, to M. Laverrière, director of the *Bulletin des Missions Catholiques*, and to the *Univers*; he borrowed from Father Sardou, Procurator General of the Oblates, 20,000 francs, and got up a meeting of the leading Christians of Jaffna and collected thereby a sum of 500 francs. Europe responded to his touching appeal. The *Univers* sent him some thousands of francs which it had collected; the Abbé Laverrière telegraphed to him to draw upon him to the extent of 6,000 francs, and Propaganda forwarded to him 3,000. About 430 families, representing several thousand individuals, daily crowded the veranda of the Bishop's houses imploring relief. The pagans came, too, and he gave to all without distinction. The famine, like the cholera, was not an unmixed evil. Several new Christian settlements were the result. The pagans who begged for food for the body begged also for food for the soul; and he soon had two hundred neophytes to feed and clothe while they were receiving instruction, a native priest, Father Sandrasagra, imparting it. Monsignor Bonjean had often the consolation of baptizing fifty, sixty and up to ninety pagans at the same time.

A *crèche* for abandoned infants was another outcome of the famine episode. It arose out of an incident which would have appealed to St. Francis and suggested to the mind of the Poverello thoughts of Bethlehem and its hallowed stable. After saying Mass on Christmas Day, 1877, Monsignor Bonjean found in the street a three-year-old child completely abandoned. The idea of founding a refuge for these little mites at once occurred to him. With him to plan was to decide, and to decide was to act. A pretty bungalow was rapidly built on a site near the nuns' convent, and soon more than forty infants were in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Family. Even the Protestants could not withhold their admiration from this new and beneficent work. Cognate to this was the work of the Holy Childhood, which he earnestly encouraged, and through the agency of which, in four years, there were 1,590 baptisms of pagan children.

Another of his multitudinous solitudes, one nearest to his heart, was the formation of a native clergy, the first nucleus being found in aspirants drawn from his orphanages or from the better class of families. The gift of a generous Christian lady enabled him to build his diocesan Seminary of St. Martin. On ordination days, when he gave new priests to the Church, his joy was manifest; but the *aliquid mari* which tinged it was the penury of missionaries, which he acutely felt, seeing that there were 62,000 Catholics to be ministered to and nearly a million pagans to be converted. "My Sem-

inary with its seventeen seminarists," he said, "is a source of hope for the future; but in that I am working more for my successor than for myself. The question of questions in Ceylon, that which supersedes all others, is the question of personnel. Our best missionaries are crushed with work, and I dare not fix my gaze on the near future, fearing to find there the places of our best workers empty. With more assistants, not only would I accomplish the work we cannot do now, but I would increase the chances of the prolongation of the lives of the fathers who are laboring to-day—a subject which is to me a source of daily and deadly disquietude. . . . I have been lately thrice ill, and the third time I really believed that I was near my end. Judge of our distress from all that! There is no retreating; heresy and modern civilization are pressing on us on all sides; it is a case of *non progredi, regredi est*. . . . It is absolutely impossible for me to tell you what I suffer. The Vicariate of Ceylon is a hive in which there are no drones, but only industrious and vigilant bees—*apes argumentosæ*; only those poor bees are, from their small numbers, far from forming a swarm."

The restoration of the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary at Maddu, which involved him in a contest with the Goanese schismatics, over whom he gained a victory that he attributed to Our Lady of Victories, and the embellishment of the shrine of St. Anne, a famous place of pilgrimage for which he obtained special favors from Rome, were incidents that marked the progress of Catholicism in Ceylon under his active episcopal rule. These two spiritual oases in the midst of the forests and on the sandy shores of the western coast of the island linked the present with the Church's past. When the Dutch in 1658 expelled all the Catholic priests, forbidding them to remain under pain of death, suppressing Catholic schools and demolishing Catholic churches, a number of the hunted flock took refuge in the forests, where they constructed a little earthen chapel, furnished with some remains of their old churches, including a statue of the Blessed Virgin from the ancient capital, Mantai. This new sanctuary was dedicated under the invocation of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. Such was the origin of the sanctuary of Maddu. A local tradition relates that seven priests, confessors of the faith of eminent holiness, pitched their tents near it and lived and died there, ministering to the proscribed Catholics. In after years immense throngs of pilgrims came to pray there from the most distant parts of Ceylon and India, and were the recipients of remarkable favors. They believe that the soil of Maddu is an infallible antidote to the bites of serpents, and pilgrims customarily take some of the earth away with them, just as persons bring away water from the Grotto of Lourdes. It is noted as a fact

that no one has ever been bitten by a serpent at Maddu, since missionaries preside over the pilgrimages. There is a tradition according to which St. Francis Xavier obtained from God, for all the missionaries in India, the privilege of never dying from the bites of serpents. Although every year more than 20,000 persons die of such bites, no one has ever heard of a Catholic missionary being a victim.

The origin of the shrine of St. Anne transports us into the region of the marvelous. More than two hundred years ago a Portuguese wandered over the lagunes and sandy wastes which cover the tongue of land that juts out between the great sea and Puttlam Lake. Harassed with fatigue and exhausted by hunger, he stopped on the shore of the broad ocean, and, after a prayer to St. Anne, whose succor he implored, he fell asleep under the shadow of a tree. In his sleep he thought he saw the luminous face of the saint, who seemed to point out to him a mysterious object. What was his astonishment to see quite near him the very image of the saint between two lighted tapers! After a thanksgiving to St. Anne, he felt strengthened, and, understanding that she wished the erection of a sanctuary in that place, he resumed his journey, which he happily ended. A short time afterwards he returned, and, with the help of some friends, erected a little oratory to St. Anne. The renown of this shrine extends all over the East, and every year thousands of pilgrims belonging to the most diverse religious persuasions, Catholics, Protestants, Tamils, Buddhists, Mohammedans from every country, from the sources of the Ganges to the confines of the peninsula of Malacca, throng thither during the novena which precedes the feast of St. Anne. This stretch of land, usually occupied by a few Catholic families, is transformed into a populous city of from 30,000 to 40,000 souls.

He was also brought into contact with the marvelous when, during one of his episcopal visitations, he had to examine the stigmata of Bollawatté. This young girl had received the impression of the stigmata or five wounds, and the fact having been noised abroad and drawn crowds, wishful of witnessing the phenomenon, the government was beginning to be concerned about it. "I then," records Monsignor Bonjean, "placed the young girl in the convent of Kurunégala, and for a month, helped by the good Mother Josephine and Father Perréard, observed her with all the attention that such a marvelous phenomenon demanded. I likewise caused her to be several times visited by a doctor, who later reported to me. We were able to affirm that this young girl was, on certain days and hours, particularly on Thursday and Friday, thrown into an ecstatic state during which all the vital functions were apparently suspended;

general immobility, rigidity of the limbs, fixed to the ground by an insurmountable force; total absence of sensibility, hearing, consciousness and relations with the external world, while at the same time blood flowed more or less abundantly from the wounds which transpierced the feet and hands, and from a wound in the side; on Thursday evenings it was from the crown of the head the blood came. No sound seemed to move the paralyzed organism, but on three occasions, it was enough for me to speak to this girl in an ordinary tone of voice to recall her to herself, to the use of her senses, and to get immediate replies from her. On other occasions, she appeared to undergo the punishment of scourging, and Mother Josephine assured me she saw her back furrowed with contusions like those strokes of rods would produce. The doctor described these phenomena, but, unable to explain them, suspected fraud. For my part, the supervision to which I had subjected this child left me no reason to share that doubt, for the greater reason that in the very detailed account she gave me of her whole life, I recognized a simple, candid soul, incapable of artfulness, and whom I always found very obedient to my orders. I believed it my duty then to put an end to the reports of magnetism and fraud current in the native papers and popular conversations, and to declare that to my knowledge there was absolutely nothing of that in this extraordinary case." The Bishop put her with some companions in a house where they followed a kind of religious rule. "It pleased me," he adds, "to recognize that the effect of all that in the country had been extremely favorable; that it has been like a call to penitence. We are gathering the fruits of it in the mission we preached at Bolla-watté in the month of the April following, about five thousand Communions, three-fourths of the recipients being men; several baptisms of pagans and a general revival throughout the whole country."

His zeal was unwearied. In six years he created nine new stations. At the same time he directed Father Chounavel to prepare to evangelize the 300,000 Buddhists in the vicariate. That earnest missionary set to work and formed at Talampityia a little settlement of neophytes whom Monsignor Bonjean loved to regard as the first fruits of a universal Christianization of the island. The Protestant missionaries, disturbed at this success, provoked Father Chounavel to a public controversy which lasted for five hours, and which ended in confounding the heretics.

The spring of 1877 witnessed the addition to the ranks of the Oblate missionaries of two brothers from Australia, Charles and Jules Collin, natives of Lurais in the Diocese of Bourges, whom Monsignor Bonjean called "two precious pearls of great price," "two

elect of God, gifts from Heaven," whose arrival at a time when they were beginning to lose courage, when Heaven seemed deaf to their prayers, greatly rejoiced him; believing, as the sequel proved, that they were called to accomplish great things for the glory of the Divine Master and the salvation of souls. "Ah! would to God," he wrote to their sister, Sister Mary of the Eucharist, a Carmelite nun, "What a blessing has descended upon my mission! What have I done, then, to deserve such a favor. Our Lord, I think, was very glad when he saw the Apostles, and Peter, and James, and Andrew, and Matthew, and the others respond so quickly to his appeal; and I, poor Bishop of Jaffna, what is not my joy to see these two generous apostles come to me from the depths of Australia, not at the first appeal, but without any appeal on my part, and without my knowing why or how they come to me." In a letter to Father Soullier he speaks of them as "*duo candelabra*," having a perfect religious spirit. Oblates to the marrow of their bones, clever and ready for everything; and to the Carmelites as "two dear trees transplanted from Australia who have taken root in the soil trodden by St. Francis Xavier," who will soon "bear not less abundant fruit."

The work of organization, which absorbed so much of his time and attention, compelled him to postpone missions, properly so called, upon which he set a very high value. "No one," he said, "appreciates more than I do the results of missions. When one wants to rouse people, there is nothing like them; in a few weeks such headway is made as, under ordinary circumstances, would require several years." But to make this mission work a permanent institution, called for a parochial clergy and numerous preachers. He wished to have a body of missionaries exclusively devoted to preaching, going from station to station and bringing the strayed sheep back to the fold.

A visit to Goa with the double object of being present at the exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier, miraculously preserved for over three centuries, and putting an end finally to the schism, was an event which took place in the autumn of 1878. On his return, Father Soullier, deputed by the superior general, made a visitation of the vicariate. According to the Oblate constitutions, every mission vicariate should be visited every six years, but thirty years had elapsed without a visitation, circumstances not having rendered it convenient. A local Protestant paper, the *Ceylon Patriot*, referring to it, said: "We must recognize that the aspect of the Catholic mission has completely changed during these twenty years and latterly, thanks chiefly to the replacing of the old Goanese clergy by European priests of the Society of Oblates. During these

late years Catholics have not only ceased to be the object of ridicule and contempt of which they were formerly the butt, but are to-day at the head of every undertaking of a nature to advance the social, moral and intellectual progress of the Tamil people. . . . It would be bad taste to institute comparisons and to draw conclusions unfavorable to other missionaries sent by Protestant societies from England and America, who, in their time, have rendered important services to Jaffna. Nevertheless, considering the general results, and admitting this principle that the primary object of every mission is the conversion of the pagans, we are forced, although very reluctantly, to recognize that to-day the Catholic mission holds the first place among all the Christian missions in Jaffna. . . . Only a few years ago it was the fashion to jeer Catholics on their ignorance. A favorite saying was 'that the presses, the papers, enlightenment and science were not held in honor among Papists.' How do things stand now? The Catholic Press of St. Joseph is the largest and most flourishing establishment of its kind in Jaffna: Catholic books and papers are issued from it daily. The *Catholic Guardian* has not only made the lustre of the Protestant luminary, the *Morning Star*, which is rapidly declining towards the horizon, grow pale, but, under the direction of its present editor, promises to take its place in the front rank of Ceylon newspapers."

After the chapter at Autun, Monsignor Bonjean toured England and Ireland, where he procured recruits for the extension of his schools, and was received with marked favor by Cardinal Manning and the Colonial Minister. On his return to the Continent he went the round of several seminaries in quest of volunteers for the Indian mission, although suffering from occasional attacks of fever and rheumatism and being once, at Bordeaux, on the verge of death. Upon his recovery he consecrated, as titular of Adrana, Father Mélizan, who had been nominated his coadjutor.

About this time Jules Ferry's famous March decree, which struck at the religious orders (the Jesuits being the first made to feel the hand of the oppressor), threatened the religious congregations, unless they obtained legal recognition, with the same fate. The congregations, refusing to comply with the requirements, made common cause with the Jesuits. M. de Freycinet, having promised, notwithstanding these decrees, that the Government would continue to protect the French religious on the foreign missions, Monsignor Bonjean addressed an open letter to that Minister, calling upon France to maintain abroad the glory of its flag by effectively protecting at home the birthplace of apostolic vocations. "Menaced in the sacred interests to which I have devoted thirty-two years of my missionary life," he wrote, "I do not expect I shall create any

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astonishment nor incur any blame on the part of your Excellency, if I avail of my temporary sojourn in France, to unite my weak voice to that of the venerable French Episcopate and appeal to your loyalty, your justice and your patriotism from the decrees of March 29 touching the Religious Congregations." He goes on to say how, besides the evangelization of a million infidels, he had to provide for the spiritual needs of 70,000 Catholics, aided by forty Oblate missionaries and seventeen French nuns, thanks to whose zeal the number of Christians had increased by 20,000 in less than thirty years; how they had 6,000 pupils in 104 Catholic schools, and more than 400 orphans in five orphanages; and how the Catholic religion had attained to a position of great influence in the country. Having referred to the French Minister's diplomatic assurances of protection, he proceeds: "Happily we Oblate Missioners, whose missions are situate in counties subject to British rule, enjoy a liberty so complete, our rights are so religiously respected, our claims are always so well received, and we are environed with such sympathy, confidence and honor that this hypothesis, as far as we are concerned, must be absolutely set aside." He pointed out that it was not at all impossible that a French Government measure might in the event inevitably lead to the suppression in France of the establishments from which his priests, lay brethren and nuns were exclusively recruited; how his personnel, dried up at its source, could no longer maintain itself, involving the ruin of his flourishing mission in the near future; a sentence of death equally striking down all other religious bodies contemplated by these decrees; an axe laid at the root of the apostolic tree which sheltered a multitude of nations and races again deprived of the benefit of Christian civilization. He invites the Minister to cast his eyes over a map of the world and to trace thereon the movements of the French missionaries, members of unauthorized Congregations, upon all the lands where they give their sweat, their blood and their lives for the triumph of Christ, the happiness of peoples, and the honor of France; from the Frozen regions of the North Pole to the burning sands of the equator; throughout the great Empires of India and China, still reeking with the blood of martyrs, and Africa, just opened to the apostolic zeal of France; and in the numberless islands of the Pacific Ocean; pointing out that the interests of this religious apostolate and of France are identical. He appeals to him not to let a stroke of the pen destroy this grand Christian and social work; not to let people, under the shelter of his name, resume the evil work of the Choiseuls and the Pombals. "My voice is weak," he concludes, "but it conveys to you the echo of hundreds of Bishops, of thousands of priests and religious, of thousands of the

faithful of every race who, if distance did not raise an obstacle, would unite with me in laying before the Government of most Christian France their just claims and the expression of their alarms and their hopes." The publication of this letter elicited the warmest congratulations from Rome and from several French Bishops.

Monsignor Bonjean and his coadjutor returned to Ceylon with numerous recruits, including nineteen priest-missioners. The most notable of these were Father Smyth and the Abbé Joulain, the present Bishop of Jaffna. The former, then a sub-deacon, was a native of Ardmore, in the Diocese of Derry, the son of a Protestant minister, who had graduated with distinction in Dublin University, and after occupying various posts in the civil service, was appointed assistant government agent in Ceylon. His intelligence, uprightness, energy and irreproachable conduct made the pagans say: "That gentleman is like a Catholic priest." The devotedness of the missioners moved him to admiration, and he became their friend and defender. The dogma of the Real Presence chiefly impressed him. "My childhood," he said, "was passed in the church of which my father had charge. Everything there seemed cold to me; nothing reached my heart. But when I went accidentally into a Catholic church, what a change! At the sight of those sculptured garlands which seemed to converge towards the tabernacle, and even in Ceylon, in the most modest churches of earth or palm leaves, at the sight of those crowds humbly prostrate before the Eucharist, I was deeply moved, and several times I was surprised to find myself falling on my knees, and asking the God of the altar to make known to me the truth." His prayers were heard, as many such have been, and will be. Touched by grace, he opened his eyes to the light of faith, and despite paternal disapproval, made his abjuration at Colombogan on the 8th of December, 1869, and was baptized by Father Salaün. Some years afterwards, desirous of consecrating himself to God, he gave up a very brilliant position in the world, and the near prospect of an income of £2,000 a year, went to Rome, studied theology at the Propaganda College, went through his novitiate and made his perpetual oblation at Auturo in 1879. The Abbé Joulain, born on September 24, 1852, and ordained on May 22, 1875, was a secular priest who felt called to the religious and apostolic life.

Monsignor Bonjean had hardly set foot on the soil of Ceylon when the March decrees were put in force in France, and the French Oblates, like most of the other religious, were thrown into the street and their convents seized and seals affixed to them, for the crime of forming religious families and doing good to their neighbor. It was to him a subject of both grief and joy. "We are proud and envious of you all, upon whom has devolved at this moment the signal honor

of suffering for our Lord Jesus Christ and His Holy Church," he wrote to Father Fabre. "Yes, honor to you, venerated Father! honor to you all, dear brothers, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, members of an institute founded to repair the ruins of the first revolution, who are to-day deemed worthy of being the victims of a second! How we would wish to share your griefs, your anguish, your exile, in a word, to suffer with you! Far away, beyond the seas, our hearts are linked with yours; they send you a thousand encouragements, a thousand congratulations, a thousand tender and holy kisses, as to venerable confessors of Jesus Christ; to each of you they address those words of holy hope—*Euge serve bone et fidelis*—and amid the darkness of the present hour they confidently greet the dawn of the day when along with you will triumph God, religion, truth, justice and honor." And when his uncle, M. Tardif, a member of the Tribunal des Conflits, resigned his office along with hundreds of other magistrates as a protest against the decrees, he wrote to tell him how it filled him and all his missionaries with admiration and how proud he was to call himself his nephew: that the soul of his holy mother in heaven would be thrilled with joy.

One of the scenes of his missionary labors, of which the coadjutor made a pastoral visitation on his return, was Point Pedro, a seaport at the northern end of Ceylon. It was the bulwark of Hindoo paganism, where the Brahmin caste was numerous and powerful and included some men learned in Tamil literature and Hindoo philosophy. By their self-sufficient airs one would take them for sages of ancient Greece. Everywhere were erected magnificent pagodas in honor of the gods and goddesses they worshiped, to whom the Brahmins daily offered sacrifice; while wealthy pagans kept festivals that by their obscenity recalled the impure solemnities of antique paganism. At the extremity of the city is a large tamarind under the branches of which St. Francis Xavier⁸ often preached, and near which was formerly a chapel dedicated to him, destroyed along with other Christian edifices raised by the Portuguese during the Dutch persecutions. Monsignor Bonjean and Monsignor Mélizan had to endure great fatigue in making these journeys, which drew from him the remark, "*Militia est vita Episcopi in Taprobana.*" The climate of northern Ceylon is less salubrious than that of the south and particularly of the district of Kandy. The Vicariate of Jaffna having no sanatorium where overworked missionaries could recruit their health, Propaganda ceded to it the small territory of Gampola, where Monsignor Bonjean rented a bungalow at an altitude of 4,000 feet, where for a time the infirm fathers were sent.

⁸ In one of his letters St. Francis Xavier characterizes the Brahmin as a liar and a cheat to the backbone.

In the midst of his preaching and visitations, in creating new centres of spiritual influence, building new schools, new convents, new stations and establishing a college of which he made Father Smyth, the Dublin University graduate and convert, the principal, he did not forget his literary apostolate. During three years, from 1880 to 1883, he published not less than fifty-eight pamphlets, tracts or circulars, the most important treating of public worship, education, marriage, etc. Under these arduous labors his health declined to such an extent as to be a source of grave anxiety to his coadjutor, who confessed to Father Soullier his inability to take upon his shoulders, in succession to such a colossus as Monsignor Bonjean, the direction, single-handed, of all the works he had initiated. "It is only a man like Monsignor Bonjean," he wrote, "who can cope with so many difficulties, and I willingly make the sacrifice of my life for the prolongation of so precious an existence, intimately convinced that it is the most perfect way of showing myself his true coadjutor. Monsignor Bonjean only need live to be able to arrange everything; if, then, I can obtain from God a prolongation of his days, even at the cost of my life, I shall have rendered the most signal service to this Vicariate of Jaffna, to which I have been sacrificed."

An immense work had been accomplished. The number of missionaries, nuns and missions had been doubled; his senior and junior seminaries, scholasticate and novitiate were hopeful auguries of the future; the number of schools had risen from thirty-one to 110, and the pupils frequenting them from 1,378 to 7,000; while the Catholic population had increased by 25,000. One would have thought that he had earned, and well earned, much needed rest. He had done enough in Jaffna, but instead of surcease from toil more work was reserved for him. Providence was about to provide him with a larger field for the exercise of his indefatigable activity. In July, 1883, Colombo and the southern and western provinces were confided to him, Monsignor Mélizan assuming entire charge of the Vicariate of Jaffna.

The Vicariate of Colombo contains 110,000 Catholics and more than a million pagans. Colombo, the capital of the island, a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, is the centre of political and commercial affairs and the seat of government; all the live forces of Christianity, all the means of expansion are there. Though daily becoming more and more Europeanized, it contains a mixture of races. The architecture of the buildings is half European, half oriental. Bright, busy and radiant, it is a city of pleasure like Paris. There are some interesting ancient monuments in the environs, remarkable for their rich vegetation, which made a Russian tourist describe its neighborhood as "a botanic garden." It opened up for Monsignor Bonjean

an immense field in which to labor for the salvation of souls: he was too ardent a lover of the Church to ask to be relieved of the charge, which he called "a heavy cross, a prolonged agony"; but it destroyed all hope of his being able to devote to prayer, study and preparation for death the remainder of his life. After thirty-six years of a missionary career, twenty-seven of which were passed in Jaffna, it was like beginning life anew. His departure evoked an unanimous expression of regret from all classes. A wealthy pagan presented him with a beautiful pectoral cross with a massive gold chain, and the Hindoos, including priests of Siva, with a farewell address in which they expressed their gratitude for all the benefits he had conferred on the country during the time of the famine and the cholera. "The significance of this document, emanating from the intelligent portion of the pagan population," says Father Jonquet, "had an importance which only those who know the country can appreciate at its just value." More than fifty thousand people awaited his arrival at Colombo, where he had a magnificent reception from the impressionable and demonstrative Singhalese. But that was all.

From the start the greatest difficulties and the most deplorable distress confronted him in his new sphere of action. His penury was complete; furniture, books, church ornaments, almost everything was wanting; the sacristies were bare to emptiness; he had no monetary resources but the £127 presented to him by the Jaffna Catholics; there were no funds allocated by the Propagation of the Faith, no assured succor, nothing but eventual and uncertain revenues; a depleted exchequer, and only £40 towards the erection of a Cathedral! There was nothing to maintain the schools, the government grant had been spent in various ways, and several teachers claimed payment of arrears of salary. Despite this, he had to keep going the institute of the Brothers at Colombo, reopen their school at Negombo and sustain the orphanages. "Every day," he wrote sadly, "they brought me children it grieved me to refuse, knowing they would be lost, body and soul." He had to create a training school for the forming of certified teachers, or otherwise, in a few years the schools would receive no government grant, and he had to make provision for young aspirants to the priesthood.

The spiritual condition of the vicariate seemed no less lamentable. The people were only superficially religious, emotional, attracted only by the externals and not the inward spirit of religion; they preferred sights to sermons; many died without the sacraments; infants died without baptism, and it was not unusual for six-months-old children to be brought to the font. Meanwhile Protestant ten-

dencies were very marked, and Catholic parents did not scruple to send their children to non-Catholic schools.

One of his chief preoccupations was the completion of the Cathedral of Santa Lucia, designed on a grand scale; it was left to him to roof it and raise the enormous dome which now crowns the edifice, one of the finest Cathedrals in the East. He had to carry a heavy cross in 1884, when he labored without encouragement of any kind, in the midst of solitudes, bitternesses and fears, without any consolation but the consciousness of having done his duty, without anything to rely upon but his confidence in our Lady Immaculate. "My heart," he wrote to Father Fabre, "knows nothing but sadness; my life is only an anticipated Purgatory. I was on the point of sending my resignation of the Vicariate of Colombo to Propaganda. The letter was written; my good angel alone withheld it."

However, when things come to the worst, they mend; when he was in this melancholy mood, a reinforcement of five missionaries came to raise his drooping spirits; the civil administration of Ceylon showed the greatest regard for him; the local government was pleased with the work of pacification he had accomplished. When he arrived in Colombo there was a sharp conflict between Catholics and Buddhists, and bloodshed following demonstrations on both sides. Monsignor Bonjean knew that these encounters were an obstacle to the Christianization of the pagans, and by his fatherly counsels, by the suppression of a satirical paper and other steps peace was restored.

In October, 1884, he was summoned to Rome to inform the Holy See about religious affairs in India, it having been decided to take vigorous action on the Goanese question. During the five months he spent in the Eternal City he was four times received in private audience by Leo XIII., with whom he had long and intimate conversations. At the request of the Pope and Propaganda he wrote four lengthy reports, one of which ran to 500 pages. In one of his audiences His Holiness said: "I am pleased, very pleased with you; you have rendered a great service to the Holy See; I am very grateful to you." While these different reports were being studied, discussed and turned into diplomatic notes, the Holy Father gave him leave to tour France in the interests of his mission. At Saint-Brieuc he obtained a group of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary for his Moratuwa schools and the General Hospital at Colombo. From France he went to England and Ireland, where he officiated at an ordination in Dublin, and on his return took in Belgium and Holland in his itinerary. While facilitating the reception of suitable subjects, he set his face against those who mistook

a transient attraction for a call to the religious life. To a young priest who asked to accompany him, he said: "I don't deny your vocation, but your letter seems to me too enthusiastic and a little jejune. With us, it is a uniformly crucified life, a slow martyrdom. Reflect, take counsel, pray; write to me again in two years, if you persist in your desire. Our apostolate is a work demanding courage, but still more abnegation." He wanted men resigned to live poor in the midst of toils and fatigue, without any human reward, devoting their intelligence, their ardor, their valor to the extension of the Church and to souls. When urged to accept another priest of great merit, he replied: "While quite wishful of admitting this holy priest into our ranks, where he would be a power, I don't want to put myself between God and this soul, nor to forestall the moment God has fixed upon in His wisdom."

It was during these journeyings, when he bade an affectionate farewell to a brother and sister to whom he was greatly attached, that he received from Rome his nomination as Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, in which Leo XIII. publicly expressed his satisfaction. He accepted this dignity joyfully on account of the deep impression it was to make in Ceylon. He said confidentially to his sister: "I receive my brief of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and I am declared *noble*, just as if our father and mother had been Count and Countess, which is far from being the case. At last, I am Count, *comes*. I wish to be all my life *comes Jesu Christi et Beati Petri*, that is to say, faithful companion of Jesus Christ and of His Vicar, following them everywhere even unto death. I confess that I am glad of this new link which attaches me to the Pope, and this distinction coming at this time will increase tenfold my power and influence for the good I have to do in Colombo. My enemies said the Pope was displeased with my conduct in the Goa affair, that it was in consequence of this displeasure he retained me so long in Rome, etc. Here is the Pope's reply. It will have a great effect in Colombo, and will add not a little to other favors received and to the arrival in a year of three missionaries and nine nuns. Our Lord is spoiling me (*me gâte*) after having kept me on the cross for nearly three years. Ask Him that my heart and my life be henceforward raised to the height of these great gifts, as far as a poor nonentity (*un pauvre néant*) like me can be."

Sailing on January 17, 1886, from Marseilles, he broke the journey at Rome, where he was very cordially received by the Pope. "This interview," he wrote to Father Fabre, "was one of the most delightful I have ever had with the Vicar of Jesus Christ. His Holiness spoke to me a good deal about my new mission, evinced his pleasure at hearing of its progress and of our efforts to further it

more and more, and personally said to me things which will forever remain engraven in my heart. He spoke to me with an unction which filled my soul with joy, as if our Lord Himself had addressed to me through the mouth of His Vicar the *Euge serve bone!* What an obligation for me to be always worthy of my high vocation! What humiliation when I see what I am!"

One of his traveling companions was the Abbé Coudert, of the Diocese of Clermont, whom Monsignor Boyer called "the pearl of Auvergne," and who was destined to be Monsignor Bonjean's successor. "My return to Colombo," he wrote, "has been a veritable ovation, the most eloquent answer the malevolent allegations disseminated against me. This second reception, in which the true sentiments of the people were so spontaneously manifested, has been a great consolation to me and not less a strong support."

Life is made up of meetings and partings. He had hardly set foot in Colombo when death deprived him of one of his *sujets d'élite*, Father P. Murphy, a zealous young Irish priest who had accompanied him to Ceylon in 1870, and who worked so hard that he shortened his life. A perfect model of resignation in suffering, his only fear was of dying before the return of the Bishop for whom he cherished a filial love, and in whose arms he expired. Another loss was the unexpected death of Father Boisseau, whom, in a letter to Father Soullier, he called "my faithful and devoted friend, the light of my life, the support of my old days, he to whose soul mine clung so closely, the honor of Colombo and of our holy religion"; his right hand, the confidant of his most intimate thoughts, his indefatigable and intelligent auxiliary, whom he hoped to have assigned to him as his coadjutor and to consecrate him himself before the year closed.

To add to his grief, several of his best missionaries were laid low. Their illness he ascribed to overwork and insalubrious accommodation, which he himself shared with them. The episcopal "palace" was in fact shut in between the Cathedral and the college, a veritable prison, a kind of black hole, in which there was a lamentable lack of air and space; missionaries, seminarists and novices being crowded together contrary to all hygienic laws, until the novitiate was transferred to Bambalapitiya. The Bishop had at first to lead a kind of nomadic life, dwelling in rented houses or seeking the hospitality of the Christian Brothers.

He had hardly recovered from the shock of the recent deaths when his solicitude for his flock impelled him to make a visitation of the district of Sabaragamuwa in the interior. This mission had been greatly neglected for some years in consequence of its extent and the difficulty of communications. "I was profoundly moved,"

he relates, "to find a population of 28,000 souls, all infidels, without a priest in this vast country to preach Christianity and a thousand scattered Christians in distant villages deprived of every succor in life and death." He placed immediately a missionary at Ratnapura, the chief place of the district, and soon set up a station at Matara, where groups of Christians were dispersed in the midst of Buddhists. Another Catholic mission he visited was that of Amblagonda, likewise situated in the Buddhist region. The Buddhists tried to disturb the Catholic assemblage by getting one of their priests to read in his shrillest voice the *bana*, or sacred book of the Bonzes, varying the reading by loud performances on the tam-tam and cymbals, rockets and fuzees and savage cries. This lasted several hours, but the Catholics took no notice; and, at the close of the ceremony Monsignor Bonjean thanked the Buddhists for their exhibition of fireworks, if it were organized in his honor. He had a tactful way of evangelizing the pagans. "People," he said, "are not converted by decrees; it needs time and patience; to wish to do with one blow what would require years, would be to compromise everything. Pagan conversions should be made by degrees, by stages, and not by a violent invasion." His method was this: when he found some Catholic families in a Buddhist district, he had a little church built with a room for a priest; then the missionary came into the country without giving umbrage to any one, and his influence made itself gradually felt; they got accustomed to seeing him, become familiarized to him, and by the grace of God conversions took place, one by one. Pagans do not generally yield to reasoning, but to what strikes their eyes; beautiful churches well adorned, festivals, chants are the most effective means of attracting them; while the good example of Christians and their wise advice also sway them. "In this country the work of evangelization must be done with patience," were the simple words in which Monsignor Bonjean expressed the conclusion to which long experience had led him. Every year from 500 to 600 pagans entered the Church's fold; in the year 1887 alone there were 1,200 conversions.

On June 23, 1886, a new concordat was signed between the Holy See and Portugal, and on the 1st of September the ecclesiastical hierarchy was established in India and Ceylon; Monsignor Bonjean being elevated to the rank of Archbishop Metropolitan of Colombo, with the Bishops of Kandy and Jaffna as suffragans. In a speech delivered in presence of the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Ajuti, the new Archbishop recalled the glories of the Church in Ceylon: St. Francis Xavier, the seven hundred martyrs of Mannar, Father Joseph Vaz and his compan-

ions, apostles of the island during the Dutch persecution; and paid a grateful tribute to the memory of Gregory XVI., the founder of the Ceylon mission. Notwithstanding local trouble created by the Indo-Portuguese schism, the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in Ceylon, known and approved by the British Government, was now an accomplished fact and the inauguration of a new era. It synchronized with the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII., celebrated in Ceylon with public rejoicings.

His zeal was always directed towards the need of more missionaries. "The resultant harvest," he wrote, "will always be proportioned to the number of harvesters. When I appeal to workers I don't say to them, 'Come and *perhaps* you'll convert some Buddhist and sanctify souls'; fully assure them of it. Each additional missionary here represents a certain number of souls saved which otherwise would be the prey of hell." He might have said with the Psalmist, *zelus domus tuus comedit me*. He wrote to Father Fabre: "After forty-three years of my missionary life, and twenty-two years in the episcopate, I expected to find, in the decline of my days, not the repose which is of this world, but calmness and tranquillity to labor in peace at the work of God, and I am as far off from it as ever. What Bishop, having, like me, to provide for the spiritual needs of a Catholic population of 140,000 souls scattered over about 180 localities, more or less distant from one another, could face the future without trembling?" But it was the Goanese schism which wrung his heart more than lack of missionaries. A suspended priest, one Alvarez, had got up an association at Goa to demand the abolition of the concordat, the removal of all European missionaries from India and Ceylon, and the creation of a hierarchy composed solely of Goanese schismatic priests. Refractory Ceylonese, who had taken possession of three churches in the Diocese of Colombo, joined hands with him; while, at the instigation of a French priest, Villatte, the Christians subject to the Portuguese protectorate, constituted themselves into an independent Church, forming an alliance with the schismatical and heretical Jacobite Church of Malabar,⁹ the metropolitan of which nominated Alvarez his "Prefect-Apostolic" for Ceylon. As this did not quite gratify Alvarez's ambition, he bribed one of the Syrian Jacobite Bishops to confer episcopal orders upon him and assumed the pompous title of "Archbishop of Ceylon, Goa and the

⁹ The Jacobite Church, which took its name from Jacob Zanzalus (541-578), was a resuscitation of the Eutychian heresy of the fifth century, condemned by the Council of Chalcedon (451). Villatte was a French-Canadian who, refused admission to the priesthood, got ordination from Herzog, the "old Catholic" Swiss Bishop. Having similarly procured episcopal orders in India, he returned to the place from whence he came and vaingloriously dubbed himself "Archbishop of America."

Indies," calling himself "Mar. Julius I." Monsignor Bonjean excommunicated him and his vicar general, placed his Church under interdict, and issued a pastoral in which he exposed the pretensions of Alvarez. It gave the schism its death blow.

Feeling his strength exhausted and overwhelmed with a multiplicity of affairs, he urged the Superior General to obtain for him a coadjutor, suggesting Monsignor Mélizan or Father Joulain. Still, aged, harassed, rheumatic, and breaking up, he labored to the last. He organized three missions for the Christianization of the Buddhists; in one year, 1891, he had three churches erected in their midst, six in process of construction and eighteen projected. The establishment of an episcopal residence, which is called the House of the Sacred Heart—the headquarters of the Oblates in Ceylon; the erection of the Seminary of St. Bernard; the introduction of the Little Sisters of the Poor, whose work he believed was instrumental in saving many souls; orphanages, industrial schools, reformatories, leper hospitals; the two fine institutions, the Institute of St. Benedict and St. Joseph's College for the promotion of secondary and higher education were among the last undertakings of his declining years. Even from his sick bed, he thought of everything, made provision for everything and gave directions to his missionaries. Having done all that he could and unable to do any more, he calmly awaited death in entire abandonment to the Divine Will. It was early on the morning of August 3, 1892, that it released him from his suffering, ending a life that had been wholly devoted to the Church, to the congregation to which he belonged and to the people he served. Father Bouffie, in his "Life of Monsignor De Mazenod," the founder of the Oblates, has drawn a vivid portrait of the saintly Bishop of Marseilles. The life of Monsignor Bonjean is like a replica of that portrait. Both were, in truth, model Bishops.

The Church in Ceylon, which he so largely helped to build up and expand, is now administered by five Bishops, who have the loyal co-operation of two hundred priests whose ranks are recruited from the General Seminary established in the island by Leo XIII., in which there are students of various nationalities, mostly Eastern. According to the Government returns of 1911 the Catholics, who form the largest Christian body in Ceylon, numbered then 339,300, a total which has since been swelled by some thousands.

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WHY NOT AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE?

I.

THE fact that two such men as John Henry Cardinal Newman and the late Canon Sheehan have each devoted an essay to the consideration of "English Catholic Literature" would seem to indicate the importance of this subject. To be sure these two great men were not of one mind on the point, but neither were they infallible in literary judgments, and so one may safely discuss the relative values of their pronouncements. Cardinal Newman believed that "one of the special objects which a Catholic university would promote is that of the formation of a Catholic literature in the English language." "One undertaking, however, there is, which not merely does not, and need not, but unhappily cannot, come into the reasonable contemplation of any set of persons, whether members of a university or not, who are desirous of Catholicizing the English language; . . . and that is simply the creation of an *English Catholic literature*, for its classics have been given to England, and have been recognized as such, long since," and "English literature will ever have been Protestant." Of course, the Cardinal naturally failed to see what Newman was doing towards forming a new set of English classics that are as emphatically Catholic as English, but he surely had no grounds sufficient for denying the literary touch to all his English-speaking posterity. Not all Catholics who speak English are still straitened round by English penal law, and what wonders may not freedom work even in the long despised and persecuted genus?

Newman's statement is justified, or rather condoned, in part by the purpose and circumstances of his utterance. He possibly may have felt constrained to moderate the zeal of the professors and students of the Dublin University, for it is not hard to conceive that their very laudable enthusiasm may have exposed them to a rashness which could only result in ridiculous failure. Besides, is it not just possible that Newman was too thorough an Englishman ever to dream, or at least admit, the possibility of any American or provincial child's being touched by the sacred flame of literary inspiration? Such seems to be the general attitude of English critics, and Newman's Catholicity would not necessarily alter such a conviction. Fortunately for us Americans, however, the English critic, Cardinal Newman not excepted, is not the absolute criterion of our judgment, for all things, even the literary gift, are possible to God in a free land.

Canon Sheehan perceived this, and in answer to the questions,

"Is there a field for Catholic Literature? Has it any possibilities?" wrote: "We answer without hesitation, Yes, and a wide field, and many and varied possibilities." With his simple Irish faith this gentle Soggarth Aroon saw, and desired to make all the world see, that "the great lords of thought, whom the world has placed on its pedestals, are pigmies compared with the intellectual giants born, reared, nurtured and developed by the great Mother Church of the ages and the world." "We have the pools of Solomon," he writes, "and how are they to filter down and interpenetrate the minds of the masses of our people? Clearly, through the book, the magazine, the newspaper, the pamphlet, the leaflet, through essay, article, poem and lecture, play and novel, through the fiction of drama and romance, through the facts of history and biography. Can we supply these? Hitherto great work has been done; but greater remains to be accomplished." "Great work has been done," indeed, and Canon Sheehan generously gave his share to the greater that remains to be accomplished, while he did not fail to note "that in America, the Church is turning its attention to the more intellectual demands of the day."

Is there then a Catholic literature in the English language? Cardinal Newman says No, there is not nor can such thing ever be. Why? Because Protestant England has already made its classics. Canon Sheehan answers Yes; "great work has been done; but greater remains to be accomplished." Which is right? Let us examine the historical facts before judging, but let us first see that we understand clearly just what we mean by a Catholic literature.

"When a 'Catholic literature in the English tongue' is spoken of, no reasonable person will mean by 'Catholic works' much more than the works of Catholics." In other words by a Catholic literature we do not mean a religious literature, that is, "a literature which treats exclusively or primarily of Catholic matters, of Catholic doctrine, controversy, history, persons or politics," but one that "includes all subjects of literature whatever, treated as a Catholic would treat them, and as he only can treat them." Here we have both a negative and a positive definition. On the negative side Catholic literature does not include only theological treatises, on the positive side it is Catholic in its range, Catholic in its tone, and so usually Catholic in its authorship.

Catholics are born, live and die pretty much as does the rest of humanity; they have the same joys and trials—perhaps a good deal more of the latter—the same passions, the same hearts, the same needs and desires as their non-Catholic neighbors—and by non-Catholic I mean simply not Catholic. They are flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone—but not faith of their faith. Consequently

Catholic literature is of necessity, if it is a literature at all, as broad, as all embracing in its field as either non-Catholic or pagan; it embraces every department from juvenile fiction to Scriptural exegesis, from a love lyric to abstruse science; it is as universal, as catholic, as Holy Mother Church herself. It is flesh of the flesh, bone of the bone, of every other literature, but it has a Catholic soul.

Does that make it any different, any better? Yes, both better and different, because lit by the glow of truth. It is as different as a clear night when all the stars stand guard while the moon mounts to her throne in a flood of pure silver light is different from the night that drops a dark pall of cold fog over all the earth. It is as superior as the simple words that fell from the lips of Truth Incarnate are better than the soulless, hopeless preachments of an Emerson. Of course, its popularity, like that of its Mother Church and its Divine Teacher, is in inverse ratio to its Catholicity. That is inevitable, because we Catholics "can never appeal to the two great elements of popularity: passion and untruth"—and be true Catholics.

God gave Moses ten Commandments, and the Catholic, be he writer, artist, priest or factory hand, man, woman or child, is bound to observe all ten, the sixth, eighth and ninth as well as the third, fourth and seventh; and what is more he is taught and reminded, in season and out of season, of his duties with regard to these precepts. To the Catholic an impure thought or desire consented to is as much a matter of sorrowful confession as is a lie or theft; and the "Catholic writer would rather put his right hand into the fire than write much that passes for art and literature in our days." No Catholic could ever be content to accept a conventionalized as-long-as-you-don't-get-caught decency as his code of morality, much less as his religion. A generously gold-spangled philanthropy would never meet his definition of charity; but all that religious morality is so tiresome to the world that longs for sensuous excitement. Our poor fallen human nature craves dramatic thrill, suggestive thoughts, dangerous situations. The non-Catholic may call these desires nature and their satisfaction art; the Catholic calls them passion and their satisfaction sin. The Catholic author would never consciously write a word that could start an unholy thought, or cause an innocent cheek to blush, because to him the product of his pen is something almost sacramental; to be an author is to be a maker, a molder of minds and hearts, a teacher of men, an apostle of Divine Truth, another Christ.

Here again we see another limitation surrounding the Catholic author. If he be the apostle of Truth, he must speak the truth uncompromisingly. Now, you know it is the truth that hurts, and

so Catholic books are often cruel in their truthfulness, for a Catholic will persist in talking about such painful things as judgment and hell and sin, while his non-Catholic friend can revel in the universe of his imagination, and comfort and console your conscience with a thousand delightful easy principles, in the most perfect rhetoric, too. Oh! to be sure they may not be true, but then there is no one to judge him here. If he wants to revel in the pleasant lines of error, what difference does it make as long as he is happy and makes others happy? People like to be deceived, you know. They enjoy it, and after all who shall say what is true or untrue? If every one has a right to believe according to his conscience, what difference does it make? Yes, here good and well, but hereafter?

Oh! well, that's time enough. It is not good to be always thinking about such serious things. It makes one pessimistic; and besides, God is too good to punish us poor mortals forever. We have enough of that in this life.

There you have the whole difference. The non-Catholic is as free as the air he breathes to choose or reject truth. He is in a ship, without a captain, bound for eternity, but who is there to care by what route he sail, whether he strike the hidden shoals and rocks of error, or happily strike harbor safely?

"Far different is the position of the Catholic writer." He believes that here lies Truth, there Error. He has been taught to love and follow the one, to hate and shun the other, and He who said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life" has given him a pilot against whom the gates of hell shall not prevail. That pilot is the Catholic Church, of which that same Divine Truth has said, "He who hears you, hears Me," that Church who like a good and tender mother watches jealously over the spiritual welfare of her children. Every word that comes from a Catholic pen is subject to her watchful scrutiny as well as to that of his own conscience. Should he ignore the warnings of the latter, there are still those critics, faithful sons of Holy Mother Church, to be faced, and worse still the terrible censures and spiritual strictures of that loving but stern Mother herself, if he persist in his stubbornness and error. Consequently in all Catholic literature we always find a certain "beauty of restraint," a careful exclusion of immorality, a circumspect drawing of ethical and philosophical lines: in a word, a true and chaste beauty.

These are the strong points of a Catholic literature. Has it no defects? It has, naturally, in so far as it is a human product, and one of the most noticeable of these has been frequent carelessness of technique. This is no doubt due to the distinctly moral purpose so prevalent in Catholic works. The Catholic naturally appraises

all things with reference to their spiritual value. His first question is, how will it help me to save my soul—not, is it pretty? With him it is rather art for soul's sake than "art for art's sake," and while of course we do not for a moment question the correctness of his principle, we would, nevertheless, often wish he had been a little more artistic and a little less didactic, for "religion is not necessarily art, nor piety literature." We want to preserve all the strong moral purpose, but so combine it with artistic expression as to form a beautiful harmonious whole. Then Catholic literature is ideal.

II.

Nor is ideality at all beyond the possibility of a Catholic literature; nay, it is preëminently within its reach now as in the past, for Catholic literature alone possesses a "catholicity of view and themes." Every material object, principle or aspect lies open to the Catholic author, and besides all these he alone can command and utilize that great, wonderful world which we call the spiritual. To the world it is a stumbling block, inexplicable folly, but there the Catholic revels unafraid, in the white light of truth, for his infallible guide, with her sureness of ethical judgment, teaches him what the world "seeing may not understand." All the dangers that spring from passion and untruth are marked out for him and so he runs easily into a deeper insight into life and into higher ideals. From these springs an emotion correspondingly higher and saner, for Catholic life furnishes vastly superior ground for noble emotions than does non-Catholic. In Catholic life all the naturally good, warm, tender traits of human nature are deepened and strengthened by a spiritual motive. Religion is not a Sunday morning affair with a Catholic, to be taken off with his Sunday hat and suit and carefully laid away from dust and moth for the remaining six days and a half of the week; but it is a living, breathing, vital part of his very life. It clothes his every act, animates his every thought; it rises, labors, suffers, rejoices with him all day and lulls him peacefully to sleep at night. It is not less closely associated with him than his own very personality.

And look at the outward expression of that religion, its ritual! What a wealth of beauty in color, sound, form, symbol! In it the eye, the ear, the longing for the dramatic are all gratified and appealed to. Nor is it all a mere cold, empty ceremony. When the Catholic enters his church, a loving, eager Presence is there to welcome him. Night and day upon the Catholic altar lives his best, his changeless Friend, always ready and eager to listen, to forgive, to help, to comfort, to command, for there under sacramental veils beats the tender human Heart of the God-Man. The Catholic can pray to, and with, that adorable Saviour only a few

feet from where he kneels, come daily face to face with Him who shall one day be his Judge, and there before that very Jesus of Galilee hear again the words that fell from those sacred lips. What wonder his is a personal friendship with God! What wonder his pen speaks thoughts that have never entered into the heart of the non-Catholic world to conceive. "We have the pools of Solomon."

It follows naturally that our aqueducts must be, at least in general, principally, Catholic writers. Here in sanitary America, we are more than careful of our city water systems. We make sure that not only our reservoirs at the source be clean and disease-free, but each main and distributing pipe must be in perfect condition. Now in order to describe and interpret a people's life and customs it is requisite to know, to understand and to have a sympathy with that people. This is difficult and, with regard to Catholics, is more frequently impossible than probably with any other religious denomination, for despite all we may do or say, "the Church is still, even at this late period in her history, a strange and irritating puzzle to the world." The strangeness might be worn off some time if it were not for the irritation, and so, hard as it is for Catholics to understand, the Church remains and will ever remain a mystery to all except to those who will humbly accept her rule. To them she is so simple, so entirely natural, so perfectly true and necessary that their puzzle is to understand how it is that all men do not accept her teachings, and yet it is a fact that things Catholic are more frequently misrepresented, to put it mildly, than any other thing in God's beautiful world; this, too, in spite of the fact that we make generous efforts to explain our position, to answer objections, to enlighten our opponents. As a matter of fact, we are actually undergoing persecution from that bloodless tyrant, the press, an insidious, cunning persecution that is most dangerous because people will say their credo to the printed word, do what you will. Money and the press are the world's latest idols. No sane person would ever expect writers under such influences to give a fair or sympathetic expression of Catholicity; only a Catholic can do that, and not even all Catholics are fitted for the work.

There are such detestable beings as wolves in sheep's clothing even in the flock and the fold of the Good Shepherd, men and women who say they are Catholics but lead rebel lives and teach seditious principles. These may not be called Catholic writers; they do not deserve the title, and we do not need them to prop up our claims to an English Catholic literature. "We have the pools of Solomon," we must have the aqueducts, also.

On the other hand, we need not discard all works by authors who are non-Catholics. Many Catholic converts, Newman and Benson,

for instance, did much excellent work before their admission into the Church and oftentimes this may be truly classed as Catholic because its spirit and principles are Catholic. When Henry VIII. plunged the nation into schism for a pretty waiting-maid, he did not, no mortal could, blot out that nation's Catholic heritage. Whatever there is still good and true and holy in Protestantism is Catholic, and this was more particularly true of early Protestantism. Centuries of wandering in error have done their work. To-day a startling percentage of so-called Protestants are mere civilized pagans, but this was not true of Elizabethan Protestantism. The English people had been forced first into schism and then slowly backed down into heresy, but they went unwillingly enough. Even the trying fires of Puritan fanaticism could not kill their Catholic longings. Milton, "Puritan to the core in policy and practice, wrote the loveliest hymn on the Nativity that our language boasts." The English people as a whole did not lose their faith; to a large extent they were robbed of it. Neither did their literature at once lose its Catholic spirit, for a nation inherits religious imprints just as the individual inherits social and racial peculiarities. We need not be at all surprised then, at the "immense legacy from Catholicity in all English literature."

This is possibly more markedly apparent in the poetry of the language than in any other aspect of English literature. One finds such men as Tennyson and Longfellow using Catholic themes and settings, sometimes even writing in a truly Catholic spirit. At first this may seem strange, but it is really very simple. The poet relies less on human logic and intellectual inquiry than any other writer. His refined, sensitive soul is keenly attuned to the best and highest in nature, man and God, and when he writes under the stress and impetus of an inspiration, emotion overpowers prejudice, and the truth will out, and—whatever truth there is in this world is Catholic. This is why a "Legend Beautiful," a "King Robert of Sicily" and "Idylls of the King" are possible to a non-Catholic author. The poet soul responded to the touch of Divine Truth; the result was a Catholic poem.

III.

This, then, is what we mean by an English Catholic literature. It is a literature written in English, inspired by Catholic spirit, and composed chiefly by Catholic authors. Its marks are a universality far greater than that possible to the non-Catholic, for the vast ethical, spiritual world lies open to it, a beauty that is chaste and true, and a rich, inexhaustible heritage. Some work of non-Catholics that is "inspired by Catholic themes" and "permeated by a Catholic spirit" may be included also, as well as the immense Cath-

olic legacy in all English literature, with the same caution, however, that leads us to exclude the works of Catholics when these writings are distinctly opposed to the Catholic spirit.

Is there, then, such a literature? Unquestionably there is, as will be seen from even a cursory view of the history of English literature. Before the introduction of Christianity into Britain there was no literature; probably a certain amount of what may be termed oral literature, but there was no written work and as yet no English language. The very insular isolation of the country was a detriment to the spread of civilization even while being a protection against foreign invasion, and those who did invade in those early centuries brought barbarism instead of civilization among the Britons.

With St. Augustine Christianity came and with it civilization. Then came St. Aidan and the monks of Iona; Christian civilization spread rapidly, and presently the old spirit of song which had been preserved flashed forth again in Caedmon, the monk. The subjects only were changed, Christianity for paganism, monk for warrior, for all, or almost all, of these early Christian writers were monks. They formed the educated class and so naturally monopolized the literary production. In fact they were the only ones whose souls and minds were yet raised high enough to taste the sweets of literature. Unfortunately for our present purpose, however, much of this early work is in Latin, it being the language of the schools and of the educated, and so such names as Caedmon, Aldhelm, Cynewulf, Venerable Bede and King Alfred represent but a small portion of the literary work of those days.

Just when the monasteries had reached their height and Christian Britain might have begun to bear rich literary fruit, the Danes swept down on the people, burning their monasteries, massacring their monks, ravaging and pillaging their towns and homes, and before Britain could again climb back to her former glory, William the Norman conquered the land. These Normans were a highly cultured and well educated people. The Norman tongue became the language of the courts and schools, but never wholly supplanted the old Saxon tongue, which the people found sufficient for all ordinary purposes. Gradually the Saxon absorbed new words, new ideas and new culture from the invaders that resulted in an outburst of literature in every way superior to that of the preceding period. Much of this work, too, is in Latin, especially the contemporary history, but Norman romanticism and the English tongue finally triumphed in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Arthurian legends, and reached its climax in Geoffrey Chaucer, the "father of English Literature." Hence the founder and foundations of English literature are Catholics; in fact until Cranmer and Tyndale became sat-

ellites of Henry VIII. all English literature was Catholic with the exception of an occasional heretical work like those of Wyclif, whose authors displayed far more stubbornness and conceit than literary ability.

Catholic literature did not die, however, any more than did the Catholic Church, when England was dragged into Protestantism. It suffered a staggering blow, for soon Catholics were compelled to choose between faith and education. Those who chose the former were forced into an ignorance of letters, being so oppressed by the penal laws that poverty prevented their obtaining an education abroad; those who chose the latter "were too busy in getting up the arguments in favor of the new religious texts they had adopted to think of cultivating poetry or philosophy or history, or the dignified eloquence that becomes a classic." Moreover, England had already begun her expansion in the new world, and soon commercialism absorbed men, and the dollar is a poor bedfellow for literature.

But through it all the Catholic literature of the English language preserved a lineal line. It is true that "in name and to all appearance the Elizabethan era was Protestant," but it was so only in appearance, not in spirit as yet. Consequently, "the tone of poetry remained intact, and the Shakespearian drama is permanently Catholic in its grandest and purest passages," no matter what you may believe of Shakespeare's religious affiliation. Many of the Catholic martyrs, More, Fisher, Campion, Southwell, for example, sowed the seed of faith in poetry and prose as well as in their blood.

Gradually this began to bear fruit, and when the pendulum of Protestantism had swung to its extreme in Puritan fanaticism, a reaction set in, slow and timorous at first, but gradually acquiring momentum until to-day Catholics hold many prominent places in the English literary world. Like their Holy Mother the Church they are enjoying a "second spring," and who shall say it is not a harbinger of a fuller, wider, greater harvest than ever before?

The names are there—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Newman, Thompson, De Vere, Patmore, with scores of lesser lights. If these are not Catholic writers, if their works are not Catholic in spirit and inspiration, if these names do not form the great bones of the skeleton of English literature—but they are and they do. What further testimony do we need? Unquestionably there is an English Catholic literature, a rich legacy of it behind us; a brilliant future before. No doubt Cardinal Newman had his reasons for thinking no more English classics possible, but just why any one should believe that God will never create another literary genius is rather a hard mystery to accept. We should not dream of putting

such a limit on scientists or inventors; then why on writers? If Cardinal Newman could break his own dictum with his classic volumes, why may not another do likewise?

J. R. ADAMS.

Portland, Ore.

THE IDEAL COLLEGE MAN.*

I DEEM it my part, my hearers, in speaking before this assembly upon this occasion, to treat of those means by which you flourishing young men and young men very dear to me may be spurred on to engage wholeheartedly in the pursuit of virtue and of letters. This purpose, it seems, I can effect in no way more happily than by proposing to you, for the observation and careful consideration of all, a model and, as it were, pattern of an excellent young man. Since, however, I have never seen nor perhaps shall ever see such a model young man, I shall mark out his life and training in thought only and by the process of abstraction. For just as emulation of the praise bestowed upon another is very powerful in promoting endeavor, so also a splendid ideal is of great weight and advantage in shaping native minds in a salutary manner. The representation of such an ideal indeed will embrace all that is best and perfect in every individual.

If this plan of mine should seem new and unusual to any one, my protection will be found in the authority of Plato, Xenophon and Cicero. For the first of these conceived the ideal state; the second, the ideal prince; and the third, the ideal orator. But if, moreover, it will be thought that I ought not follow this plan because it is especially difficult and tedious to compel the attention of others to a single individual's concept, it would certainly be a matter for consideration, did I not think that the picture which I am undertaking ought to be delineated in accordance with the authoritative judgment of others, at whose colloquies I have chanced to be present, rather than in accordance with my own prescription. Nor do I even fear that other objection, namely, that I, being inexperienced, ought not appropriate this panegyric to myself and recommend to others the model which I have not reproduced in myself. For I know that stiff statues in the sculptor's studio are less pleasing than graceful ones, not only to the skilled artist, but also to the mediocre one, and that even the listless and ignorant easily distinguish how happily and ingeniously some bodies have been endowed.

Therefore, from the numerous observations I have been permitted to make these many years in many places and in many persons, from the abundant material I have been permitted to draw out of

*This is a lecture, "*De iuvene academico*," written in Latin by the English Jesuit and martyr, Blessed Edmund Campion (1540-1581), shortly after his graduation from Oxford, supposedly for delivery before the students of Dublin University in 1570. It first came to light a few years later at Douai and is now translated from the original by Herbert F. Wright, Ph. D., of Washington, D. C.

many sermons, I shall attempt, as if with a sort of painter's pencil, to sketch for you the ideal college man. I shall borrow from whatsoever source I can the remarkable gifts I have noticed in individual persons: from one the form of the head, from another that of the body; from you, too, I shall select certain members. When you see my model provided plentifully with all these, receive him right willingly for imitation. And you who do not wish to be last, strive always toward the top, for in this way it will happen that, if you will not obtain the first place, still you may take up your position a little behind the first. So it was with our ideal college man, whose life up to his twenty-third year (upon entering which he takes up the study of theology) I shall set forth in the present oration.

He was indeed a cosmopolitan by birth, of ample means, kindly and liberally educated, with a personality apparently made for honorable conduct and decency. His health was vigorous and his sides robust; in disposition he was shrewd and ardent, though level-headed. His memory was most happy; his voice flexible, sweet and sonorous. In gait, in motion, in all his activity, he was so vigorous, yet so composed and settled withal, that you would have believed him wisdom's own abode.

At the very dawn of his understanding, he imbibed the Catholic faith, which, together with the elementary studies of boyhood, he learned, not from any one at all of the herd of petty teachers, but from a skilled and learned man. Since his palate, his mouth, his lips: in fine his whole countenance had been molded after the shape and standard of his teacher's, his pronunciation was pleasing and distinct, so that when he became older he had little difficulty in acquiring oratorical graces.

Then in the course of a few years, since he had made use of the wisest teachers in the public schools and the best preceptor at home, he mastered all the difficulties of grammar and the scholastic rudiments I shall mention, attracting considerable attention and wonder. He knew Latin well and poured forth verse in abundance; he was not ignorant of Greek; he was eloquent and fluent in his mother tongue, in which he used to compose even rhymes and epigrams. He knew how to paint, to play on the lyre and sing by note, to solve ciphers with speed and skill. He understood arithmetic, he spoke with the greatest ease, he was an adept with the pen.

In these beginnings he persisted so resolutely and assiduously that while still a youth he advanced up to philosophy and the other arts, having already given illustrious proof of his future eloquence and read through with avidity many of the works of Cicero. His knowledge of Greek literature was moderate, while, as a poet, he was so wonderful that no one could doubt that in composing a poem

he felt the touch of inspiration from heaven, as it were, so vibrating were his iambic verses, so exalting his lyric. These gifts were rendered more conspicuous and lovable by a disposition that was simple, frank and tractable, as well as a character of the truest piety. When such seeds as these through the grace of God and the anxious care of parents begin to ripen, they beget a flowerlet of purity and innocence which produces the most substantial fruits of all the virtues.

For what purpose is in view in perfecting the soul in wisdom, unless it recognize the Fount of wisdom? To what end does one study, unless that End be placed before one? What folly, to clothe the genius in order to minister to the devil! What vanity, to enrich the mind in order that when it has been enriched and endowed it may rush headlong to hell! What foulness, to sing a song to please Satan thereby! What perfidy, to be armed with eloquence in order to battle for the foulest of rascals against one's Lord!

There was in this little lad, therefore, a very singular piety and probity. He always had on his lips the story of St. Louis, King of France: how when he was a boy, in the midst of the delights and snares of pleasures coupled with the greatest impunity and license for sinning, he made a resolution never, for any cause or pretext, even if heaven and earth threatened his destruction, to commit a single mortal sin. This same care was taken by our ideal college man, who was so wholeheartedly earnest in it that he stored up in the treasury of his heart thoughts such as give rise to wholesome words and deeds.

He daily recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and indeed from memory. He would reckon that day sunless upon which he had not heard Holy Mass; he prayed in a suppliant posture, on both knees, never inclining a cubit; he served the celebrant with avidity. He went to confession several times a month and after being shriven, always with the most careful diligence he frequently approached the Most Holy Sacrament. He confidently trusted his spiritual father in everything and wished to bare his whole soul completely to him, not only under the seal, but even in private conversation. Hence it happened that he entirely subdued foolish modesty, quaffed the sweet draft of penance, and carried away an ever-ready drug against the snares of demons.

Never in his life did he pass a Catholic priest, no matter how humble and lowly, without uncovering his head to him, and he was all the more cautious in avoiding making a slip of this sort in proportion as he noticed that such courtesies were more cheaply esteemed. He saluted in a respectful manner the Crucifix in whatever street-crossing, public square or notable place found. When

scoffed at by heretics, he placed it to his own gain, for so, he thought, it was appropriate for a disciple of the Crucified One to suffer contumely with his Lord.

He made frequent and abundant gifts to the poor, and not infrequently of the things he had withheld from himself by abstinence. He humbled himself to view and handle their loathsome sores without fastidiousness. If any one at school was rather looked down upon, yet was of conspicuous virtue, he offered him his company and solace. He ingratiated himself to his fellows in every way; he took care of their comfort, copied their lessons, prepared their pens, called them to class, visited them when sick in bed, and advised them in a brotherly manner. In conversation he was quiet and easy, in play unpretending yet lively, in study collected and serious, with comity and kindness towards all and great deference for his elders.

O seed, O plant, O blossom, if indeed you can ripen to maturity, what promises will you make for a happy harvest! By example and by word how much good will you accomplish for yourself, for your fellows, for the State, for the Church!

Now he grew to maturity, my hearers, and he did not, as those ignoble boys do, restrain himself for a short time, while bridled by youthful age. When free from restraint, he did not cool down and basely dissipate the many resources, the many hopes, the many labors of his own and of the others, but since he had outstripped all up to now, the rest of his life he surpassed himself. Therefore during the entire seven years which remained to him before beginning the study of theology, he accomplished much that was noteworthy and fruitful and very necessary for the kind of life he was contemplating. He finished the philosophical course in due time, he completed a course in Latin eloquence, and, to his praise, added Greek. He rifled the histories of his own native country, then those of Rome and of Greece, and finally the histories of all the other nations of the world. That part of philosophy which concerns morals and the State he learned thoroughly from Aristotle, first of all, and Plato. He literally flew over mathematics. In fine, there is nothing in the liberal arts of which he did not imbibe what was considered a sufficient amount.

I myself marvel, when I consider it, that all this variety was no hindrance to him, caused no confusion, no diffidence, no danger. For it must be remembered, he was in many kinds of verse as fruitful and elegant as if he had been born and bred on the very slopes of Helicon. In diction and style so pure, so measured, so scrupulous, that he seemed to have assimilated Cicero completely and converted him into his own flesh and blood. In disputation so

moderate, concise and subdued, that he could have transfixed Chrysippus himself. In natural philosophy so keen and penetrating that he was called "the Oracle of Physics." In history so rich, that he was called "the glutton of Antiquity." In the rest so intelligent and ready, that he was considered to be the only one one to have explored all the treasure-boxes of all knowledge. The causes which raised him so quickly to such a height of knowledge were these: a nature not precocious, but exuberant and full; very learned teachers; a well-equipped library; assiduous practice; in learning, labor; in labor, method; in method, constancy.

He was not the man to plunge himself promiscuously into authors or fill himself up with the corpses of books. He did not blunt himself by untimely vigils; he slept seven hours, more or less, and dedicated the day to industry, the night to rest. As soon as he was washed and dressed, being frugally though respectably clad, he began to study standing alone in his little room. No one was more fervent in piety than he, no one more moderate in his manner of life, no one meeker in prosperity, in storm more tranquil, in dignity more accessible, in trouble more prompt, in relaxation more agreeable.

He was very careful that nothing in his manners appear discordant or singular or noticeable in any other way. For he had perceived that some, no matter where they went, were pointed out as it were by the finger and spoken of by his fellows in such merited phrases as: "Behold the man who carries a little sword, the man who is a Stoic, the man who uses a curling iron, the man whose skullcap is always tilted over his left ear, the man who slays one by his glance, the man who rushes his words headlong, the man who sputters out his syllables like the poor suck up a broth." Especially did he avoid these mannerisms, if they seemed to be either united with little trivial sins or entangled in great danger of vanity. For he used to say it is was a small matter for an educated young man to abstain merely from mortal sins, from lust, dances, intoxication, blasphemies, hate, theft, perjuries. For men besmirched with such stains as these, far from being considered worthy of the name of studious men, are unworthy even of being called men at all. For, he says, since God has generously given to the studious man such a great advantage in caring for his soul and in his interest has removed the many hindrances by which the multitude is ensnared, what else would such a man do than dash the little Babylonians against the rock and slay on the very threshold not only the princes and satellites of darkness, but also those petty pilferers who creep in through the gates of the senses and make ready an entrance for the enemy?

And so our ideal college man became daily stronger than his very self. He no longer contended so noisily, nor looked with such curiosity, nor moved with such impatience. He said nothing negligently, emptily, dissolutely, over-hastily, importunately, or in rage. He blamed his own folly, if he had been a trifle slow in washing away the little blemishes on his soul. For the quicker he approached the tribunal of the Church, the easier it was for him to rid himself of these blemishes. He thought no moment had been lost to his studies which had been spent upon divine matters, and he stole no time secretly from the duty of religion to pour forth upon a literary business. Therefore at the stated prayers of feast days and ordinary days, at the rites, sermons, supplications, sacrifices, little chants, he was always the first and the last to be present. Often he ran to the public hospitals, girded himself with linen, and gave dinner and ministered to the poor people there, summoned a physician for them, stood by to assist them, bathed them, wiped them dry, full of humanity, full of diligence. No wonder, then, at following out these practices and so often putting before his eyes the rottenness and squalor of this little body of ours, he easily subdued luxury, despised delicacies, quenched the fires of passion and heartily abominated these specious foods of demons upon which young men feed.

In such great sanctity of mind and body, in such strictness and anxiety of conscience, he avoided superstitious and mental scruples, hypocrisy and presumption, moroseness and that reprehensible superciliousness which ensnares even good works at times. No one was more sincere than he, no one more humane, no one more adaptable to place, company and honorable custom. Nor were there wanting in his familiar conversation certain clever sayings and replies which, while never affected, were always ingenious and generally weighty and sententious.

When questioned about the remedies for wrath, he replied: "A mirror, so that a person, while angry and raging, may contemplate the distortion of his face, his quivering lips, his truculent eyes, his distended nostrils and his inflamed countenance."

"What is a man's worst enemy?" "Himself."

"Why did he make such slow progress in his studies?" "To finish the sooner," he said.

"What should be the first desire of those who learn?" "The living voice."

"What second?" "Method."

"What third?" "Method."

"What fourth?" "Method."

"What fifth?" "Practice."

"What insects have the sharpest bite?" "Backbiters," he replied.

And yet, although he indeed, if any one else in this theatre of virtues and the fine arts, was especially exposed to envy, he so controlled himself and yielded to his rivals with such great simplicity and prudence, that Envy, though speaking, was conquered by his silence, and finally, being overcome by the goodness and suavity of the young man, became almost speechless. For he judged his own efforts severely and others' kindly. No matter what he heard or read, he always found something arising from a good intention which he might praise on just grounds. If the style displeased him, the subject matter pleased him. If genius was lacking, he commended the industry. If a discourse was inelegant, he extolled the memory. In fine, he noticed everything worth mentioning by way of praise, he ignored the opposites. Never did there fall from his lips such statements as these: "This is inappropriate," "that is stupid," "that is barbarous," "there he was perplexed," "there we laughed," "he knows nothing." Yet he advised what was necessary in a useful way in the proper time and place and influenced those in whom he was interested to keep kindness free from flattery and candor free from bitterness.

Behold before us, my hearers, a fine young man, not daubed with paints nor smelling of perfumes, not a Beau Brummel in magnificent trappings, but so ennobled with the various and perpetual gifts of genius, learning and piety that I do not hesitate to place him, as if present, here in your midst, in order that fixing your eyes intently upon him you might strive to imitate his excellence.

Behold him now, from earliest boyhood even to this very day, advancing in virtues and letters. A poet, who had never sung—had never even read—love-poems, but in the other and profitable kinds of verse had expressed the majesty of Vergil, the gaiety of Ovid, the melody of Horace, the tragic dignity of Seneca. An orator who, as the occasion and subject demanded, could in a very ornate manner charm his hearers by the sweetness of his words, or overwhelm them by his passionate outbursts, or stupefy them by the magnificence of his subject, or persuade them by his subtlety. An historian who, possessing a most exact knowledge of geography and chronology, those two eyes of history, had comprehended, as if by a single glance, the face of the whole earth from the very origin of the world, including the beginnings, the progress and the vicissitudes of all monarchies and republics. A Greek scholar, who had quaffed that ancient wisdom at the Attic fountains with such delight and tranquillity. A dialectician, who, weighing the finest and clearest thoughts, member by member, as if with his fingers, had grown accustomed to draw his own distinctions and balance others'

and illuminate everything he treated. A philosopher, who had penetrated the inmost veins and vitals of universal nature. An astronomer, to whom heaven and earth were as an open book. To the highest degree powerful in genius, eloquent in the vernacular, exceptional in voice and gesture, strong and vigorous in body, rich in the other gifts which I have previously enumerated, and finally, to crown all, constant in faith, manliness, moderation and the entire performance of the duty of charity. Is there anything left for him, my hearers? Just a little while longer, and I shall make an end.

For since the days of tender fingernails, as the Greeks say, he had spent fifteen entire years in letters, languages, the arts and all liberal knowledge of this sort, and because he was mindful of theology, in which he had decided to spend the balance of his life, he gave the twenty-second year of his age, which terminated these first studies, to the Hebrew tongue. But in all the foregoing curriculum he had devoted his holidays and spare moments to sacred reading and had opened up for himself a well-fortified road to his future studies. For he heard sermons and attended catechetical instructions. He had conferred privately with theologians. He had thumbed the recent writings of Catholics, especially those in which controverted dogmas are explained in a lucid and pure style. He had sought after the weapons of religion and had discussed the fomentations of heresies with such great assiduity that there was no poisoned weapon of an adversary which he did not, no matter how it was cast, ward off with ease, with knowledge and with dexterity. He used to say that those old heretics, Arius, Eutyches, Pelagius, Nestorius and certain others who were equipped with superb subtlety and knowledge could be properly refuted only by skilled theologians; but that the paradoxes of these times are such clear, such open sacrileges, that they have scarcely been put to the test before they immediately fall to the ground and are rendered forceless without great resources of genius or of knowledge.

You have, my young college men, an ideal college man whom you can love, cherish, look up to and imitate, adorned with all forms of goodness, celebrated upon the lips of all, rich in virtues and manifold knowledge, flourishing in languages and virtues, a budding theologian. I can almost perceive the silent thoughts of some who would charge that this ideal is altogether beyond hope, being one which no man, who is or is to be, might attain. But since I have endeavored to emphasize in this ideal individual not so much the mediocrity of man as the dignity of the subject, I ought to consider not how much may be done praiseworthily by the many, but how much can be done excellently by him whose genius and symmetry of life is not out of harmony with this plan. And yet there will be

some, and even notable and excellent college men, who will not attain this height of glory. There are honorable inferior seats, if the fasces and curule chair of princes are denied. There is the civic crown, if the fullest triumph is not granted. Diomedes and Pyrrhus, Ajax and Ulysses, Æneas and Antenor, Deiphobus and Sarpedon, Alexander and Troilus and very many others in the same army, became famous from the Trojan War, and yet none of them equaled either Achilles or Hector.

Therefore throw yourselves into this struggle for learning with great spirit and great hope, so that you may approach as near to this ideal of a most estimable young man as circumstances and times will permit. Heed your Heavenly Father demanding back his talents with interest! Heed your Mother Church, who begot us, who nurtured us, imploring our aid! Heed the tearful voices of your neighbors, deprecating the danger of a spiritual fast! Heed the wailings of the wolves who are plundering the flock! Your Father's glory, your Mother's safety, your own salvation, your brethren's security are at stake, and can you neglect them? If this building were to burn up before your very eyes, would he not be a worthless youth who, while the lives of all his companions were in the greatest danger, would hum a tune or laugh heartily or play at guessing fingers or, as he says, ride his hobby? Behold the house of God is provoked into flame and waste by impious rascals. Innumerable souls are deceived, shattered and utterly consumed. And yet any single one of these ought to have been valued more highly than the empire of the whole world.

Do not view these tragedies, I beg you, in a jesting manner! Do not sleep, while the enemy prowls abroad! Do not play, while he is feeding! Do not give yourself up to leisure and vanity, while he is wallowing in the blood of your brethren! Not wealth, not liberty, not honor, but the eternal inheritance of every one, the throat of the soul, the spirit and life are suffering. Wherefore see to it, my very dear and erudite young men, that you suffer no loss of this precious time, that you carry away from this college a fruitful and abundant harvest to succor the public difficulties and gain for us the rewards of good sons.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.

ABOUT HONEY-DEW INSECTS.

"The countless Aphides, prolific tribe,
 With greedy trunks the honey'd sap imbibe;
 Swarm on each leaf with eggs or embryos big,
 And pendent nations tenant every twig."

—Erasmus Darwin ("Origin of Society")

HONEY-DEW INSECT and Aphid are high-sounding names for an insect that would not be tolerated in polite society by its common title of Plant-Louse, were it not that the creature sees to it that it is not ignored. For there is probably not a single herb, shrub or tree which has not its own particular "louse," sucking its sap and living on its sweet juices. Blight Insect describes most thoroughly the havoc these swarms can work on a plant, be it rose-bush, geranium, fruit-tree, grain, shade-tree, what-not.

Green is the usual color of the insect, so that Greenfly is another name for it, regardless of the fact that some are yellowish, others brown, reddish, slaty-gray and olive.

To tell the truth, the aphids form an interesting and important family in the great order Insecta. The many species are all small, the largest never exceeding one-fourth of an inch in length. What Browning says of one species might be true of all, no matter where found:

"There's the palm aphid, minute miracle,
 As wondrous every whit as thou or I;
 Well, and his world's the palm-frond, there he's born,
 Lives, breeds and dies in that circumference,
 An inch of green for cradle, pasture-ground and grave."

And they are minute miracles, in many ways. First of all, in their specialized tastes, which makes the greenfly that infests the apple shun the rose, and gives individual species to vine, hop, plum, peach, cherry, hazel, dahlia, pansy, honeysuckle, radish, nettle, thistle; at least there are species enough to be so divided among the plants, though some species infest more than one kind of plant. As a rule, the aphid sticks to its own plant, as an easy way to solve the problems of existence.

These minute insects are soft-bodied, pear or flask-shaped, little end forward, with long legs and antennæ. Most species have both a winged and a wingless form: the latter being equipped with two pairs of very delicate, lacy wings. Nearly all aphids, except the males in a few species, have a most capable beak which is always in action. Miss Buckley describes it:

"You may easily find them huddled together on a stem or bud, raised on their six slim legs, with their heads close down to the plant, and looking sleepily out of their two little brown eyes. Yet they are by no means asleep, but very busy, for their mouth, which, like that of all other insects, is composed of six parts, is so formed that they can plunge it deep into the stem and suck and suck all day, filling their round green bodies with sweet sap. A wonderful little mouth it is, the two lips being joined together into a kind of split tube, out of which are thrust the four jaws, in the shape of long thin lancets, to pierce the plant.

"When once these insects have fixed themselves they never seem to tire of sucking, but take in so much juice that, after passing through the body, it oozes out again at the tail and the tips of two curious little tubes standing up on their backs. This juice, falling on the stems and leaves of the plant, covers them with those sticky drops often called 'honey-dew.' It cannot be said that these little insects lead very exciting lives, for they make no homes, neither do they take any care of their young ones, and only move about when they wish to fix upon some new spot."

Yet for all they seem so stupid and cloddish, the owner of the plants they are sucking so generously must take an interest in them, if he is to have fruit, vegetables or flowers. As one writer quaintly observes:

"However blind from indifference to the minutiae of nature you may be, have you not often, when about to pluck a rosebud or piece of honeysuckle, almost started to find the one a green mass of moving life, the other with leaves green no longer, but turned black to the eye, and clammy to the touch? You perceive, in short, that what most people call a 'blight,' but what naturalists only look on as a swarm of aphids, has been busy with your flowers before you, and turn away disgusted, to seek for less contaminated sweets.

"Yet the little winged animal on your blight-disfigured rosebud is no inelegant specimen of Nature's Lilliputian workmanship. It has a plump, shining body of deep bright green, spotted at the sides with black; long slender legs, inclining to reddish and, like a bamboo reed, marked at every joint with black or darkest brown. The shoulders, head and long jointed antennae are also chiefly black, as well as two diverging spikelets proceeding from the back; while a pair of ample wings, much longer than the body, rise erectly over it. This pretty insect looks like the aristocracy of the wingless multitude, the *canaille*, which have shorter legs and flatter bodies than their winged superiors.

"And who can wonder at the spoil and havoc which these armies carry in their wake? The leaf whose surface, when they take it in

possession, resembles a smooth green plain, or, divided by intersecting veins, a country of verdant fields, is presently warped and converted into barren hills and arid dales by the extraction of its fertilizing sap; while the tender bud and vigorous shoot, though differently, are equally distorted and desiccated by their operations."

With no other thought, apparently, than to eat, with no care about concealing themselves from their numerous enemies or even to shelter themselves from wind and rain, these delicate creatures manage to live in droves and flocks. The first to appear in spring as the buds unfold, the last to leave their leafy pastures in the fall, infesting a plant underground as well as above it, aphids are ever present and in large numbers.

"The secret of this," says Miss Buckley, "is that they have a special way of sending their young into the world. If you look at a stem covered with plant-lice towards the end of the summer, you will find among the wingless sucking insects some larger ones straggling about the plant which have delicate, transparent wings. These are the fathers and mothers, whose wings have grown gradually under their splitting skins, and they will lay the eggs to be hatched next year. But if you look in the early spring you will find no winged plant-lice, but only the little round-bodied green forms, and yet new ones are constantly appearing. . . . For as soon as one of these wingless aphids is about ten or twelve days old, there come from her body, not eggs, but young living aphids like herself, three, four or even seven a day, which struggle over the backs of their companions till they find a clear spot on the stem, where they fix their mouths and suck like the others, only moving to struggle out of their skins about three or four times a day, till they are full grown. Then these young ones begin to bud in the same way in their turn, so that in a very short time from two or three mothers a whole plant is covered. In fact it has been reckoned that a single aphid may give rise in the summer to a quintillion (1,000,000,000,000,000,000) of young."

The amazing reproductive powers which the aphid possesses is one of the most interesting parts of its history. The naturalist Bonnet discovered in 1742 the singular mode of reproduction in these insects, a kind of budding process which enables one of these springtime stem-mothers to continue reproducing as a tree sends forth twigs and leaves. These young, born alive, also have the power to reproduce their kind, so that where there is one stem-mother to-day there will be twenty-five to-morrow, twenty-five times twenty-five the next day, twenty-five times twenty-five times twenty-five the next day, and so on.

"As if Nature, in her exceeding haste to fill up her quotas of

millions of ready-made sappers and miners of vegetable life for the summer campaign, had disregarded all rules in her otherwise regulated household," says Packard. As it requires about a fortnight for a stem-mother, which hatches from an egg laid the fall before, to reach maturity, and as each one of her living young requires the same length of time to become full-grown, nine generations has been considered the summer brood of one stem-mother; the nine generations reckoning as one from one autumn mating to the next:

"Unmarried Aphides prolific prove
For nine successions uninform'd of love;
New sexes meet with softer passions spring,
Breathe the fond vow and woo with quivering wing."
—Erasmus Darwin ("Origin of Society")

Professor Huxley computed that the tenth generation of a single individual aphid would, if not checked in any way by means natural or otherwise, require to be set out in a row of twenty-nine figures; that though it requires ten thousand aphids to weigh one grain avoirdupois, this little family party would be equal in weight to over one million billion men. Appalling figures, yet not more so that the female aphid's ability to reproduce, since in one day an aphid may produce twenty or more young, all females like herself which grow to full size at a rapid rate and begin themselves to bud out again into female grandchildren that have the same power, and since this budding reproduction has been known to continue as far as the twentieth generation in some species in a single summer, reluctant as an aphid may be to leave off its sucking sap, migration by foot or by means of developing a pair of wings is often necessary in order to avoid starvation, and for one of these mothers to find standing room for her own progeny.

When one of these families is kept in a warm experimenting room, where there is no winter in its year, but a constant supply of summer heat and summer fare, this budding process has been known to continue for four years or more, and include over a hundred generations, the last quite as capable of reproducing living young as the original stem-mother.

But under natural conditions, in latitudes where winter sends the temperature down to the freezing point for protracted periods, the aphid must have some way of getting through this unfavorable season successfully, so that its race may be on hand to greet the spring rush of sap and lush leafage. The different species of this family have various methods of eluding King Winter's death-dealing breath.

The great majority hibernate in the egg state. In the early

autumn these stem-mothers begin producing both male and female offspring: these mate; the males then die while the females deposit their eggs before death overtakes them. The eggs, at least some of them, pass through the winter, and in spring hatch into stem-mothers, which continue the budding process. Of course, many of these winter eggs become bird-food, or are washed away by rains and melting snow, but a sufficient number survive to assure the species continued existence. No matter what crops may fail, there has never yet been known any failure in the aphid crop. Ask the farmer, the florist, the orchardist.

When the statement is made that "the female deposits her eggs in the fall," the story is merely hinted; the real romance consists in her methods of depositing them. "There are tricks in all trades" was never better exemplified than by the female aphids of the many species at their yearly autumnal task.

The species found especially on the under side of oak-leaves, particularly in colonies on the burr oak, lay their winter eggs in the downy underside of the leaf, usually tamping one firmly against the mid-rib. There a bird will not be likely to find it, and as the leaf may remain on the tree until the new leaves begin coming out in the spring, the insect when newly hatched merely abandons its old leaf for a new one, and sets to eating. Of course, should the leaf fall during the winter, that insect is either lost to the world, or if it hatches must find an oak and laboriously crawl up to the tender shoots.

Species of aphids occurring on trees that lose their leaves in the fall do not trust their eggs to the foliage, but wander over the twigs in search of good hiding-places. The bark about the buds are favorite places. The species found on the box-elder deposits her eggs irregularly upon the bark of the twigs, but another that chooses beech leaves for its banquet table wanders over the bark of the twigs, limbs and trunk tucking away her eggs into crevices by the following method: "The insect so places herself that her hind legs easily touch the egg; then standing on her four front legs she brings the two hind ones down upon the egg in rapid succession, striking with considerable force. This serves the double purpose of pushing the egg into place and of drawing out a viscid secretion with which it is covered into a thread-like, silvery film, so similar to the surrounding bark that it is difficult to detect the difference. A minute and a half to two minutes are spent in this process."

So says Mr. Weed, who has made a study of the hibernation of aphids. He also gives instances of species which "live upon various trees during autumn, winter and spring, but for the summer season

migrate to more succulent herbaceous plants. . . . For instance, our common apple aphid spends the summer upon grasses, where they continue breeding until autumn, when they return to the apple, and the winged females establish colonies of the wingless egg-laying form upon the leaves. The males fly in from the summer host-plant. The eggs are then laid on the twigs and buds, and the cycle for the year is completed.

"The aphid commonly affecting cherry trees has a similar history. It winters over on the twigs in the egg state. Early in spring the young aphids hatch and crawl upon the bursting buds, inserting their tiny sap-sucking beaks into the tissues of the unfolding leaves. In a week or ten days they become full-grown and begin giving birth to young lice, that also soon develop and repeat the process, increasing very rapidly. Most of the early spring forms are wingless, but during June great numbers of the winged lice appear, and late in June or early in July they generally leave the cherry, migrating to some other plant, although we do not yet know what that plant is. Here they continue developing throughout the summer, and in autumn a winged brood again appears and migrates back to the cherry. These migrants give birth to young that develop into egg-laying females which deposit small, oval, shining black eggs upon the twigs."

As Mr. Kellogg says: "The point of all this is plainly that in the aphids there must be recognized an unusual, and to them, very advantageous adaptive plasticity of both structure and function. Defenseless as are the aphid individuals as far as capacity either to fight or to run away is concerned, the various aphid species are, on the contrary, very well defended by their structural and physiological plasticity and their extraordinary fecundity."

Dr. Riley found that the hop aphid passes the winter in the egg state on plum trees. In spring each egg hatches into a small aphid that sucks the sap from the expanding leaves. This is the so-called stem-mother. She becomes full grown in a week or two and then begins bringing forth living young at an average of about three a day, continuing the process until she has become the mother of a hundred or more rapidly developing aphids. Each of these in turn gives birth to other young in the same way. Three generations of these parthenogenetic forms are produced upon the plum, the last becoming winged and deserting the trees in search of hop plants. On finding them, these winged migrants light upon the under sides of the leaves, where they start colonies; and the species continues developing upon the hop plant throughout the summer. In early autumn another winged generation is produced, that migrates back to the plum (on which account these forms are some-

times called return-migrants), where each settles upon a leaf and gives birth to three or more young that develop into sexual oviparous females. About the same time winged males are produced upon the hops. They also migrate to the plum, where they mate with the oviparous females. The latter deposit the winter eggs upon the twigs about the buds; and on the advent of cold weather all forms but the eggs perish.

Even this complicated system of summer and winter homes, migrating and mating, does not spare the fruit trees to any extent, since those that work on them only a part of the season develop in sufficient numbers to do serious injury to foliage or fruit before migrating to their summer food-plants.

This ability to put forth wings at need is one great factor in the "plasticity" of the race. For at any time in the course of these "buddings," either all or a part of the individuals of a brood may be winged, in order to fly away and establish new colonies either on the same plant or another one of like or different species. One experimenter, Clarke, in California, has been able to produce a winged generation at will by simply changing the chemical constitution of the sap of the host-plant on which the aphids were reared in his laboratory, proving that when the sap fails to satisfy the aphid, it can grow wings and escape to a plant whose sap does suit. A winged form, though, is always succeeded by a wingless one, as if the species believed in taking root as often as possible, favoring migration only as a means, not as a whim to be encouraged.

The aphids lead a gluttonous life indeed, for, as Mr. Packard observes: "When their stomachs are full, they do not have to rest awhile and sharpen their appetites for the next meal, or resort to emetics as in the palmy days of Roman epicurism, but Nature has provided them with two safety valves, being two little tubes situated on the end of the body. The liquid food, or sap, after passing through the alimentary canal, in part overflows through these tubes, as a sweet exudation called honey-dew. It may be seen dropping on leaves, and sometimes solidifies into a solid, whitish sugar."

It is sometimes produced in such quantities that it forms a glistening coating on the leaves of the branches below the plant-lice, and stone walks beneath shade trees are often densely spotted and uncomfortably sticky with it. But common as this sweet, clammy substance is on leaves and walks, the knowledge as to its origin is not so common. Pliny, the learned ancient, was doubtful as to whether to call it "sweat of the heavens," "saliva of the stars," or "a liquid produced by purgation of the air." Many moderns are

about as perplexed as to its origin, never thinking to associate it with plant-lice.

Honey-dew is an extract quite similar to the honey of bees in that it is of vegetable origin, and is secreted in a state of the greatest purity. No doubt if mankind had learned to domesticate the aphid to his uses as he has the bee, honey-dew would be as popular a table delicacy as honey.

"Besides the profusion of sweets which they scatter around them, like sugar-plums at a carnival, they always keep a good supply within the green jars of their bodies," says one old writer. "By the lavish distribution of these saccharine riches, our little aphids make for themselves, it is true, a few interested friends, while, on the other hand, they owe to their possession a host of devouring enemies. Reaumur designates the race of aphids as 'the very corn' sown for the use of their more powerful insect brethren; but as animate creatures, as well as gregarious green-leaf grazers, they have been considered with more propriety as the *oves* and *boves*, the flocks and herds, of those which seem permitted to hold them in possession."

Indeed, we may sometimes get honey-dew served up to us in the form of honey, since bees lap it eagerly. Wasps, too; but these two insects only take what they can find where they find it. Ants are still fonder of the extract: it has been called the ants' national dish. Ants not only feed on the sugary, limpid syrup wherever they can find it, but coax the makers to "give down" a supply.

"Frequently," says Mr. Packard, "the ants will stroke them and urge them to give out their honey more rapidly, hence they seem to milk them, and the aphids are regarded as the ants' cows."

The ant stands behind the aphid and rubs it gently but rapidly with its antennæ, as if coaxing the "cow," when the plump creature gives out from the end of its body a drop of sweet liquid, which the ant greedily laps up. Of course, without this attention, the aphid will exude its honey-dew from time to time, but, on the other hand, it is believed that the aphid profits as much as the ant by thus getting the sticky substance removed from its body. Indeed, one experimenter found that the aphids would wait for the ants to come before exuding their honey-dew, though this does not always hold true, as we know from the wasted secretion on leaves and walks.

This liquor forms the principal food of many ants, and different species of ants often cultivate their herds of particular aphids. The association is mutually beneficial, since the ants do their best to protect their flocks of plant-lice from enemies, acting as a sort of standing army for their food-producing kine.

Moreover, some ants build cattle-pens, or other protection for the aphids. "Some ants build little walls of earth over their aphids," says Badenoch, "cowsheds, they may be called, to prevent them straying. Some form a private covered roadway between their cattle's grazing ground and their nest, placing their cows within easy reach and distance of communication. Others of these ingenious beings, who are always busy, have taken to heart the lesson of necessity of the economy of time and labor. To save themselves repeated and tiresome journeyings to and fro, they frequently thoroughly domesticate their cows, so to speak, or drive them in considerable flocks into the near neighborhood of home; sometimes they convey them inside their nest. The aphids selected feed on the sap of grass and roots, a nutriment that lies ready to hand without troubling the captives to step out of doors, the subterranean chambers and corridors being constructed in the midst of the vegetation required."

Huber it was that discovered that ants actually breed their cattle, rearing them from the egg to adulthood and caring for them attentively, herding them, and even carrying this care of their flocks so far as to take eggs or aphids up in their jaws and run to a place of safety with them when danger threatened.

"One day in November, anxious to know if the yellow ants began to bury themselves in their subterranean chambers, I destroyed with care one of their habitations, story by story. I had not advanced far in this attempt when I discovered an apartment containing an assemblage of little eggs, which were for the most part of the color of ebony. Several ants surrounded and appeared to take great care of them, and endeavored, as quickly as possible, to convey them from my sight. I seized upon this chamber, its inhabitants and the treasure it contained.

"The ants did not abandon these eggs to make their escape; a stronger instinct retained them. They hastened to conceal them under the small dwelling which I held in my hand, and when I reached home I drew them from it to observe them more attentively. Viewed with a microscope, they appeared nearly of the form of ants' eggs, but their color was entirely different. The greater part were black; others were of a cloudy yellow. I found them in several ant-hills, and obtained them of different degrees in shade. They were not all black and yellow; some were brown, of a slight and also of a brilliant red and white; others were of a color less distinct, as a straw color, grayish, etc. I remarked they were not of the same color at both extremities.

"To observe them more closely I placed them in the cover of a box faced with glass. They were collected in a heap like the eggs

of ants. Their guardians seemed to value them highly; after having visited them they placed one part in the earth, but I witnessed the attention they bestowed upon the rest; they approached them, slightly separating their pincers; passed their tongue between each, extended them, then walked alternately over them, depositing, I believe, a liquid substance as they proceeded. They appeared to treat them exactly as if they were the eggs of their own species; they touched them with their antennæ, and frequently carried them in their mouths. They did not quit these eggs a single instant; they took them up, turned them, and after having surveyed them with affectionate regard conveyed them with extreme tenderness to the little chamber of earth I had placed at their disposal.

"They were not, however, the eggs of ants; we know that these are extremely white, becoming transparent as they increase in age, but never acquire a color essentially different. I was for a long time unacquainted with the origin of those of which I have just spoken, and by chance discovered that they contained little aphids; but it was not these individual eggs I saw them quit, it was other eggs which were a little larger, found in the nests of yellow ants, and of a particular species. On opening the anthills, I discovered several chambers containing a great number of brown eggs. The ants were extremely jealous of them, carrying them away, and quickly, too, to the bottom of the nest, disputing and contending for them with a zeal which left me no doubt of the strong attachment with which they regard them.

"Desirous of conciliating their interests as well as my own, I took the ants and their treasure and placed them in such a manner that I might easily observe them. These eggs were never abandoned. The ants took the same care of them as the former. The following day I saw one of these eggs open, and an aphid fully formed, having a large trunk, quit it. I knew it to be an aphid of the oak; the others were disclosed a few days after, and the greater number in my presence. They set immediately about sucking the juices from some branches of the tree I gave them, and the ants now found within their reach a recompense for their care and attention."

This forms another factor in the hibernation of aphids, for these wise cattle-breeders collect eggs left on the leaf-stalks of certain plants in the autumn, such as the English daisy, and carry them to their nests, "where," Sir John Lubbock records, "they were tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young aphids which hatch are brought out and again placed upon the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to me a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants

may not perhaps lay up food for winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the animal kingdom."

Mr. Weed made a similar discovery regarding the winter condition of the corn-root aphid, which is found from spring to autumn feeding upon the roots of corn, when it is always attended by the little brown ant, which digs channels for it and cares for it in every way.

"One day late in April," he says, "I came across a mass of aphid eggs in a nest of the ant in an old cornfield in central Illinois. They hatched next day into aphids that subsequently developed into the species in question. Many similar observations were afterwards made, at the conclusion of which I summarized the life history of the insect as follows:

"During the first warm days of spring, usually before the ground is ploughed, there hatch from the eggs small greenish lice that are transferred by the ants to the roots and radicles of *Setaria* and *Polygonum*, where they are carefully tended by the ants. In about a fortnight these young have become adult stem-mothers and give birth to quite a number of young. In the meanwhile the ground has probably been ploughed and some crop sowed. In case this crop is corn the ants transfer the lice to the corn roots; but if it is oats or wheat they may continue to rear the lice on *Setaria* and *Polygonum*. The young from these stem-mothers become adult in about a fortnight, some of them being apterous and others winged. The winged specimens fly to the other hills, either in the same or neighboring fields, where the ants are waiting to receive them, and proceed to establish colonies.

"This second generation brings forth viviparous young (mostly wingless); and generations of viviparous females continue to develop on corn roots throughout the summer. In autumn the true sexes are produced (both being apterous), and the eggs are deposited by the oviparous females in the mines of the ant colonies. These eggs are cared for by the ants through the winter, and the young lice that hatch from them in spring are provided for as already described."

Corn-growers have reason for feeling discouraged when they find the ants have begun pasturing their flocks on the corn crop. For Professor Forbes has made an estimate of the rate of increase of the corn-root louse. "A single stem-mother of the corn-root aphid brings forth twelve to fifteen young, that mature in a fortnight. Assuring the correctness of the figures here given as to the normal rate of multiplication and the number of generations pro-

duced in a year, and further, supposing that all the plant-lice descending from a single female hatched from the egg in spring were to live and reproduce throughout the year, we should have coming from the egg the following spring nine and a half million young. As each plant-louse measures about 1.4 mm. in length and .93 mm. in width, an easy calculation shows that these conceivably possible descendants of a single female would, if closely placed end to end, form a procession seven million eight hundred and fifty thousand miles in length; or they would make a belt or strip ten feet wide and two hundred and thirty miles long."

Truly, the fecundity of these creatures challenges the mathematicians to find new ways to juggle their numbers into interesting mind-staggering problems.

Most aphids excrete a powdery white substance which is scattered over the body and give it a sort of "bloom," or when thick, giving the insect the appearance of having been rolled in flour. Or it may be secreted in large, downy masses, giving the insect a woolly covering. These insects are usually called "blight," such as alder, apple, willow, elm, according to the plant chosen as the host of each species. This down is secreted through many small pores over the body, first as a waxy liquid; it hardens very quickly and the waxy threads massed together look like threads of cotton or wool. This serves as a covering for the body, a means of aerial transportation, and also as a sort of hibernating den.

"Have you never picked up an apple-leaf or elm-leaf covered with something looking like tufts of white cotton, so sticky that you cannot clear your fingers of it? If so, look carefully at it next time you find it, and under each white tuft you will see an insect struggling along which is like a rose aphid, only without the little tubes on its back. In fact this fluffy stuff is a kind of wax which oozes out with the sweet liquid all over the body of the insect, protecting it from the sun and from enemies as it feeds, and making it look like a lady in a feathery white ball dress. Some species of these fluff-covered aphids fasten on to the stems of apple trees, and have been known entirely to destroy them. Then again, there are others which eat their way into the leaves of the trees, making rosy bladders upon them, while others attack the wheat or the hops. In mild seasons, when these insects increase rapidly, they have been known to destroy a whole hop harvest."—Miss Buckley.

An interesting feature of this woolly apple aphid and of the woolly elm aphid is that they are the same insects. It is known practically wherever the apple is grown, because there will be elms somewhere about to spell the fruit tree off during the summer. The insect is a reddish-brown animal with the abdomen honey-yellow, scarcely one-

tenth of an inch in total length. It inhabits the tree from roots to tip-twigs, and its presence will be easily detected by the bluish-white cottony patches it makes. The waxy fibres are much longer on the above-ground insects than on those underground.

Its life history is this: During the summer a dozen generations of wingless virgin-mothers may be developed on the apple tree, each mother bringing forth living young, from two to twenty a day, for a fortnight or so. The young are born wrapped in a thin shell, which is soon cast off; it begins to eat, and in a few hours has its waxy coating secreted. Every time the skin is shed there is a new coating, which accounts for the patches of this flocculent material wherever a colony is located. Along in August winged females are born, which migrate by wing or by wind to the elm, where they begin producing wingless forms, from six to twelve of them, about half males and half females, with no mouth parts. These reddish-yellow females are about one-twentieth of an inch in length, but twice as large as their slender, greenish-yellow brothers. These tiny females each lay an egg, long, cinnamon-red and oval, nearly as large as herself, depositing it in a crevice in the bark. This is the winter egg, which hatches into a stem-mother and takes up its residence on an elm-leaf bud, where she and her large family dine royally on fresh elm leaves. Her winged progeny migrate back to the apple tree or to other elm branches, while the apple tree, which has also wintered some eggs and adults, repays the compliment.

The leaves on which these wooly flocks pasture swell and curl, but the bark of the twigs and young branches becomes deeply pitted and scarred, and even stops growing; infested branches are always distorted and unhealthy. The underground aphids cause swellings or galls to develop on the roots, and this will kill young trees.

Another well-known wooly aphid is the alder-blight, which excretes large quantities of both wax and honey-dew. The colony is not sought out to any extent by ants, so the large amount of honey-dew which gathers on the branches becomes a fertile spot for large masses of black, spongy fungus that damages the alder quite as much as the plant-lice. In the fall these aphids migrate down the branches and trunk to the base of the shrub, to spend the winter; those that survive crawl back up the shrub in the spring and begin to produce young.

The beech tree blight infests both the twigs and leaves of its host. It also occurs in clusters of individuals, each of which is clothed in a ballet-dancer's petticoat of fluffy white. These clusters often attract attention by the insect's love of wriggling its body up and down, as if trying to dance with the back end of itself while continuing to sip at the punch-bowl. Moreover, when the limb is shaken,

down showers a spray of honey-dew. Vast numbers move down in the fall to congregate in crevices between the base of the trunk and larger roots and the soil, or beneath fallen leaves and other ground rubbish. Of course many die, but some do not, as the beech tree attests in the spring.

Some aphids are able to form galls on the leaves and in the bud ends of twigs, such as those blackened fluted knobs on the cottonwood and balsam poplar, which may remain for several seasons. A single female begins the gall, as a covered nursery for herself and her young, who do not leave the snugger until early fall. Those on the sumac resemble some sort of a nut, while the cockscomb gall-louse infests the elm, making narrow, erect, blackish galls irregularly toothed along the upper edge; they are placed on the top surface of the leaves, and do suggest proud chanticler's head ornament in shape. Gall-lice also secrete honey-dew, which will be seen on the sidewalk beneath an infested tree; and in this honey-dew a dark, cankerous fungus develops. By the end of June or the beginning of July, the cockscomb gall becomes full of winged plant-lice, when the slit on the upper side of the leaf, through which the mother plant-louse built up the gall early in the spring, gapes open and allows the insects to escape.

Plant-lice often do incalculable injury to their hosts. The wheat aphid when very numerous causes the grain to shrivel, because its punctures and the consequent loss of sap deprive the kernels of their necessary food. There are three plant-lice known to infest the apple, aside from the woolly species; sometimes two will work on the same tree. Several devote themselves to the plum or to the peach. The strawberry-root louse feeds on the leaves in the spring, until the ants begin establishing colonies of them on the roots, and in case the plant dies transferring these cows to fresh pastures.

A particularly destructive species is the grape phylloxera, which infests both the leaves and roots of the vine and causes galls to gather on both parts of the plant. The leaf galls appear on the lower surface of the leaves, and are hollow, fleshy swellings more or less wrinkled and hairy, resembling pretty fluted balls; the opening is on the upper surface of the leaf, and is guarded by a dense growth of down. Each is made by a stem-mother that hatches from a winter egg soon after the first grape leaves have begun to unfold. She crawls from the cane where she hatched up to a leaf, and begins feeding on the upper surface. The puncture so made stimulates the growth of the leaf cells and so produces the hollow gall. Within this gall the insect develops and becomes mature after the third molt, which occurs in about fifteen days. She may within the next three weeks lay from five to six hundred

eggs in this gall, which as they hatch, in about eight days, escape from the gall through the fuzzy doorway and start galls and families of their own.

After the third generation, many migrate to the roots, where the underground forms of the species have been developing from individuals that wintered over below the surface, or others that hatched from winter eggs and went down to the roots instead of up to the leaves. Indeed, on some varieties of grape, the gall stage is omitted altogether, all the insects developing from the winter eggs going directly down to the roots.

Along in the summer, some of the eggs laid by the root insects develop wings, emerge from the soil and colonize above the ground, sometimes traveling by wind for rods or even miles. These winged forms produce eggs that hatch into sexed individuals, the females of which lay the winter eggs in the rough bark of the vine.

This grape-root louse originally infested only a few species of wild vines in the eastern part of the United States. Fitch discovered it in 1853 on wild grape specimens found in New York, and on these native vines both leaves and roots are colonized. In 1868 it was found to be invading the French vineyards about Bordeaux and Gard, having been introduced there on rooted vines from America. In 1884 more than a third of the French vineyards had been destroyed; in many places vine-stumps became the common fuel, because the vineyards must be wholly uprooted and new stock planted. From France it was reintroduced into America by the importation of French vines into California, and it is now known in South Africa, New Zealand, Russia and Algeria. This little insect, about one-twenty-fifth of an inch in length, is a pest, if ever there was one.

The chief injury to the vine is the canker caused by the root galls, soft and watery and diseased tissue, which decay and so gradually leave the plant without sufficient root-spread. Since the native wild grapes of the Eastern States, the original food plant, suffer but little from the insect's attacks, these resistant species are used as root stocks for the cultivated vines—the most practical remedy yet discovered to combat the pest.

Fortunately, plant-lice have a host of enemies. The ladybug, innocent as she looks, keeps her steel-blue larval coat or her scarlet cuirass of adulthood stuffed with aphid chops. The larvæ of the lace-winged fly and the grub of the hover-fly get their growth by sucking aphids dry. They are infested by mites and gobbled up by birds. They are preyed upon by an ichneumon fly which lays eggs in the plump, well-fed bodies; "whereupon," says Kirby, "the body of the victim swells and becomes smooth, though still full of

life. Those, thus pricked, separate from their companions, and take up their station on the under side of the leaf. After some days, the grub hatched from the enclosed egg pierces the body of the aphid, and attaches the margin of the orifice to the leaf by silken threads. Upon this, it dies, becomes white and resembles a brilliant bead or pearl, the mouth of the circular hole remaining like a trapdoor." Not that it always retires to a quiet place to die with dignity, for these swollen specimens can often be found still feeding with the colony.

By computing the number of plant-lice on the surface of a cherry leaf, and the number of leaves on a young cherry tree, Dr. Fitch estimated that each one of seven small cherry trees was stocked with at least twelve million aphids. "And yet so vigilant, so sharp-sighted and voracious were their enemies that at the end of a few days the whole were exterminated."

In the case of fruit trees, vegetables and flowers, the grower cannot always wait for rains, frosts, birds, parasites, drought and such natural means to carry off these pests, but must be sharp-eyed himself, and vigilant with the insecticide. In too many cases he is fighting both the aphid and ant-protector, and must do his best to coöperate with the aphid's natural enemies.

THE WAIL OF THE WHIPPOORWILL.

"The lonely Whip-Poor-Will, our bird of night,
Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
His shrill note quavered in the startled ear."

—James K. Paulding ("The Whippoorwill")

THE Whippoorwill's three-toned call, so unique in many respects, has made the bird popular with the poets. Uttered as it is at night, and in such a long-drawn, tremulous sort of way, it challenges an attempt at description, and demands an explanation as to the reason for its peculiar qualities.

Some of the phrases descriptive of the call are very pleasing. One poet terms it "whippoorwill's eerie crying shrill and sweet." Another remarks that "weirdly sounds the whippoorwill's wild rhyme." To another the bird "makes sad lament." Bryant observes how "from the thicket near the whippoorwill sent forth his liquid note." Two other poets describe it most faithfully:

"Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded,
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring
thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence."

—Longfellow ("Evangeline")

"When suddenly, across the hill—

Long, low and sweet, with dreamy fall,

Yet true and mellow, call for call,

Elate, and with a human thrill—

Came the far answer: 'Whip-poor-will!'"

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Sadness seems to be its prevailing tone, judging from the poets' observations. Madison Cawein notes "the far-off, far-off woe of 'whippoorwill!' of 'whippoorwill!'" and other testimony to this effect are the following lines:

"And echoing sweetly on the hill

Whistles the sorrowing whippoorwill."

—A. B. Street

"Deep in the grove the woodland sprites

Start into frequent music brief;

And there the whippoorwill recites

The ballad of his grief."

—T. B. Read

"Within the deep,

Impenetrable sorrow of the woods,

Like one in weeds, with knotted cords of grief,

Scourging his heart until it shrieks its woe,

The whippoorwill lifts up its direful voice."

—T. B. Read

Lucy Larcom, however, finds them not such dismal birds, and uses the expression: "The whippoorwills went gossiping from silent tree to tree, among the gray eavesdropping bats." Madison Cawein, in his poem "The Little People," imagines the fairies

"Whirling by the waning moon

To the whippoorwill's weird tune."

Just why the bird should be so down-hearted puzzles the poets considerably. Dora Read Goodale seems to think it is a protest against having to lay off feeding: "The whippoorwill, with plaintive cry, rests from his eager, busy flight." Two others ascribe it to loneliness:

"Thyself unseen, thy pensive moan

Poured in no living comrade's ear,

The forest's shaded depths alone

Thy mournful melody can hear."

—Elizabeth F. Ellett ("The Whippoorwill")

"And the whippoorwill is weeping,
 'Whippoorwill, whippoorwill!'
 Lonely still,

The whippoorwill is weeping,
 'Whippoorwill!'"

—Madison J. Cawein

Two other poets think of the bird as one of a retiring, hermit-like disposition, taking a melancholy sort of delight in dark, withdrawn places:

"The garish day inspires thee not;
 But hid in some deep-shaded grot,
 Thou like a sad recluse dost wait
 The silver hours inviolate,
 When evening's harsher sound is flown,
 And groves and glens are all thine own—
 Whippoorwill!"

—Henry S. Cornwell

"Lone whippoorwill,
 There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
 Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
 Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
 And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
 Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
 His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
 And lifts his anthem when the world is still."

—Isaac McClellan

These "shady characters, oftener heard than seen, of recluse nocturnal habits and perfectly noiseless flight," as Dr. Coues, the ornithologist, describes them, and again "Those shadowy birds, consorts of bats and owls—those scarce-embodied voices of the night, here, there, and everywhere unseen, but shrilling on the ear with sorrow-stricken iteration," may have good reason for feeling sad, according to A. M. Machar:

"We hear thy voice, but see not thee;
 Thou seem'st but a voice to be—
 A wandering spirit, brooding yet
 For parted joys and vain regret—
 So plaintive thine untiring trill,
 O whippoorwill, O whippoorwill!"

The Indians have a legend that these birds were not seen until after the great massacres of their race by the English; and that they are the departed spirits of their murdered brothers; they look upon them with superstitious dread, and believe that if they alight on or near a dwelling, some one in the household will soon after die. Perhaps Lowell had this legend in mind when he wrote the lines, so appropriate to "The Fountain of Youth":

"There whippoorwills plain in the solitudes hoary
 With lone cries that wander
 Now hither, now yonder,
 Like souls doomed of old
 To a mild purgatory."

More like, he refers to scenes in Dante's "Divine Comedy." Wordsworth, in his lines on superstition, changes the race of the martyrs from red to black:

"And in thy iteration: 'Whip-poor-Will!
 Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,
 Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave."

Robert Buchanan implies that the bird has a message to deliver, though as far as he gets is to attract attention:

"Hear, O hear!
 In the great elm by the mere
 Whippoorwill is crying clear."

Another poet gets an inkling of the message, though vaguely:

"Why dost thou come at set of sun,
 Those pensive words to say?
 Why *Whip-Poor-Will*?—what has he done?
 And who is Will, I pray?
 Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
 A suppliant at my door?
 Why ask of me to Whip-Poor-Will?
 And is Will really poor?
 If poverty's his crime, let mirth
 From out his heart be driven,
 That is the deadliest sin on earth,
 And never is forgiven!"

—George Primms

To Thoreau the bird warned "whip-or-I-will," which is one variation of the call. But usually the whistle is the well-known three-toned lilt that has named the bird:

"And now it is night, and the world is still;
 Not a ray of sunshine gleams on the hill.
 Another bird speaks in accents shrill,
 Suddenly giving her name—'Whip-Poor-Will!'"

—Anon.

"And, deep at first within the distant wood, the Whip-poor-Will, her name her only song," says Carlos Wilcox, writing of "Spring in New England," and then proceeds to describe a cozy, comfortable, homely scene:

"She, soon as children from the noisy sport
 Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
 To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
 Are by her voice diverted and held mute,
 Comes to the margin of the nearest grove;

And when the twilight, deepen'd into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quickened, as in sport."

This is contradictory to the Indian legend, which regards such familiarity as an ill-omen. Indeed, judging from the lines in "Hiawatha," the red men looked upon the bird as a sad one, indeed:

"When the noiseless night descended,
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks."

Longfellow does not seem to have heard the Indian legend, however, or at least the ill-omen attaching to the bird. For he records, after Hiawatha's fasting, on the eve of his last conflict with Mondamin, which ended so successfully for the young hero:

"Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam."

But for all its sadness, the bird was not perfect in his wailing, as, after listening to Chibiabos, the "sweetest of all singers," Hiawatha's most beloved friend, all nature paid tribute to this unrivaled musician,

"And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, 'O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!'"

So, too, in a certain rural poem, "Her voice is sweet as a whippoorwill's."

Only one poet seems to have been near enough to the bird to hear that peculiar clicking, or clucking, which punctuates its rapid phrases, and is supposed to be made by the bird's opening and shutting his gaping beak to suck in air, like a fish out of water. Frank Bolles, in a poem on "The Oven-Bird," employs the line, "When the whippoorwill is clucking," and in a poem devoted to the bird, he again mentions this odd feature:

"From the clearing comes a message,
Tremulous and full of motive—
Weird, half-sorrowful, uncanny,
Taken up by other voices.
In the sand the singer lingers,
Now and then a feline purring,
Seems to tell of solaced sorrow;

Not for long, for from his wallow
Comes the mournful repetition,
Broken by a guttural chucking,
Sobbing to the wakeful echo."

It is along late in April that the whippoorwills begin arriving from the South, hence, in a poem on "Early May," John Burroughs remarks that "New songsters come with every morn, and whippoorwill is overdue." Fact is, they appear after insect food becomes plentiful, and remain until the supply becomes scarce, which is usually along in September, although, in a certain August poem, we are told that

"Birds sing no more, but on the hill
The tender plaint of whippoorwill,
Who, telling oft her woeful tale,
Lingers full late after her time." —Zitella Cocke

In regard to the spring migration, it is interesting to note that in Kansas they have the saying: "Wish when you hear the first Whippoorwill in the spring, and the wish will come to pass." In Alabama it takes this form: "In the spring, when you hear the first Whippoorwill, if you lie down and roll over, and while rolling, make a wish, it will certainly come true," as it should, after such well-meant exertions. In Connecticut, however, they say "What you are doing when you hear the first Whippoorwill you will do all the year, or you will be doing the same thing one year from that time. . . . Wherever you happen to be when you first hear a Whippoorwill in the spring, there you will spend the year."

The poets have not failed to notice that woods and such retired spots are the bird's favorite habitat, not only many previously quoted, but in other quotations to follow:

"And, mystic haunt of the whippoorwills,
The wood, that all the background fills." —Phœbe Cary

But James G. Clarke tells us that "the whippoorwill wails on the moor," while Frank Bolles finds it in a clearing, in the sand. It is frequently located on a hill, perhaps sometimes because the slope is wooded, and other times because the poet needs a rhyme for the bird's name:

"The plaintive cry of the whippoorwill
Is heard along the hill."

—W. W. Story ("Moonrise")

"All the winds were sleeping;
One lone whippoorwill
Made the silence deeper,
Calling from the hill."

—Julia C. R. Dorr

As Thoreau has recorded: "The whippoorwill suggests how wide asunder are the woods and the town. Its note is very rarely heard by those who live on the street, and then it is thought to be of ill-omen. Only the dwellers on the outskirts of the village hear it occasionally. It sometimes comes into their yards. But go into the woods on a warm night at this season, and it is the prevailing note. It is no more of ill-omen here than the night and the moonlight are. It is a bird not only of the wood, but of the night side of the woods. I hear some whippoorwill on hills, others in thick wooded vales, which ring hollow and cavernous, like an apartment or cellar, with their note, as when I hear the workings of some artisan within an apartment. It is not nightfall till the whippoorwill begins to sing." This is the general opinion expressed in poetical quotations, such as

"When early shades of evening's close
The air with solemn darkness fill,
Before the moonlight softly throws
Its fairly mantle o'er the hill,
A sad sound goes
In plaintive thrill;
Who hears it knows
The whippoorwill."

—E. B. Brownlow

In his poem, "Sunset in Arkansas," Albert Pike mentions "the sad whippoorwill, with lonely din." Hamlin Garland has coined a very suitable and poetical expression in the title of his poem "The Whippoorwill's Hour" which is that time between daylight and dark when "from the fragrant dusk of pines the whippoorwill puts forth his slender cry." Other "timely" references to the bird's performance are:

"when the whippoorwill
In some old tree sings wild and shrill,
With glow-worm eyes that dot the dark." —Madison Cawein

"When the glory of sunset fades in the skies
As the shadows of evening descend o'er the hill,
And vapors from forest and valley arise,
Then murmur thy notes, O sweet whippoorwill!"
—Isaac McClellan

In short, twilight is "the whippoorwill's hour," the glow-worm's and the bat's, and so the bird is found decorating more than one such poem:

"And past the luminous pasture-lands complained
The first far whippoorwill."
—Madison Cawein ("Spring Twilight")

"The whippoorwill, whose sudden cry rang out,
Plaintive, yet strong, upon the startled air."

—Dora R. Goodale ("A Twilight Fancy")

"A whippoorwill in the distance cried."

—Ernest McGaffey ("Twilight")

"And then a sudden whippoorwill
Called overhead, so wildly shrill
The sleeping wood, it seemed to me,
Cried out, and then again was still."

—Madison Cawein ("Dusk in the Woods")

But the whippoorwill's hour is not limited to sixty minutes. As Mr. Cawein, with whom the bird seems a favorite, tells us, "the whippoorwills, far in the afterglow, complain to silence." Alice Cary, like many another nature-lover brought up amid nature's chosen haunts, remembers

"The chamber, where in the starry light
I used to lie awake at night
And list to the whippoorwill."

The great Audubon frankly confessed to a fondness for this favorite American night bird: "The notes are to me more interesting than those of the nightingale. This taste I have probably acquired by listening to the whippoorwill in parts where Nature exhibited all her lone grandeur, and when no discordant din interrupted the repose of all around. . . . I have often listened to the nightingale, but never under such circumstances, and therefore its sweetest notes have never awakened the same feeling." And John Burroughs, too, is familiar with the notes as they make the night noisy:

"Finally, as the shadows deepen and the stars begin to come out, the whippoorwill suddenly strikes up. What a rude intrusion upon the serenity and harmony of the hour! A cry without music, insistent, reiterated, loud, penetrating, and yet the ear welcomes it also; the night and the solitude are so vast that they can stand it; and when, an hour later, as the night enters into full possession, the bird comes and serenades me under my window or upon my doorstep, my heart warms toward it. . . . One April morning between three and four o'clock, hearing one strike up near my window, I began counting its calls. My neighbor had told me he had heard one call over two hundred times without a break, which seemed to me a big story. But I have a much bigger one to tell. This bird actually laid upon the the back of poor Will one thousand and eighty-eight blows, with only a barely perceptible pause here and there, as if to catch its breath. Then it stopped about half a minute and began again, uttering this time three hundred and ninety

calls, when it paused, flew a little farther away, took up the tale once more, and continued till I fell asleep."

"And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow."
—Joseph Rodman Drake ("The Culprit Fay")

TWO AWE-INSPIRING INSECTS.

The Death-Watch Beetle.

"The death-watch ticked behind the panelled oak."
—Thomas Hood ("The Haunted House")

"**D**EATH-WATCH" is a name popularly applied to several species of the hundred and fifty comprising the Ptinid family of beetles. This is because of their habit of rapping their heads so sharply against wood in which they are burrowing as to make a regular tapping or ticking sound:

"And the wood-worm picks,
And the death-watch ticks."
—Robert Browning ("Mesmerism")

The tick is made by the perfect insects, and the strong and repeated strokes made by one individual, numbering from seven to eleven made without pause, resemble the regular ticking of a watch. It can be imitated by tapping the finger-nail gently on wood; so much can this imitation be made to resemble the insect's "note," that one of them, hearing it, may often be led to recommence its sounds.

The superstitious have long regarded this sound with fear, firmly believing that "the solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death," for the one hearing it. So in a certain long poem we find the hero, Aladdin, holding converse with one of the insects:

{Aladdin)

Is this thine only chant, ill-boding hermit,
Croaking from rotten clefts and mouldering walls,—
Thy burden still of death and of decay?

{Death-watch)

Pi, pi, pi—no hope for thee.

{Aladdin)

I do begin to credit thee,—thou speakest
With such assurance that my heart believes thee,
Hither, to shake me with thy note of death?

(Death-watch)

Pi, pi, pi,—no hope for thee.

(Aladdin)

It cannot change its ditty, if it would;

'Tis but a sound,—a motion of the mouth;—

Her song is but "pi, pi,"—the rest was fancy.

'Twas I that heard it,—'twas not she that sung.

(Death-watch)

No hope for thee.

(Aladdin)

Ha! insect—what is this?—Think'st thou to shake

My fixed philosophy with that croak of thine?

(Death-watch)

Pi!—

(Aladdin)

Well,—be it as it may,—my hope is gone.

This brief, but oft repeated warning note

Weights down my bosom, fills my heart with fear.

—Adam G. Oehlenschläger ("Aladdin")

This extract convinces one of the truth of Sir Thomas Browne's statement, in whose time this notion was quite generally believed, that "the man who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers," and philosophers and other pretended wise men, it would seem, from "Aladdin's" inability to argue himself free from the superstition. In those times, as Addison remarked of one: "She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches." Wordsworth, too, refers to the "most rustic ignorance," that takes "a fearful apprehension from the owl or death-watch." And Tennyson, in "The May Queen," has the dying girl say:

"I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;"

In his "Insect Book," Mr. Westell says, "The Death Watch Beetle deserves mention if only on account of the stupid superstitions with which it is surrounded. The quaint 'ticking' or tapping, or whatever else one may choose to call it, is supposed to forebode evil, death, bad-luck, or disaster, but it is safe to assert that the insect is perfectly innocent of any such intentions. The noise is made for the purpose of attracting the attention of its mate, and it seems unkind to attribute its courtship ways to the universally accepted superstitions briefly referred to above."

But the poet takes delight in keeping old superstitions alive, if for nothing more than their poetical uses, and so we will perhaps continue to find references to this one in various verses:

"When Fritz was born
There was a death-watch ticking in the wall."
—Arlo Bates ("Under the Beech-Tree")

"I hear the death-moth tick and stir
Slow-honeycombing through the bark."
—Madison Cawein ("Since Then")

"Those damp, black, dead
Nights in the Tower; dead—with the fear of death—
Too dead ev'n for a death-watch!"
—Tennyson ("Queen Mary")

This name is given particularly to the little beetle known as *Anobium*, a word from the Greek meaning "resuscitated," because when touched it shams death for a long time. One authority, Olivier, states that these beetles will allow themselves to be pulled to pieces, and even slowly burned to death, without showing the least sign of life, though it is well to let his experiments stand alone, and when the beetles are to be destroyed try more prompt methods of extermination. For the great bard's words of mercy no doubt apply to this species as to any other:

"The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies." —("Measure for Measure")

Anobium is a tiny, hard-bodied, robust, cinnamon-colored beetle about a third of an inch long, with short, thick, stout jaws and a small head that almost disappears into the body-shell. It is slow in its motions and rarely flies. One species, *Anobium tessellatum*, is a pretty insect with mottled wings.

The larvæ resemble soft white worms, with six short feet, the scaly head is armed with powerful cutting tools, with which they gnaw into wood, old furniture, books and other decaying matter both vegetable and animal. The small round holes made by their gnawing resemble gimlet holes, which causes the French to name them *vrillettes*, little gimlets. The refuse from this boring is often seen on the floors of old and deserted houses, in the form of a powdery wood dust; the larvæ also attack flour, wafers, prepared birds and insects, and otherwise work havoc.

To quote Mr. Westell on the subject, "This beetle takes keen delight in paying its devotions to articles of furniture, tunnelling into the legs of tables, chairs, bedsteads and other household requisites. It is wonderful to notice the power it has of reducing wood-work to powder. When it is remembered that the larva lives as such for a number of years it is a matter for wonder that

more damage is not carried out. I have myself seen boxes quite riddled with the borings of these creatures, and many a connoisseur of old furniture who has prided himself upon his treasures has had to deplore their ruination and practical destruction as a result of the ravages of the Death Watch Beetle."

Since the larvæ pass the nymph, or final transformation stage, in cells, lined with a few silken threads, perhaps the wonder is not so great that they do not do more damage. Except for the "saw-dust" they tumble out of their burrows, their presence cannot be detected, as they keep themselves well hidden in their grooves, or galleries.

The grown insect is also a voracious eater, so that if it does not tick of death, it at least warns the householder that decay is going on within his furniture, and one may well be apprehensive as to the safety of his own bed-legs when he hears the creatures astir:

"I hear but the death-watch drumming,
I've heard it the livelong night,"

says an anonymous poet in "Old Stories," and he might well fear for the loss of some favorite story-book, since old books are favorite food. So in the larval stage the Death-Watch Beetles often play the part of "book-worms," and are usually so called by librarians and others who suffer damage at their busy jaws.

"the worm, our busy brother, drills
His sprawling path through letters anciently
Made fine and large to suit some abbot's eye."
—Robert Browning ("Sordello")

Another member of the family of Ptinids, or Death-Watch family, is the drug-store beetle. It is a cosmopolitan species, and feeds on many kinds of dead organic matter, naturally having a much wider range of food choice than other members of the family. Says Mr. Kellogg: "As the Ptinids mostly live on dead and dry vegetable matter, it was not improbable when I began a collecting expedition in a drug-store that I should find a number of specimens of this family. But to find a majority of the canisters and jars containing vegetable drugs in the condition of roots, stems, leaves, etc., infested by beetles of this family was unexpected. The most abundant species on this collecting-ground was *Sitrodrepa panicea*, which we may call the 'drug-store beetle.' It was found to be attacking blue-flag rhizome, comfrey-root, dogbane-root, ginger-rhizome, marshmallow-root, aniseed, aconite-tuber (deadly poison to us!) musk-root, Indian turnip-rhizome, wormwood stems, flowers

and leaves; thorn-apple leaves, cantharides (dried bodies of blister-beetles), and thirty other different drugs! Larvæ, pupæ, and adults were side by side in most of the canisters."

And Comstock notes of the same insect: "It sometimes assumes the role of a bookworm. We have bred it in large numbers from the cover of a very old book, a copy of Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' printed in 1536. It seems that old books are much more subject to the attacks of bookworms than others."

"The learned themselves we book-worms name,
And death-watches physicians." —Alexander Pope

Whatever the species of insect making the tick, it is a challenging sound. Though to one listener it may be as Thomas Campbell says, "the ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!" to another it is not fearsome at all:

"And music dwells, homely indeed, yet sweet,
In many a household sound of gentle meaning,
The soft quick pattering of tiny feet;
The quiet voice that in our childhood's dreaming
We called the wood-worm's song before he died;
The cricket's note, the kettle's cheerful humming,
The gentle purring of the cat beside
The fire, fresh heaped to wait her master's coming."
—Anon. ("Music")

The saying hinted in the lines above, that the death-watch but ticks its own funeral song, ought to comfort those who must find an augury in the sound.

On a still evening, the insects that make their abode in the woodland growths may be heard, according to Madison Cawein:

"And in the dead wood everywhere
The insects ticked, or bored below
The rotted bark." —("Dusk in the Woods")

One poet hears it in the autumn, as the insect drills its winter quarters, and he names the sound as made by a living time-piece, which is a poetical thought in itself; thinking of the insect as telling the time for the housekeeping spider in the hollow tree:

"and the 'spider's clock
Ticks from its crevice." —A. B. Street

Best of all is Joseph Rodman Drake's pretty idea that the beetle is a fairy clock:

"'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak."
—("The Culprit Fay")

The Death's-Head Moth.

"And the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruined eyes of death."

—Lord de Tabley ("Circe")

ONE of the largest and most beautiful of European moths has been given this solemn-sounding name, because on the shoulders or thorax it bears a conspicuous patch, or badge, having some resemblance to the facial side of a human skull. In many ways this moth is an interesting species, and since it has migrated to this country, where it rounds out its existence as comfortably as in Europe, it is a new citizen worth knowing.

Though the wings often have a spread of nearly six inches, the short, thick body and large head give the insect a peculiarly heavy appearance.

The head and thorax are very dark, of a velvety mixture in mizzled black, rusty-brown and dark gray, and on this sable ground is the creature's name-mark figured in yellowish gray—a rather round, well-outlined light-colored blotch containing two round dark spots of the blackish body color; this grim cranium is accompanied by a suggestion of cross-bones in the dark gray cloudings below. The lower part of the body is striped in the black and yellow, and indeed, the colors on the thorax are echoed in the creature's whole livery. The fore-wings are marked with waves and shades of black and brown, broken by a few lighter clouds, blackish-gray mottled with yellow and red, in bars and spots; there is one small white spot near the centre. The hind-wings are a rich brown-yellow barred with black. The colors may vary, and the patterns not always be true, but this is the general appearance.

The caterpillar is an immense fellow about five inches in length when full-grown, and when at rest has the habit of raising the head and first front segments of the body in that curious sphinx-like attitude so characteristic of the group of moths with which it is classed. Its brilliant coloring contrasts strikingly to the rather mournful livery of its mothhood. It is of a fine yellow, or greenish-yellow, marked with seven oblique stripes of dull blue or violet on each side of the body, with intervening lines of blue and black spots. Looking down on it, the back shows pretty V-shaped bars. It has the pointed tail-like horn common to sphinx-caterpillars, which is rough, bent downwards and then recurved at the tip, and with the two short hind-feet below, the rear part of the insect has a strangely doggy appearance.

The colors may vary, and often do, so that specimens will show different shades of brown for the general color, with whitish

stripes, or instead of the oblique side-stripes, there may be a chain of brown diamond-shaped cross-bars.

The caterpillar appears in July and August, its favorite food plant being the potato, the cultivation of which tends to increase the number of the insects, though as yet it has not been numerous enough to cause any real damage to crops. It also lives on the jasmine, hemp, elder, snowberry, dogwood, woody nightshade, deadly nightshade, and other widely different plants. It has been known to take so kindly to other food when the potato was scarce as to refuse such leaves when they were offered it, which shows its versatile appetite.

It also lives readily on the tea-tree, it being recorded in the *Cambridge Chronicle* of September, 1846, that Mr. Denny took twenty of the full-grown larvæ off such a tree growing on the top of a house at the back of Downing terrace, all of which he successfully reared to mothhood.

This insect is nocturnal in all stages. As a caterpillar it feeds at night and remains hidden low down on the stem of the plant throughout the day, or it may even elude collectors, hot sunshine and the darts of egg-laying ichneumon-flies by retiring to the loose earth about the roots of the plant.

About the middle of August, or as late as the beginning of September, the caterpillar becomes full-fed, when it retires underground to a considerable depth, and forms a smooth, well-lined burrow, and puts off its last skin for its chrysalid covering. This is so thin and so easily ruptured that the pupa that is disturbed during potato-digging time will almost always be unable to reach the adult state.

From its underground cell the adult emerges after a few weeks, or after several months, as the case may be, presenting, as a writer of the mid-nineteenth century remarks, "another curious correspondence with its funereal character. One of these moths, on bursting from the chrysalis, which is always found buried in the earth, was observed to be enveloped, to the head, limbs, and antennæ, by a fine membrane, like tissue paper, which dropped off as these gradually unfolded—even as a shrouded body, on bursting from the tomb, might cast off the cerements of the dead. The wings of the above specimen, as usual on emergence, were not larger than a finger-nail; but the insect having speedily placed itself in a position to admit of their hanging down, they were soon injected with air or fluid, and in two hours perfectly expanded."

September is the month when the moth is most on the wing, a

most fitting time for this winged Death's Head to be abroad, as a harbinger of the wintry tomb about to engulf the vegetable world. It is somewhat erratic in its appearance, of course, and moths may be found from June to October, or even into November, though September is the "peak" month for their numbers, as July and August show the most larvæ. It is believed that larvæ which become full-grown in September winter over in the pupa stage, while those moths that emerge at that time hibernate also.

The hibernating moths and pupa emerge in May, their offspring is full-grown by July and awing by July or August, to become the parents of the late September and October moths and pupa that winter over. The easiest way to rear the moths is by taking care of the larvæ, as a pupa that is disturbed after it has taken to its cell rarely completes its transformation. A pupa is a tender, sensitive thing at best, and its roomy, earthen dungeon, with the gummy secretion spun by the larvæ, seems necessary to insure the pupa freedom from irritation, inequable temperature, and too much or too little moisture.

One plan for forcing the pupa is to keep it in a warm room, or even near a fire, always covered with moss, or other damp, porous material, or even damp bran or sawdust. But the best way is to first catch your larva, furnish it with food and a good bit of earth for its dungeon, and then let it be left undisturbed.

"Essentially a creature of the night," says Badenoch, "the Death's Head Moth can hardly be roused into animation in the day; even by pinching, and throwing it into the air, it can only be induced, and that in sluggish fashion, to flutter the shortest distance. But on the wing, at night, all is changed, for its power and endurance seem immense; few insects, indeed, possess a more powerful and sustained flight. It is often met with by ships at sea, to gain which it must have flown hundreds of miles from land. A specimen flew on board a steamer on her voyage from Africa, off Cape de Verde; and one has been taken by a fishing-boat in the North Sea, about a hundred miles east of May Island."

It is usually a solitary creature, but a common attraction will sometimes bring several together. It is on record that a large number was once drawn to a lantern on board a vessel at anchor on the coast of Devon, a dozen of which were hunted down by the sailors.

Finding the moth so far out at sea has led entomologists to believe that the insect is migratory, or at least a great wanderer. It has long been known to be a pronounced nomad, common in a locality one season and rare the next, though of course this change

in numbers may be due to favorable or unfavorable conditions. It has a wide geographical range, from the sub-tropical regions of India and Africa, its native home, to the whole of Europe, Africa and Asia almost to the northern boundary of the temperate zone.

One of the most remarkable things about the insect is its possession of a voice, a gift bestowed upon but one other member of the tribe. At least, it is able to utter a loud, shrill, wailing squeak, said to be plaintive and mournful, and to resemble the cry of a mouse.

"While both sexes can produce the noise," says Badenoch, "and some individuals do so with the greatest readiness whenever touched or disturbed, nothing will induce others to make it, ever so faintly. The strange cry has been long known to naturalists, and the question of its origin has given rise to much discussion. Almost innumerable theories have been invented to account for this apparently simple phenomenon, and quite a literature of its own has accumulated round the subject. From Reaumur downwards, observer after observer has experimented with the view of ascertaining the exact seat of the sound."

One supposes it to proceed from the body; another thinks it is produced by friction of the chest upon the abdomen, the wings having nothing to do therewith, a third declares he has discovered the organs of sound in a pair of scales at the wings' base, played upon by the action of the pinions themselves. Such was the opinion of Mr. Denny, who so successfully reared several of the larvæ to adult moths; according to his theory, the organs producing the death's-head's melancholy strain are two large movable horny scales, at the bases of the upper wings, fixed on the thorax, and covering each a small aperture, which is also a horny substance. In proof that the vibration of these scales causes the sound, it is stated that during its emission they, only, are in a state of strong vibration, while all other parts of the insect may be at rest.

Several experimenters have traced the origin of the sound to the interior of the insect's head; from which, according to their statements, the sound continues to proceed on separation of the body. Reaumur himself thought that the cry proceeded from the head, its immediate source being the friction of the palpi against the tongue. It is now believed the creature literally "gnashes its jaws."

Since the pupa also has the power of squeaking like the moth shortly before emerging from its case, the wing-theory hardly holds good. The larva, too, can squeak, its "voice" being a grating or crackling noise "that may be compared to the snap which accompanies an electric spark, and sometimes the noise is repeated in

rapid succession, resembling that occasioned by the winding up of a watch. Cottagers finding the caterpillar have described it, not inaptly, as biting its teeth at them."

Mr. Badenoch's theory seems the correct one: "There is no doubt the sound is of a defensive character, and is made when the animal is irritated or disturbed. It appears to result from a lateral action of the large mandibles or jaws, which are furnished on their outer surface with some minute prominences; and when one jaw is outside, and passing over the other, it is momentarily arrested by the prominence of the latter, and falls sharply against its outer surface towards its base, the sudden jerk and collision between the two hard substances probably causing the sound."

The sound is made when the creature is disturbed or frightened, so that it is really a lament, an expression of misery, irritation, ill-temper. According to Reaumur, "when shut up in a box; it cries; when caught, it cries; and when held between the fingers, it never ceases crying."

Naturally, an insect that appears only at twilight and disappears with the sun, one that "bears between his wings the ruined eyes of death," and has a supernatural wail that has the proper tone for evil auguries, this moth has always been regarded as the herald of the fates whose mortal emblem is emblazoned on its back. Disease and death were anticipated in the wake of its heavy pinions, being announced by the mournful cry that accompanied the flutter of its dingy wings, clad in funeral attire of the saddest possible pattern.

The ignorant fears excited by this remarkable moth have assumed, in different countries, various absurd forms. For instance, according to the Negro version, "it's all a man's life's worth to see a Death's-Head Mohf. Mor'n dat, dey do say dat the good Lor' He nebber make dat critter at all. De evil sperrits fabricated dat ting in de darkest night of de year."

Latreille informs us that the sudden appearance of these insects in a certain district of France, while the people were suffering from an epidemic, was considered to be the cause of the disease. St. Pierre tells us that in the Isle of France, the dust from off the wings of the moth was believed to cause blindness, merely by flight through a room. There is a saying in England that the species has been very common in Whitehall ever since the "martyrdom" of Charles the First. Another English superstition is that the moth is in collusion with witches, and whispers into their ears the name of the person for whom the next grave is to be dug. In Poland it is called the Wandering Death's Bird, with a cry that is

a moan of anguish, of grief, and brilliant eyes typifying the fiery element from whence it came at the bidding of the evil spirits that command its goings and comings.

The Death's-Head Moth's flights out to sea would indicate that it is not much of an eater. It does seem to be able to fast or to feast as circumstances permit. It has been seen hovering about the flowers, though its extremely short tongue would prevent its sipping all flowers. Perhaps the sap of trees is its natural food.

But the creature loves honey, and will work hard to get it, as its nickname of Bee-Robber, or Bee-Tiger, indicates. It has been found trying to get into a hive, and has also been found inside, where, as one anonymous writer says, "under cover of his awe-inspiring voice, he pillages, with impunity, its honied stores.

"Either, then, for want of a more convenient instrument for extracting nectar, fresh drawn from tubular flowers, or in order that he may quaff it on a scale proportioned to his bulk, he will frequently brave, singly, and unarmed as he is, the numerous poisoned arrows of a bee-hive garrison, with a view to pilfering and regaling on its stores. In this bold undertaking he seldom fails, owing impunity, as it would appear, almost entirely to the paralyzing power of his formidable voice. His approach to a hive by twilight, or the glow of a harvest moon, is a signal for general alarm and commotion, and each individual bee, at sight of this dreaded visitant, or sound of his boding cry, shakes its wings in fearful tremor, or responds to the wailing trumpet of the invader by a peculiar buzz, expressive of alarm.

"Even the bee sentinels, keeping their moonlight watch around the gate of their waxen city, shrink appalled as before an apparition, when the dark wings of the Death's-Head Moth overshadow their beat; and the robber, entering, proceeds to regale unmolested by the trembling bees, whose wonted courage and sagacity seem on this occasion to give place to human ignorance and folly. As soon, however, as the departure of the satiated marauder relieves the panic-stricken citizens of their error, they commence taking the most active measures to guard, in future, against being thus robbed before their faces; and the chances are, that should the death's-head visitant return again on the ensuing night, he will find all entrance barred by a strong waxen wall, built within the doorway of the hive, and leaving only just sufficient space for the exit or entrance of a single bee."

To be sure, its huge size may frighten the bees, and its shrill voice arrest and control their hostility, imitating as it may, to them, the song of the queen; at any rate, the bees do not rush upon the

robber, but try to wall it up. The moth has sometimes been found securely embalmed, though whether this process occurred before or after its death is not known. The modern hive is built on a plan that prevents its entrance.

Of course, such a unique species would attract the attention of the poet, and it will be met in certain lines by English writers. Caroline Southey, when advising Ladybird to make her will, assures her, "We'll witness it, Death Moth and I." John Keats, in his "Ode to Melancholy," refers to this moth and the death-watch beetle, both considered by the superstitious as prophets of evil:

"Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche."

Thomas Hood, describing "The Haunted House," sees this moth in characteristic attitude, content to make such a melancholy place its day-time hiding-place

"And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
The Death's-head moth was clinging,—
That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;
And with a grim significance flits round
The taper burning blueely."

This largest of European moths, of bird-like proportions, of which the female is the larger, excels in size every European insect except the Peacock Butterfly, yet, as Browning says

"Peacock and death's-head-moth end much the same."

though of the two the moth is more likely to last the winter through.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

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BIBLICAL INERRANCY.

I. SILVER JUBILEE OF "PROVIDENTISSIMUS DEUS."

1. *Far Reaching Effect of the Encyclical.*

PROTESTANTS who do us the signal honor of following the trend of Papal legislation in matters Biblical, and Catholics who are still clinging to the futile tendencies of *l'école large*, sometimes harp on what they term the *liberalism* of Leo XIII. in contrast with the *oppression* of Pius X. Yet the truth is that the great anti-Modernistic Pope merely carried out the fundamental principle of inspiration, which his predecessor had laid down. Trent and the Vatican had defined that God is the Author of Sacred Scripture. Leo XIII. pressed this definition to its logical conclusion:

Hence it matters not at all that the Spirit chose men to be instruments with which to write; as it would matter if these inspired writers, though not the principal Author of Scripture, could fall into any error. For He by a supernatural energy so aroused and impelled them to write, and so aided them in writing, that they correctly thought out, and willed faithfully to write up, and fittingly set forth with infallible truth everything, and only that, which He ordained. Else He would not be the Author of all Scripture.¹

God would not be the Author of all Scripture, unless He were responsible for every complete thought in the Bible. Whatsoever the sacred writer intended, that meaning is inspired by the Holy Spirit. During the pontificate of Pius X., many decisions were issued, which were of vital moment in the matter of Biblical inerrancy; but none of these decisions was more far-reaching than the above paragraph from *Providentissimus Deus*.

It was Pope Benedict XV. and not Pius X. who extended God's responsibility for the meaning of the Bible still farther than had Leo XIII. On June 18, 1915, he ratified the following decision of the Biblical Commission:

Bearing in mind the true idea of the apostolic office and St. Paul's undoubted fidelity to the teaching of the Master, likewise the Catholic dogma of the inspiration and inerrancy of Sacred Scripture (whereby all that the sacred writer asserts, enunciates, insinuates, must be held to be asserted, enunciated, insinuated by the Holy Spirit); and weighing well the texts of the Apostle, considered in themselves, fully in agreement with the way of speaking of the Lord Himself, must one affirm that the Apostle Paul, in his writings, said nothing at all that does not perfectly

¹ "Providentissimus Deus," November 18, 1893.

agree with that ignorance of the time of the Parousia which Christ Himself said was to be found in men?

Reply: Yes.²

Before this epoch-making decision, a few Catholics held that the sacred writer could conjecture or insinuate, though he could not clearly assert, that which was false; in other words, they removed the conjecture of the sacred writer from the influence of the charisma of inspiration. Against them the Biblical Commission decides: "All that the sacred writer asserts, enunciates, *insinuates*, must be held to be asserted, enunciated, *insinuated* by the Holy Spirit."³

2. *Celebration of the Jubilee.* Nine Cardinals, many Bishops, superiors-general of religious orders, abbots, and rectors of colleges attended the celebration of the silver jubilee of *Providentissimus Deus* by the Biblical Institute, Rome, on November 24, 1919. Father Aloysius G. da Fonseca, S. J., presented the history of events that led up to the encyclical; its content and effects—especially in the matter of Biblical inerrancy. Father J. B. Frey, S. Sp., a consulter of the Biblical Commission, spoke in the name of that legislative body on the principal doctrines propounded by the Papal document.⁴

II. THE INTERVENING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" anticipated the jubilee by detailing the Biblical errors, which had crept in among Catholics during the past twenty-five years.⁵ The writer correctly singled out Father Lagrange, O. P., as leader in *l'école large*; but did not list the various Jesuit exegetes who failed to measure up to all the later requirements of the Biblical Commission. True, these failures were slight by contrast with those of the learned Dominican scholar. The Consistorial Congregation, which prohibited from our seminaries many of the writings of Father Lagrange, was not aware of the need of a like prohibition of sundry Jesuit books containing error. Still, "equity demands first and foremost that this article be completed."⁶ So Father Lagrange sets himself straightway to the task of com-

² "Acta Apostolicæ Sedis," July 20, 1915, p. 357. The decrees of the Biblical Commission will be found in Denzinger-Bannwart, "Enchiridion," 11th ed. (Freiburg im Bressgau: Herder, 1911); and in Leopold Fonck, S. J., "Documenta ad Pontificiam Commissionem de Re Biblica Spectantia," (Rome: Biblical Institute, 1915). They are well translated into English by Father Cyril Gaul, O. S. B., "Rome and the Study of Scripture; a collection of Papal enactments on the study of Holy Scripture, together with the decisions of the Biblical Commission" (St. Meinrad, Indiana: Abbey Press, 1919).

³ Cf. our study, "The Biblical Commission and the Parousia," "Ecclesiastical Review," October, 1915, pp. 472 ff.

⁴ Cf. "Biblica," 1920, pp. 160 ff.

⁵ "Venticinque anni dopo l'enciclica Providentissimus," "Civiltà Cattolica," December 7, 1918, February 15, and March 1, 1919.

⁶ "Revue Biblique," July and October, 1919, p. 593.

pletion; acknowledging his own mistakes; and, in a clever *argumentum ad hominem*, sums up the data which the "Civiltá" omits. These data pertain to the history of the dogma of the inspiration of Holy Writ, as that doctrine was explained by Catholics during the twenty-five years that followed upon the promulgation of *Providentissimus Deus*. So we deem that in all fairness they should be here recorded.

I. "*Civiltá*." Father Lagrange first cites the "*Civiltá*" itself as a member of *l'école large*. Before reviewing his charges, we refer to the "*Civiltá*'s" reply thereto.⁷ No defense is made. The pipe of peace is offered. The "*Civiltá*" assures Father Lagrange that its attack was against Loisy & Co.; notes his admission that he misunderstood *Providentissimus Deus* in the matter of the interpretation of Old Testament history;⁸ and "rejoices at the triumph of truth."⁹ Let us see just why the "*Civiltá*" is said not to measure up to the teaching of *Providentissimus Deus*.

In a study of higher criticism,¹⁰ one of the editorial staff makes his start with the principle of Leo XIII. that every complete statement of the sacred writer is inspired. But the sacred writer does not tell us who wrote the Book of Wisdom, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and other books. So the authorship of those books and of the Pentateuch in its present state, and the error of a deuterо-Isaias are not determined with certainty by the Author of Scripture. The authorship of a book of the Bible belongs to human, not to divine and apostolic tradition; it is to be determined by historical criticism.

Ask St. Jerome whether the present form of the Pentateuch were better assigned to Moses as author than to Esdras as redactor; and he will say, "I do not care." Ask St. Gregory of Nazienzen just when the different Psalms were written; and he will tell you, "The Holy Spirit, our Author, is not at all concerned with that question."¹¹

We see nothing wrong in all this. The "*Civiltá*" rightly holds that the issue is theological only when the authorship of an inspired book is expressly affirmed by the sacred writer. It is dealing with such authorship as is not guaranteed by the text of the Bible. The historical fact that Moses wrote the Pentateuch is not a part of the deposit of faith. It is connected with the deposit of faith; it is a dogmatic fact, and may therefore be the object of ecclesiastical legislation.

⁷ "Cuique suum, una parola pacata alla 'Revue Biblique'," "*Civiltá Cattolica*," February 21, 1920, pp. 354-355.

⁸ Cf. "*Revue Biblique*," 1920, p. 598.

⁹ I. Corinthians, xiii., 6.

¹⁰ "*Bibbia ed alta critica*," "*Civiltá Cattolica*," February 21, 1903.

¹¹ "*Civiltá*," loc. cit. p. 412.

Father Lagrange fails to realize that the object of the *magisterium ecclesiae* extends beyond the deposit of faith. The deposit of faith, which is divine tradition objectively and passively considered, includes all and only the things of faith and morals entrusted to the Church by Christ and the Holy Spirit. The teaching power of the Church extends beyond these things of faith and morals to all truths and facts connected therewith. Now the authorship of an inspired book is connected with the dogma of inspiration; hence that fact, though not in divine tradition and a matter of historical criticism, may be the object of ecclesiastical legislation. This is not denied by the "Civiltà."

Secondly, the "Civiltà" once on a time¹² held that the deluge was not geographically universal, the confusion of Babel was local, the genealogies of Genesis were not chronological history. "Here, as elsewhere, the word *all* must be understood of a relative universality, determined by the actual consciousness of the inspired writer."¹³ Father Lagrange wrongs the "Civiltà" by concluding: "At any rate, the principle is posed of interpreting history and the sciences alike, *cosi*—because, forsooth, such was the knowledge of the inspired writer."¹⁴ The "Civiltà" lays down no such false principle. The Bible purposes to be a history of God's revelation to the human race, and of the human race which received God's revelation: it does not purpose to be a manual of geology, linguistics, ethnology or other natural science.

Thirdly, Father Lagrange has no right to range the "Civiltà" on the side of *l'école large*, because it says that the majority of the fathers never used the original text of the Old Testament; the great exegetes of the sixteenth century knew not the elements of either textual or historical criticism;¹⁵ "in Biblical as in other sciences, a more exact observance of facts has led to a more exact knowledge of the meaning."¹⁶ In these statements of the "Civiltà" we find no undue praise of the utility of historical criticism in exegesis; nor any departure from the inspirational value of the sacred text.

2. *Father Hummelauer, S. J.* The "Civiltà" of 1919¹⁷ refers to Father Hummelauer's "Exegetical Contribution to the Question of Inspiration"¹⁸ as the most systematic exposition of the theory of interpretation according to literary form. Father Lagrange deems¹⁹

¹² Tradizione e progresso nell' Esegese. La Bibbia e le scienze," "Civiltà Cattolica," August 16, 1902.

¹³ "Civiltà," loc. cit. p. 427.

¹⁴ "Revue Biblique," loc. cit. p. 594.

¹⁵ "Il vecchio Testamento e la critica odierna," "Civiltà Cattolica," March 7, 1903, p. 584.

¹⁶ Ibid. p. 585.

¹⁷ p. 285.

¹⁸ "Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage," Biblische Studien, IX., 4, (Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1904).

¹⁹ "Revue Biblique," 1919, p. 595.

that the "Civiltá" should have refuted Hummelauer instead of himself. This is not fair play.

First, Father Hummelauer, indeed, erred; but his error was slight by contrast with that of Father Lagrange. There was nothing to cavil at in the division of Old Testament history into popular tradition, primitive history, and history.²⁰ The *tôledôth*, genealogical traditions, of Genesis were likely taken over by Moses from records that had been carried on for centuries. The Bible story from the entrance into the land of promise up to the time of David is primitive history. Thereafter we have history, not critical history of the modern type, but history properly so-called. In all three literary forms (popular tradition, primitive history, and history), we have fact-narrative. What the sacred writer means to state as an historical fact is guaranteed by the Holy Spirit to be such.

The error of Father Hummelauer was that he tentatively allowed popular tradition to be at times interpreted according to the exegetical principle that obtains in the interpretation of Biblical facts of natural science. As the Bible is not a handbook of astronomy, we may say that the sacred writer speaks of the heavenly bodies according to the popular ideas of his time. Just as it is popularly true nowadays, though scientifically false, to speak of sunrise and sunset; so it is true, by appearances, when the sacred writer says that the earth is firm set and the stars are fixed. But facts, which the sacred writer sets down as historical, cannot be interpreted to be guaranteed merely by the popular ideas of the times; they are infallibly true in the sense intended by the inspired writer. Father Hummelauer erred by allowing that, in the popular tradition of Genesis, the sense intended by the sacred writer was not always the historical truth of the facts narrated, but sometimes the popular ideas of things as reported by contemporaries round about him.²¹

We have said that this error of Father Hummelauer was slight by contrast with that of Father Lagrange. The latter interprets Genesis i.-iii. as entirely allegorical.²² Only the fall of the race in Adam is admitted as fact-narrative: all other facts in the opening chapters of Genesis are thrown over as legendary. Father Lagrange also holds the Machabean authorship by Daniel and Psalms ii., lxxii., cx.²³ These are some of the reasons why "Revue Biblique" and not "Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage" was prohibited from our seminaries by the Consistorial Congregation.²⁴

Secondly, in divisive criticism, Father Hummelauer also erred.

²⁰ Volksüberlieferung, Urgeschichte, Geschichte.

²¹ Cf. our "Inspiration," "Ecclesiastical Review," September, 1913, p. 368.

²² "L'innocence et le péché," "Revue Biblique," 1897, pp. 341-346.

²³ "Revue Biblique," 1905, pp. 494-520.

²⁴ Cf. our article, "Ecclesiastical Review," February, 1913, pp. 229 ff.

He assigned the final form of the Pentateuch to the time of Samuel (c. B. C. 1037), and allowed that the great prophet made considerable changes in the *tôrâh*. We readily admit that, after a lifelong conservative scholarship, Father Hummelauer in the end failed to measure up to the Biblical Commission's later decision in favor of Mosaic authorship.²⁵

This failure is slight by contrast with the error of Father Lagrange, who assigns to Moses only the so-called Book of the Covenant,²⁶ explains the traditional opinion of Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch by a fiction of the Deuteronomic reform of Josias,²⁷ and follows the ridiculous rationalistic theory of the dependence of the greater part of the Mosaic laws upon the Code of Hammurabi.²⁸ This was another good reason why the Consistorial Congregation prohibited "*Revue Biblique*" from our seminaries, and had no concern with the unfortunate theory of Father Hummelauer.

The third error, on account of which Father Lagrange classes Father Hummelauer with *l'école large*, is no error at all.

The midrash theory of Father Hummelauer, as set forth in the "*Civiltà*,"²⁹ defined the midrash as "a literary form, in the guise of history, which has an historical background, but is composed with the principal intent to teach." The only example he cited was the apochryphal Book of Jubilees. Certainly that is innocent enough.

The Book of Job might have been safely mentioned as of the midrash form of literature. Its background is historical: the persons of the hero and his friends; the region where he lived; his good fortune and virtues; the great misfortune that overwhelmed him, and the patience with which he bore it; the restoration of his prosperity. The details of the execution, the poetic form, the dispute and the art shown in the arrangements of the arguments—these are of the free creation of the inspired poet. His principal intent, and that of the Holy Spirit, is to teach that God's wisdom and Providence guide all the events of this world.³⁰

3. *Father Knabenbauer, S. J.* The "*Civiltà*" of 1919 omits the name of Father Joseph Knabenbauer, and the omission is resented by Father Lagrange.³¹ That name "is universally respected in the annals of the most conservative exegesis; and Father Lagrange would have been flattered to have seen it listed by the side of his own." But Father Knabenbauer, were he alive, would not have

²⁵ Cf. "*Commentarius in Deuteronomium*," *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ* (Paris: Lethielleux, 1901), pp. 79 ff.

²⁶ Exodus xx: 22-23: 33.

²⁷ "*Revue Biblique*," 1898, pp. 22 ff.

²⁸ "*Le Code de Hammourabi*," "*Revue Biblique*," 1903, pp. 50 ff.

²⁹ January 17, 1903, p. 221.

³⁰ Cf. Father Joseph Hontheim, S. J., *Catholic Encyclopedia*, s. v. "*Job*."

³¹ "*Revue Biblique*," 1919, p. 596.

been flattered by this juxtaposition. He wrote voluminously; and gave to Father Lagrange only one handle. It is not fair to affix that handle to the general theory that the sacred writer reproduced the false historical notions of his times.

In his commentary on Machabees³² Father Knabenbauer assayed a solution of the alleged discrepancy between I. and II. Machabees. The writer of II. Machabees intended to epitomize in one book the story told by Jason of Cyrene in five books.³³ His was an explicit citation. He depended on Jason for the truth of the narrative: "Having left to the historian the accurate narrative of each and every event, I have striven to come near to the models set for an epitome."³⁴ Note, the inspired meaning of the sacred writer is that he does not guarantee the truth of the facts which he narrates; this historical accuracy he leaves to Jason. The writer merely strives "to come near to his models"; literally "to march upon, to approach, his copy-heads." This figure of the copy-heads, which a schoolboy reproduces, is very strong.

We admit that the sacred writer relied on Jason for his facts, and was not at all conscious of any charisma of inspiration. We admit that the Author of Scripture intended the facts of II. Machabees in the sense which was meant by the epitomizer of Jason. But we do not admit that the Holy Spirit either inspired or allowed the sacred writer to state his facts wrong. The text of II. Machabees may be defective, just as is our evidence for the time of the deluge.³⁵

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³² *Commentarius in duos libros Machabæorum.* (Paris: Lethielleux, 1907).

³³ II. Machabees, ii., 24.

³⁴ II. Machabees, ii., 29.

³⁵ Cf. our "Pre-Abrahamitic Chronology," "Ecclesiastical Review," March, 1913, pp. 362 ff.

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."

EACH age has its own passions and desires, wants and sorrows; unformulated truths are always at work, inarticulate feelings are always on the watch to speak. No one fully knows the cause that moulds the centuries. Against Carlyle we may believe in democracy: against Arnold in Catholicism; against Ruskin in the supremacy of the Greek genius. What does it matter? No more than a historical error in the Scriptures vitiates a true faith in them. To relate literature to the whole world of varied activity of which it is one expression is not to destroy its living interest, but to make that interest broader and deeper. It has been the habit of man, ever since he became man probably, to resist environment's tyranny and to make good his right of control over it. We are not thinking only of control over the physical universe and things like motor-cars and aeroplanes. Far more we are thinking of spiritual and intellectual religions, philosophies and systems developed through the ages with their attendant faculties in the human mind. All these things are part of man's environment, and this being so how shall we decide how much of his environment is created by man and how much of man is created by environment? Will some one try an experiment? In the realm of ideas the invisible irresistible forces move which, working through the human soul and mind, make human life and human art what they are. The main inspiration and driving power of the Middle Ages (all the energy, fiercer and gentler, warlike or artistic, of them) are to be sought amid the currents of emotion and thought which old wise races and young ardent ones had set in motion and which were operating in the ideal world before ever they set out to alter the material world. Definitions are generally misleading, and it is easier to represent a cause by a symbol than to trace its origin, or to define it. Like other things the events between 1400 and 1600 had their forerunners, but, unlike other movements, it was circumscribed by no particular aim, and seems more like a phenomenon of nature than a current of history. The new birth was the result of a universal impulse, and that was preceded by a revelation of intellect and of the possibilities of man. Emancipation and expression were the watchwords.

Next to the discovery of the New World, the recovery of the ancient world is the second landmark that divides us from the mediæval ages and marks the transition to modern life. In precisely the same way, in the general evolution of literature, will the

genius of one race or age be found to have influenced the genius of another.

Do the souls of the knights errant never complain when they find themselves enclosed in learned treatises, like Don Quixote in the cage? *Omnes eodem cogimur*, they may repeat, if they have clergy enough; to this we all come at last; our valor and our chivalry would be forgotten on earth if it were not for the curious antiquaries and their dry places, their literary museums.

By some historians the thirteenth has been called the greatest of centuries; that the next was a period of decay, after the collective efforts and large construction of the two previous ones, is evident by many signs. Yet the fifteenth century witnessed a period of transition. Examples are not necessary; the merest moment's thought will supply them in profusion. Side by side with the growth of individualism, with its appeal to the rediscovered standards of pagan antiquity, there was a movement in the "revival of conscience." It is in this that the true sources of the Reformation are to be sought, and not in the classical Renaissance, which supplied to the reforming movement little but an armory of learning and the impulse to search back into the origins. The speculative life was for the mediæval mind vastly more important than the practical life, an attitude from which the characteristic developments of the Renaissance represented an extreme reaction. And when chivalry declined from its early purity, as it did in this century, it left European affairs interesting but hardly great.

The fifteenth century was rather a revolt than a rebirth—a revolt against all that fettered the free play of intellectual pursuits. Passionate determination to know and above all to enjoy the treasures of the classical tongues was accompanied with an outburst of new literary effort, so that pedantry was overwhelmed by originality. In the West the Saracens were driven out of Spain, 1479; in the East Constantinople stocked Italian towns (especially Tuscany) with Greek scholars and ancient manuscripts; the Papacy declined as far as its adherents were concerned, as feudalism gave place to liberty; the Cape was rounded in 1488; America discovered (1492); Copernicus heralded Galileo; books were printed; the schoolmen, together with science and art, were vivified. Gerson had aired in petto the views which were afterwards echoed by Grotius, and the political differences of monarchs caused national languages to be cherished and cultivated. It is a habit too frequent among critics to trace this or that foreign influence in native literature and then to talk as if these were the sole source of its beauty. No people has ever kindled the white heat of inspiration unless by the fire of

its own soul. Foreign artists have often suggested new and beautiful modes of expression, but to no purpose unless there was something to express. The early Tudor period is a case in point. Never was England so rife for a revival. She had native models in abundance: the care and melody of her own Chaucer and the faultless prose of Malory. Never had the zeal for education been so intense. The greatest humanists found a home in England; Linacre, Colet, Grocyn and More sowed, but it was left to a future generation to reap the reward.

From the days of Greek philosophy and before then, from the times of the Father and St. Augustine and the conflict between Freewill and Predestination there has begun or ended with each generation a movement against Nature. Mediævalism with its chivalrous artifices and romantic ideals—with its effort to order and to feudalize men's appetites—made against Nature. In a sense, too, the story of the rise and fall of civilization in its different phases is nothing but the story of success and failure of Nature. But Nature took up her revenge at the Renaissance, the heyday of humanists and artists, her *preux chevaliers*, who vindicated her rights. So did Luther and the first reformers. But the pendulum oscillated, and the Puritans worked havoc in men's consciousness with a sourer asceticism than the world had ever known. Then came the seventeenth century, the period of the grand style and of the prominence of the *Roi Soleil* in Europe. Nature was drugged into sleep, was counterfeited by etiquette and *Le Notre*, by Lely and Kneller, in their false arcadias, with intricate side-alleys for intrigue. Rousseau followed them—Nature's Peter the Hermit, who preached the Crusade without a Cross, proclaiming the return to Nature's bosom and practising his precepts by dropping his children at the door of the Foundling Hospital in Paris. The world took up his doctrine, and the French Revolution was the result: to be succeeded by natural movements everywhere—in the Lake School of English poetry—in the landscape painters of France and England—in the educational systems born of Miss Edgeworth and Pestalozzi—no less in the abolition of slavery, in land reforms and in repeals of corn laws. Upon these there came the Second Renaissance, the reign of Science: the investigation of Nature's laws, the arrogance of discovery, the protest of the Oxford Movement, of Pre-Raphaelite visions, and soon to our own nebulous reforms. Now in the original meaning chivalry stood for the system of ideas prevalent among the mounted men-at-arms of the Middle Ages. The institution of Equites in ancient Rome has but little resemblance to knighthood. In fact, before the end of the Republic a Roman knight was nothing else than a selfish capitalist, living in vulgar luxury. Like the monastic, the knightly order bound with

common ties warriors of every nation, and enrolled them in a vast fraternity of manners, ideas and aims. Chivalry, denoting not only the military system of feudalism, but also a code of aims embracing the refinement of society, was labeled as such in the twelfth century, reached its maturity two centuries later, and lingered in decadent life until nearly the seventeenth century. The classics, in no small part, were responsible for the conception of knighthood; and it is significant that Jean de Meung, who finished the "*Roman de la Rose*," should in 1284 have made the first translation of the "*Epitome Institutionum Rei Militaris*" (375 A. D.) of Vegetius in the guise of "*Les Establiessemens de Chevalerie*."

Many writers have essayed to trace the origin of chivalry and to define the derivation of the word itself. Some lean to the theory that it expresses the virtues valorously professed by the Christian chevaliers who rode upon horses and raised themselves above the vulgar; others suggest that it comes from the *cherval* worn by the Moslem warriors who devoted themselves to the practice of the same splendid virtues, often at the expense of their Christian brethren and adversaries. Some have claimed an Arabian origin for chivalry. The Semitic race, as exemplified in the senior and junior branches of the House of Abraham, has given to the world three great religions. Is it unreasonable to suggest that an ennobling influence which did much to recall the professors of these creeds to a closer attention to their dictates should also have arisen in the clean air and wide spaces of the desert? Certain it is that chivalry as usually understood in the West had greater influence and its virtues were more widely practiced after the violent, but mutually profitable, contact between the West and the Near East in the Crusades. The spirit of Arabia, on the one hand, was able to tame even Germans into the honest courtesy and devoted altruism of a Hermann von Salza, while, on the other, it so worked upon the ferocious Kurdish stock of Shadi that his grandson, the famous Saladin, became renowned for every knightly virtue, and towers in history as the fit associate of Bayard or of the Black Prince. If such result could be achieved on material so unsympathetic as Gothic harshness or Assyrian cruelty, there is no need for wonder that less hostile material would also be profoundly affected. A great French historian has drawn a pitiless picture of the unlovely life led by the provincial nobility of his own country during the early Middle Ages; and it is interesting to note that the few instances of persons who would be considered fit to mingle in civilized society nowadays are almost all those of men who had been to Spain or Syria and come in contact with the Arabian spirit.

Present times, enlarging our sympathies in many directions, are

bringing to the men of to-day a better opportunity of understanding the mediæval age than came to any previous generation. The whole Middle Ages may be looked upon as a long process of suffering and convalescence from the barbarian invasions, which influenced European thought down to and beyond the Reformation. Men's minds were constantly haunted by the Apocalypse and the more dismal chapters of the Prophets; much of the unprogressiveness of the Middle Ages in certain directions may be traced to this numbing belief in the imminence of the Last Judgment.

This shows the view of the world expressed by St. Gregory the Great in the sixth century persisting to Sir Thomas More in the light of Renaissance and Reformation in the sixteenth. St. Gregory says:

"I ask, what is there now in this world to please us? Everywhere we see sights of mourning and hear the groans of men. Cities are ruined, towns are desolate, fields lie waste; the land hath become a wilderness . . . Some we see led into captivity, others maimed, others slain; what, therefore, my brethren, do we see of pleasure in this life? Nay, if we yet love such a world as this, it is not joys but wounds that we love. . . . Let us therefore with all our soul scorn this present world, as already brought to naught; let us close our yearnings for this world now at least, at the very end of this world's existence."

To-day, perhaps, we do not believe that this world is at the very end of its existence; nor do we suffer, in England, from the general lawlessness of the Middle Ages. But we, better than any generation that has preceded us, are in a position to understand the mood of soul's scorn for this present world. When Shakespeare wrote, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry," he had, we feel, nothing special to his time to complain of. When Keate turned longing eyes from "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of a not uncomfortable world to the æsthetic joys of fixed and ever unsatisfied desire, we are tempted, in these days, to declare that, after all, he had not much to worry over. We of to-day know what it is to see violence let loose, cities ruined, towns desolate, fields lying waste. It is no purposeless, senseless brutality that has brought us to uncertainty and sorrow. If life is to become, as it may well once more become, "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish and short," it will only be because the high purpose informing the present conflict in the field, the high though opposed purposes that will inform the political conflicts that are to follow it, must work themselves out through destruction.

Chivalry is one of those things which stirs the heart like the

sound of a trumpet, meaning as it does a refinement of the sense of justice—an instinctive capacity for sympathizing with every one who is the victim of oppression. It left on European manners a punctilious regard for honor, a generous reverence for justice, and a hatred for injustice. Chivalry is in morals very much what feudalism is in law; each substitutes obligations devised in the interests of an exclusive class, for the more homely duties of an honest man and a good citizen. Chivalry endeavored to consecrate and transform the rough struggle for superiority into an amelioration of society with a nobler ideal of war. The cavalier was not to desist from war—that was an impossible requirement—but he was to draw his sword for just causes only, to succor the oppressed, and to support his liege lord according to his oath. Whenever, and so far as, the Catholic faith inspires a people, then and in that proportion will the spirit of chivalry live. At the present it seems to be passive, but the temper of true chivalry when once it is again in full vigor, will not ask whether universal suffrage has decided this way or that, but whether it is just that this or that change should be made or unmade. In the old sense, chivalry was confirmed by a vow; and in the Pontificale Romanum there is to be found a special *Benedictio novi militis*. The Church consecrated knighthood by its blessing.

In a general sense, chivalry is closely bound up with the feudal system of Norman times. It has its roots right back in Germanic times, as Tacitus shows in his account of the manners and customs of that race. Chivalry was a late development of the feudal system, and the Arthurian and Charlemagne romances read back into an earlier age the development of a later. The romancers who wrote of chivalry in the decay of the feudal period brought ridicule on the institution, and "Don Quixote" was intended to make one laugh at the extravagances of the writer rather than at the idea itself. Being bound up with feudalism, the decay of the one induced the disappearance of the other.

In the embryonic days of chivalry the boys had a strenuous life. Before the age of seven they learned to ride, and their training in venery and falconry, in various sports, in the knowledge of the horse, the sword, the lance, was a chief part of their education between seven and fifteen years. But the intellectual training was not less elaborate and closely competed with the grammar school and university course. The indoor life of the page or *damoiseau* was varied by his having to learn the duties of the valet, the groom, the armorer. He was the pupil and the fag of his rather elder brother the squire. The squire, the sixth-form boy, so to speak, had to

teach the *damoiseau* manners and *courtoisie*. The castles offered opportunities for the mingling of the boys and girls, and it was by such intercourse that the chivalry of life in a rude age was deepened. All through the prolonged period of training there lay as a goal before the boy at the age of twenty-one the tremendous function of his investiture as a knight.

Similar provision was made in the houses of the great for the education of the girls. After the Wars of the Roses, when the old castles and houses of the nobility were largely destroyed and old customs lost, the *schola domestica* and its traditions were an educational influence which passed on into the non-local schools which received boarders; but unfortunately, the breaking up of so many of the old nobility and the institution of laws in Queen Elizabeth's reign against holding schools in private houses of the remaining nobility (mostly Catholics) sufficed to crush out of existence all attempt at organization of girls' education. But it is not going too far to maintain that efforts were made or at least suggested, from time to time, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to establish girls' schools on models suggesting the old type of *scholae domesticae*, in which the old mediæval characteristics should be revived.

Perhaps the most interesting reference to the importance of the continuance of the old world chivalric boys' schools to meet the wants of the new post-Reformation sons of the nobility is to be found where, *à priori*, we should have least expected it—in the remarkable "Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Thomas Lupset, Lecturer in Rhetoric at Oxford," (c. 1530-1540). Pole is the first advocate, apparently, of large schools. He complains that "every man privately in his own house hath his master to instruct his children in letters without regard to feats of chivalry." And, therefore, he says, "There should be some ordinance devised for the joining of these together." He demands compulsion, not for the people's education but for the nobles' sons. The nobles "should be compelled to get forward their children and heirs, in a number together, to be instructed in all feats of the body and chivalry, and in 'civility and politics.'" This would enable nobles to become noble indeed and turn their energies from the selfish interests of their houses to the public service. Hence, we see, implicitly, the conflict of the ideal of the *schola domestica* and the *schola publica* in the suggestion that in accordance with the ideal of the latter the nobleman exists to be trained to be of real altruistic service to the community at large, and will do this better if trained in the large rather than the

small school-community, and on the basis of the chivalric joined with the Renaissance ideals.

As time advanced, the order of knighthood involved many duties and responsibilities. The king himself had to train for knighthood; he had to serve first as a page, then as esquire, before being presented with the golden spurs, which was one of the symbols of knighthood. Before a knight was admitted into his order, a vigil was kept by him in some chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, when he gave himself up to meditation before assuming his new duties and privileges. A true knight was obedient to the holy Church and submissive to the Roman Pontiff, and devout to the Blessed Virgin. His honor was to be without stain, and the word of a knight was accepted by friend and foe. In brief, the knight was to have all those perfections of character which the revelation of the Gospels renders possible: he would then be a perfect mirror of chivalry—this was his ideal. Henceforth he would serve Christ by purity of life and readiness of sword, especially against the infidels who held His tomb; by unswerving devotion to his king, fidelity to his chosen lady, and courtesy, together with fair play, even to his prisoners.

After the disruption of the empire of Charlemagne, the importance of horse-soldiers in war gradually increased, one reason being that the weightier armor used necessitated that the panoply should be borne by a horse, so that the wearer might preserve celerity and freedom. But the *raison d'être* of chivalry and that of European society was shamefully forgotten in essence by the time Edward III. had instituted the Order of the Garter (1348). Needless to say, the present value of the Order has deteriorated, and it has nothing of chivalry about it except its name. The Order had no other aim than to contribute to the splendor of the sovereigns. In the fourteenth century the so-called knights made their vows not in chapels or churches, but in a banqueting hall, and the aspirants took their vow, not on the cross, but on some emblematic bird or talisman. And since that time, with few exceptions, chivalry has degenerated to a futile pastime and an empty promise. But its abiding merit was its power to transmit "the honor of a gentleman," a tradition of personal ethic which, despite its many follies, has made *noblesse oblige* a living maxim of the common day.

It is the fault of history that she should have combined with Father Time to preserve more copious and fully illustrated records of the tournament in its decline than of what it was like when the participants were more ready to hazard their persons than was the case in the decrepitude of the sport. We cannot picture Sir John Chandos or Sir Bertrand du Guesclin ambling at one another in

the array of the second Maximilian, or mounted upon horses swathed about the eyes and ears and girt with vast quilted pinafores across their chests, just as it is difficult to compare the slow movements of late Italian combats when perhaps one man might perish—of suffocation, not by the sword—with the fierce action of Crécy or Poitiers.

Historians, like Freeman and Green, are largely responsible for the depreciation of chivalry; but before the question is thoroughly decided, we ought to imagine what had gone before. Take the case of England: the savagery of the Norman period, the selfish tyranny of William Rufus, the cruelty of the Barons under Stephen—none of them were either inspired or hindered by chivalry. The feudal system stood as a social contract, to be chivalrously interpreted, and fell as a system in which—as, particularly, in pre-Revolutionary France—effective service was all on the one side, the side of the dispossessed.

Our ancestors, however, although they did not share the modern craving for speed, appear to have had something of the nature of "a tank." Unfortunately, it lacked mechanical motive power. Consequently a horse had to be put inside to move the thing or, to be more strictly accurate, it was built up round a horse—but the animal was as far as possible assimilated to a machine by being deprived of sight and hearing, and to a certain degree of the sense of touch. As far as one can judge from pictures the tournament charger still retained the use of his nostrils and his legs—so far as these last were not impeded by the protective carapace which the animal had to support. Here was the "tank" of the period—slow and ponderous, and having the whole of its interior occupied by its motive power. In consequence of this, the crew, limited to one man by the exigencies of weight, had to sit outside the carapace in order to steer the "tank" and assail the enemy. From pictures and descriptions it is possible to observe the elaborate extension of the defensive armoring which was necessary in order to protect the crew in this exposed position. It is indeed remarkable that any horse born of mare could have supported so considerable a weight, and still more remarkable that the animal could advance at any speed beyond a jerky and unsteady walk. For the sake of the horses it is fortunate that our ancestors had not tasted the pleasures of speed. They knew not the exhilarating rush of a powerful car or the swoop of a plane—they had never been enthralled by the bewildering rapidity of a cinematograph pursuit, or they would have sooner dismissed the ponderous display of the slow tournament into the romantic oblivion where it lies.

"Between the age of Charlemagne and that of the crusades,"

writes Gibbon, "a revolution had taken place among the Spaniards, the Normans and the French, which was gradually extended to the rest of Europe. The service of the infantry was degraded to the plebians, the cavalry formed the strength of the armies, and the honorable name of *miles*, or soldier, was confined to the gentlemen who served on horseback and were invested with the character of knighthood." No knight was thought to be properly equipped without at least three horses, viz., the battle horse, or *dexterarius*, which was led by the hand, and used only for the onset (hence the saying, "to mount one's high horse"), a second horse for the road and a third for the luggage. With the advent of a revival of infantry armed with arrows, chivalry, which had rested almost entirely on the importance of the horseman in warfare, rapidly declined, as we know from the results of the battles of Crécy (1346), Senhach (1386), Agincourt (1415) and Morat (1476); and with the introduction of firearms it disappeared altogether.

Usually at the age of twelve the noble boy was transferred by his parents to the household of a prince or knight of well-established reputation for order and discipline, to serve as page and learn the militant arts. With advancing age and experience the page was promoted to the position of an esquire, in which he had to accompany his master to the field as arm-bearer to lead his war horse, to take charge of his captives, to guard his banner or his person, to tender to him in battle. Finally, at the age of twenty-one, if he was deemed worthy, he was dubbed knight. The immediate preparation comprised a twenty-four-hour fast, a vigil, Confession and Holy Communion. Thereupon the candidate was led into chapel, hall or church, having been armed previously by knights or noble ladies, to receive from the king or his liege lord the accolade, or stroke with the sword, which knighted him. The sword was delivered by the priest into the hand of the person who was to be made a knight with these words: "Serve Christi, sis miles, in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

From the point of view of human progress the relation of chivalry to education is a vital one. The connection, historically, is much closer than is commonly imagined. Sir Henry Newbolt has well pointed out the persistence of the chivalric factor in the English public school. He traces the genealogy of the typical English public schoolmaster to the knightly influences in the environment of the castle, to which boys, in mediæval times, were sent as pages. Fagging, he suggests, arises from the survival of the claim of the elders in the castle on the services of young pages, in every direction of usefulness and of consideration. The system of prefects he derives from the senior squires in the castle, or "masters of the

henxmen," in the court school for younger nobles. Athletics were part of the free games and the organized outdoor life of old and young, in the training of the nobles—in tournament, in joust, and in all the spontaneous joy of active physical games. They had, we remember, to "play the game," for all was determined according to the chivalric rules, in war and in peace, besides which they were taught the principal blasts or notes of *venerie*, to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, when the prey was on foot, when he was brought to bay, and when he fell: in the old forms of mediæval household education, in the homes of the barons. Cities were few and far between, and constant warfare and struggles with the barons rather identified the towns with restless agitation than with the continuous security favorable to solid education; and it was the aspiration of all the most prosperous families to get their sons admitted into the educational facilities of the larger barons, who tacitly admitted the principle of *noblesse oblige* to have an educational aspect. Thus, chivalric ideas, methods and environment became the tradition, the handing on of what proved, in educational experience, to be of most value in preserving the continuance of manly prowess and becoming conduct toward superior and inferior in social station.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall was the first to illustrate in detail the chivalric education as it manifested itself in the houses of the nobility. The essence of the idea of the *schola domestica* was that the sons of one family went to the house or castle of another noble family and were joined there by at least several others from other families. Furnivall traces this type of school back to Anglo-Saxon times, and it was characteristic of families of both higher and of lower ranks. No doubt this form of domestic education is to be traced back to the education given as part of their office, to the young in the houses of the Bishops in early Christianity.

When a lad was robed with a white tunic for purity, a red robe (his blood for the faith), a black doublet of death, when the night of watching came, followed by Confession, Communion, the ritual of the Missa de Sancto Spiritu, the sermon on the Knightly Life, then at least in no mean degree had he been trained to live and die for righteousness. No doubt the training exceeded in its theory the possibilities of youthful human nature, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, and in fact the training reacted on the whole spiritual life of the people. The training lasted into the days of change. When we read of the training and life of Pierre du Terrail, le bon chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, le gentil Seigneur de Bayard, we know something of what the mediæval tra-

dition of chivalry meant His mother's advice to him as he set forth into the world of chivalry is unforgettable:

"Devant toutes choses vous aimez, craignez et servez Dieu . . . tous les matins et tous les soirs recommandaz à Luy, et Il vous aidera . . . Soyez doux et courtois à tous gentils hommes . . . Soyez humble et serviable à toutes gens. . . . Soyez loyal en faits et dictes. Tenez votre parole."

When Bayard was killed in a skirmish while defending the passage of the Sesia on April 30, 1524, at the age of forty-eight, friend and foe alike mourned for him, and the monks of Grenoble city prayed God that he might be brought back to earth since with him the age of chivalry had died. But it was not to be so. Cervantes and Shakespeare preached and sang, and not in vain.

The Popes, beginning with Urban II. (1080-99) and ending with St. Pius V. (1566-72) preached, blessed and aided all the holy wars undertaken by Christendom against Moslem thraldom. Numerous orders of chivalry were instituted, such as the Knights Hospitallers (1110) or of St. John of Jerusalem, the Templars (1118), the Teutonic Knights (1197), etc., the labors of which were an honor to human nature and a benefit to mankind. Unconsciously or consciously the knights in the brave days of old were moved to do some worthy deed by the thought or example of the saints. We must all have a model to copy and we are influenced by our heroes. Richard Cœur de Lion and St. Louis were, perhaps, the most conspicuous leaders of martial piety of the ideal Crusaders; but geography and the economics as well as the fortunes of war were against them.

The so-called knight-errantry, the spurious and fantastical chivalry of a later age, was largely produced by the exaggerations of wandering minstrels and troubadors. The spirit of true chivalry had been refined and exalted by the invention of fruitful conceptions of it, such as that of the Holy Grail, by which the whole tone of romance and literature was elevated. The poetry of the troubador and the institution of Courts of Love had good effects in refining and humanizing an otherwise rough and lawless age. At tournaments beauty incited the combatants to deeds of daring. When the chatelaines were left unprotected in dangerous times while their lords were in the Holy Land, imagination and romantic charm was enough to keep woman safe. As nearly all men wished to imitate the knight, and love for a woman was regarded as a necessary part of knightly character—and though at times there seemed danger that true love would degenerate into courtly trifling and conceited jargon—the mediæval idealization of love did good service in

purifying the affections, as well as in refining the world. Dante's love for Beatrice, the inspiration and subject of "*Le Vita Nuova*," was at once romantic and spiritual. Following this Catholic sentiment Shakespeare has given us plays of the highest conventional spirit of chivalry in "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," "*Love's Labor Lost*," "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," etc. The sight of brave knights must have often stirred in a boy ambitions hitherto unknown, and have made him restless for the day when he should be old enough to win his lady. But under the influence of the romancers, love became the mainspring of chivalry; and, as can be imagined, often with dire results.

That the romances were the outcome of chivalry cannot be urged, though doubtless in a later age they helped to keep the spirit of knighthood alive. Edward the Black Prince, the very model of mediæval chivalry, avowedly studied the ancient romances for patterns. When Pedro the Cruel had prevailed upon the Prince to defend his cause, the Princess bitterly bewailed her husband's decision. "I see well," said the Prince, to whom her expressions were related, "that she wishes me to be always at her side and never to leave her chamber. But a Prince must be ready to win renown and to expose himself to all kinds of danger, as in days of old did Roland, Oliver, Ogier, the four sons of Aimon, Charlemagne, the great Leon de Bourges, Juan de Tournant, Lancelot, Tristan, Alexander, Arthur and Godfrey, whose courage, bravery and fearlessness, both warlike and heroic, all the romances extol. And by St. George, I will restore Spain to the rightful heir."

To appreciate the better side of English chivalry we must go to Chaucer. He was a patriot who sang of the true knight's democratic spirit. We may ask to what degree did the knight carry out his vow? It is certainly true that human passions and perversity played their part in the days gone by. In Chaucer's time, the self-respect of the true knight was depraved into a pride of class, which looked down on the laboring non-fighting multitude as base plebians, the shedding of whose blood was of a trifling account. Human rights and equality were ignored. But this was not the genuine doctrine of chivalry, it was a corruption of the true doctrine. The true, good and noble knight went on ever giving and helping. Yet in the "*Canterbury Tales*" we have an obviously realistic account of a state of affairs almost incredible to our modern notions of social distinctions. To take a modern parallel, imagine a colonel in the life-guards, a young squire, a monk, a skipper of a tramp steamer, a chef, an Oxford undergraduate, a bank manager, a vulgar old woman, a country yokel, a publican, a nurse, a poet,

a couple of scavengers, all going on a journey together, telling each other stories to pass away the time. This cannot be regarded as a burlesque comparison. Among Chaucer's medley there is no train of social cliques. The true knight is quite "at home" with them all. That was the secret of his victory. Knighthood bound knights together by a union which kings were proud to share with the poorest of their subjects. Inability to pay the proper fees for armorial bearings was not looked upon as a disgrace; the Visitation Books contain many allusions to pedigree and arms entered gratuitously. This was done in order to guard against possible imposters.

England has always been the home of chivalry. La Colombière in his "Vray Théâtre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie ou le Miroir Heroique de la Noblesse" remarks that the greatest number of the old romances have been more particularly employed in celebrating the valor of the knights of this kingdom than that of any other; because, in fact, they have always loved such exercises in an especial manner. "The city of London," writes Francisco de Moraes in the "Palmerin de Inglaterra," "contained in those days all, or the greater part, of the chivalry of the world." In Perceforest a damozel says to his companion, "Sire chevalier, I will gladly parley with you because you come from Great Britain; it is a country which I love well, for there habitually (*coustumierement*) is the finest chivalry in the world; c'est le pays au monde, si comme je croy, le plus remply des bas et joyeux passetemps pour toutes gentilles pucelles et jeunes bacheliers qui pretendent a honneur de chevalerie."

When a knight was "disgraced," he was looked upon as dead to chivalry, and this was the severest punishment the Court of Chivalry could administer; apparently it was inflicted with great reluctance, as very few cases are known. Commonly the culprit had his coat of arms inverted, which was in consonance with the ordinary procedure at funerals, by which the herald of the defunct nobleman wore his late master's tabard inverted. That this symbolic custom is as old as the first days of armory may be seen from the reversed shields drawn by Matthew Paris in the margins of his "Historia Minor," where he records the death of the owners. According to contemporary accounts the actual ceremony was something like the following: First, the offender was placed on a sort of stage wearing the emblems of knighthood, his belt, gilded sword and gilt spurs; a herald read the order which deprived him of his title. That done, his belt was cut and the sword fell to the ground, his spurs were hacked from his heels and flung away to left and right, his sword was broken over his head and the fragments treated in the same way; thenceforth he was to be reputed "an infamous, errant knave." Knighthood, however, was not hereditary, though only the sons of

a knight were eligible to its ranks. Every knight was qualified to confer knighthood, provided the aspirant fulfilled the requisite conditions of birth, age and training. When the condition of birth was lacking in the candidate, the sovereign alone could create a knight, as a part of his royal prerogative, as is our present custom. But as late as the time of Elizabeth, Leicester and Essex conferred knighthood in the field, and the complaint made against the latter was not that he had usurped the right, but that he had used it too freely. To be knighted on the field was a most coveted honor, and we read of squires begging to be knighted before a battle, so as to be able to fight in the front ranks (*"au premier chef de la bataille"*), and of others winning their spurs like the Black Prince, in their first battle, and being knighted after it.

We are accustomed nowadays to look upon chivalry merely as a knightly institution which had to do solely with tournaments, banquet, knight-errantry, and the rescuing of encastled maidens. The modern acceptance of the term omits all those gentle qualities of mind which go to make the true chivalric disposition. We associate chivalry with "fair play" combined with "manliness;" and humility has no part in it. Indeed it never enters into our mind that it was a system of "humanyte, curtosye and gentylnesse." More, it was a religion deeply ingrained in the hearts of men, a religion which spread through all grades of society, and one which consisted in the beatifying of the noblest qualities of human nature; and it has left an indelible mark upon our national character. Chivalry is not dead to-day, as thoughtless people so often exclaim; it will never die so long as our national characteristics endure, though to-day it passes under a different name. "Sport," we call it now, and we pride ourselves in being "sporting" even in the hour of death.

Chivalry is a term which may be said to embrace the duties and obligations, rather than the rights and privileges of knighthood, and to include, therefore, those more romantic aspects of the institution which became more fully developed in its later stages. The great fields for displaying the virtues of chivalry were the exercise of arms and the attitude towards women. The love of a lady implied a deep and reverent attachment to the whole of womanhood; usually of a platonic nature. The general teaching of a military age tends to glorify and honor man, thus giving grace and refinement to a life of hardship. The development of the sentiment of honor contributed to protect the weaker sex. No true knight would harm one who could only appeal to his gallantry as her defense. Poets sang the praises of women and the ennobling in-

fluences of love; while the true knight did his best to make ransoms a dictate of mercy, although fellowship of an aristocratic caste doubtless favored a practice which had substantial inducements of gain. At this stage it would be well to note that during the age of chivalry in the West, the maturer civilization of the East looked on the aggressive, unreasoning courage of the Crusaders as crude and barbarous, while the knightly spirit of the Franks regarded Eastern subtlety as mean and cowardly. Chivalry and its history are not confined to the habits and ideals of a few thousands of men and women who held political and social power in mediæval times; it was an important part of the general history of those times. So far as it was based on pride and contempt for inferiors, and condoned and regulated, it degraded; so far as it upheld religion, honor and courtesy, it elevated society. We must not dwell entirely on the former point of view, nor see in the fantastic ceremonialism of chivalry merely an empty pageant and a cloak for social immorality.

The history of the fifteenth century in England leaves, on a first acquaintance, the impression that it is somewhat barren of interest and deficient in unity and concentration of purpose. It does not present the same richness of promise or achievement as we find in the thirteenth, or even the chivalrous glamour of the fourteenth century. On the other hand, it hardly seems to foreshadow the new enterprises and development of the sixteenth. We are struck by the disastrous ending of the French war, by the complex tumult of civil strife, and by the consequent breakdown of the government and prevalence of social disorder. Its apparent lack of unity and concentration is to be explained by the fact that it was a time of transition.

By far the most complex and enthralling phenomenon with which the historian of this century has to cope is naturally the vast, many-sided movement known as the Renaissance. Michelet's magnificent definition, "the discovery of the world and of man," hints the part which it was to play, within the field of literature, in transforming the fading remnants of the old romance into the enduring, the eternal romance of Ariosto and Rabelais, of Spencer and Shakespeare. It gave imagination a larger range by quickening the apprehension of the real world and the saving need of truth. Its emancipating power was rooted in a hard, positive eye for fact. It dissipated as many dreams as it kindled. The first impact of "German thoroughness and practicality," to use a phrase of a modern critic, upon modern thought, was when Reuchlin brought the mystical Hebraism of Mirandoloto the touchstone of what Hebrew really taught, by writing the first grammar of that "simple, uncor-

rupted, holy, terse and vigorous" tongue. The clearer vision of eternity made it but the more imperative to "settle Hoti's business" here and now. More's fable of an ideal republic grew out of his own vivid perception, in an atmosphere thrilling with Plato and Atlantic discovery, of the abuses of the English land system before his eyes. The Reformation, with all its revelations and all its allusions, had its intellectual root in the scientific postulate that the original text is more veracious than the secular gloss.

The literary development is in some respects full of literary interest. It is no mere chance that the victories of Henry V. should coincide so clearly with the first displacement of French or Latin by English as the recognized medium of official correspondence. The battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and the defense of Calais, furnish the occasion for two of our oldest groups of historical ballad poetry; and the most valuable of the "Pastor Letters" date from this time.

The Crusaders with their central idea of serving the cause of God, defending the oppressed, and combating the infidels, developed the spirit of chivalry. Knighthood was the goal to which the ambitions of every youth aspired. It was to be conferred only on the pious, the gallant, the modest, the virtuous, who had gone through a long probation. The knight's requisite for success was "the joy of combat" which is like wine to a true soldier, and the conviction that for every member of the race there is a battle to be fought out to the finish, on the issue of which each must stand or fall. The line "Faint heart never won fair lady," brings back to us the vision of history wherein brave men pitted their strength and skill against others of the same type for the sake of a guerdon which rendered death despicable in comparison with the joy set before them of bliss with their beloved. Woman in those days was not to be bought by money unearned by honest labor: she could only be had at the price of blood and fearlessness. At all events, in the days of romance, no maiden of beauty or merit would condescend to yield herself to a man who had proved himself incapable of keeping his seat on his horse. *En passant* we may note that the Gothic tournament took the place of the Olympic games. This spirit is manifest in the many knightly exploits which fill the annals of the long contest between England and France during the Hundred Years War. The chronicles of Froissart give a vivid picture of this epoch, when bloody battles alternate with tournaments and gorgeous pageants.

In the Middle Ages men knew what they liked, and took it when they could. Some liked drink and food; and Hoccleve, Skelton, and many another will show us how hearty grossness may be.

Froissart loved knightly splendor and news of great combats and acquaintance with great captains and princes; and he followed them assiduously. Roger Bacon loved learning and the dissemination of knowledge. Yet with all this glamour and brilliancy the result was a useless shedding of blood, misery to the poor and waste of money. But the fact that chivalry declined from its early purity casts no discredit upon the institution itself. When it ceased to be a guide of life it was time for it to disappear; chivalry did not make men unmerciful and savage—it found them so; that it did not by a miracle convert unmerciful and savage men to gentleness is no discredit to its humanizing tendencies.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

London, England.

Book Reviews.

"The Credentials of Christianity." By Martin J. Scott, S. J., author of "God and Myself," etc. 12mo., pp. 257. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

A brief but complete book of Christian apologetics which any one can read and understand. An answer to the assertion that Christianity has failed. A reply to the question which the Saviour of the world Himself asked, and which every man must answer: "What think you of Christ, whose Son is He?"

A remedy for a sick world—almost sick unto death. An antidote for the poison of infidelity, immorality, rebellion and destruction that threatens the world. If men would only accept the invitation, as St. Augustine did: "Take and read."

The world with all its agencies is attacking Christianity to-day. Is not that glorious? It helps to prove the divinity of the Founder of Christianity, because he foretold this irreconcilable conflict. The stage, the screen, the newspaper, the novel—all conspire to combat the teachings of Christianity. The so-called learned men of the day, in the mis-called halls of learning, are spreading the poison, while the ill-gotten millions of the lords of creation are devoted to its perpetuation. How flippantly these teachers tell the young men and women who sit under them that Christianity has failed, that religion has been tried and found wanting, that God is a myth, or an unknown force, but certainly not a Person.

It is so easy to be a destructive critic. Just a pen and a pot of ink, with no conscience to stay them. God is in the way? Deny Him. Christ is troublesome with his doctrines of self-denial? He never existed. The Church is insistent with her claims for a hearing? Stifle her with ridicule or persecution. Deny without examination: assent without investigation. Very few know any better; fewer still care to know, and the verdict of the crowd is that the destructive critic is a very smart fellow indeed, because he smashes everything before him. But there is still hope in second thought, and buoyed up by this hope, Father Scott presents to us the credentials of Christianity in this brief, clear, concise form, which no one who thinks at all can refuse to accept, or afford to reject.

All Christians should unite to make this book known and have it read. If it can be gotten into the hands of the young men and women students of this country to-day, we are saved:

"Reflections for Religious." Edited by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. 12mo., pp. 591. New York: Benziger Bros.

A collection of quotations from approved sources and approved authors on every subject that conduces to holy living, arranged not according to subject, but generally in groups according to source or author. Scripture maxims and thoughts from the "Imitation" naturally take the lead. Next in importance come quotations from such great saints and masters of the spiritual life as Augustine, Theresa, Philip Neri, Ignatius Loyola, Vincent de Paul, Alphonsus Liguori, Francis de Sales and Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. Following these we find such well-known names as Father Faber, Archbishop Ullathorne, Cardinal Manning, Bishop Hedley, with many modern and lesser lights.

The principal merit of a book of this kind lies in the compiling, and no one who is acquainted with Father Lasance's previous devotional works need be told that he is a master in this field. A very full table of contents enables one to find direction in any particular need.

If we might suggest an amendment that would make a good thing even better, it would be a biographical note with each author's name the first time it appears. It need be but very brief. We listen more attentively to a man if we know him.

"A Child's Life of St. Joan of Arc." By Mary E. Mannix, author of "Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," etc. 12mo, cloth, beautifully illustrated cover and 6 full-page illustrations. Net \$1.50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

At last she has come into her own. At last, after nearly five hundred years, the Maid of France has taken her rightful place in the ranks of the Church Triumphant, and has been placed upon the calendar of saints, having received from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the highest honors it is possible for the representative of Christ on earth to confer. It was Pius XI., of saintly memory, who first elevated the Maid among the blessed, and she was canonized on May 13, 1920, by our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. The client of two Popes in so short a time.

We have already had several lives of the Warrior Saint, and one at least since her canonization. When reviewing it the *QUARTERLY* expressed the hope that a life for young persons and especially for young girls might soon appear. We hardly hoped for so early a realization of that hope. We had in mind a simple, straightforward narrative, that would not dwell too much on the sordid facts of the story, nor on the wretched mistakes and downright wickedness of the authorities who sat in judgment on her, and here it is—the wonderful story of this great and saintly heroine told in captivating style, especially for American boys and girls.

It is therefore a most timely offering the author makes to Catholic children of this story of the simple, pious girl, chosen by God to carry out a most wonderful mission, so they also may learn of her and her heroism, patriotism and true Christian maidenly virtues. Intensely interesting and easily readable, the book will appeal in a special manner to parents and others desiring a gift book for boys or girls.

"Life of St. Margaret Mary Alacoque." By Right Rev. E. Bougaud, D. D., Bishop of Laval. 8vo, with 12 full-page illustrations and cover richly stamped in gold. Net \$2.75. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Treating of a beautiful theme in a beautiful manner, this life of the chosen apostle of the Sacred Heart is issued timely and appropriately in befitting garb as a tribute to the hallowed memory of St. Margaret Mary, whose canonization has just taken place.

Catholics the world over have become more interested from year to year in the earthly career of the holy woman whose history, attractive and interesting, is herewith presented by Bishop Bougaud, who was so eminently qualified by his ardent zeal for religion and by his fervent devotion to accomplish this work.

Beginning with a picture, as faithful and complete as the limits of the work permit, of the Church in France at the birth of St. Margaret Mary, the author leads us to the home of Margaret Mary; we see her as a little child; and what a beautiful, unearthly childhood was hers. Predestined undoubtedly of God for great things, she had nevertheless as she grew older to do battle against the worldly ambitions of her young heart. She had to struggle as so many other saints did, but the grace of God triumphed. She resolved to be a religious. The author gives an intimate picture of the days and trials of her novitiate and profession, and leads us with ever-growing interest through her entire religious life, dwelling at length on the missions and revelations by which she is best known.

This story of the wondrous manifestations of divine love and the Sacred Heart's revelations to St. Margaret Mary, so touchingly portrayed by Bishop Bougaud, will be found well worthy of careful study and refreshing to all interested in the history of the origin and the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The book will be sought for eagerly by the devout clients of the Sacred Heart, and their name is legion. It should increase the ranks of the League immensely.



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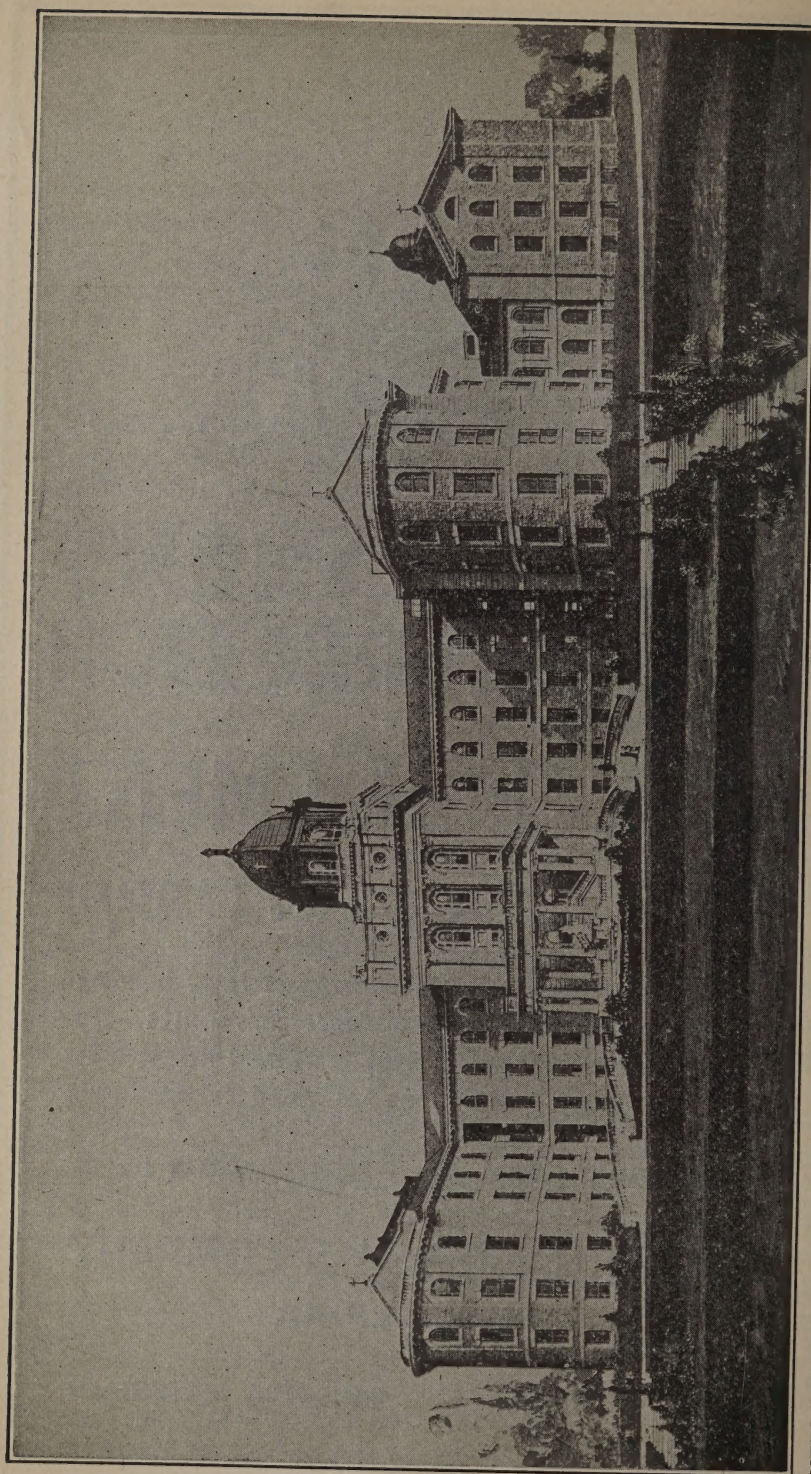
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